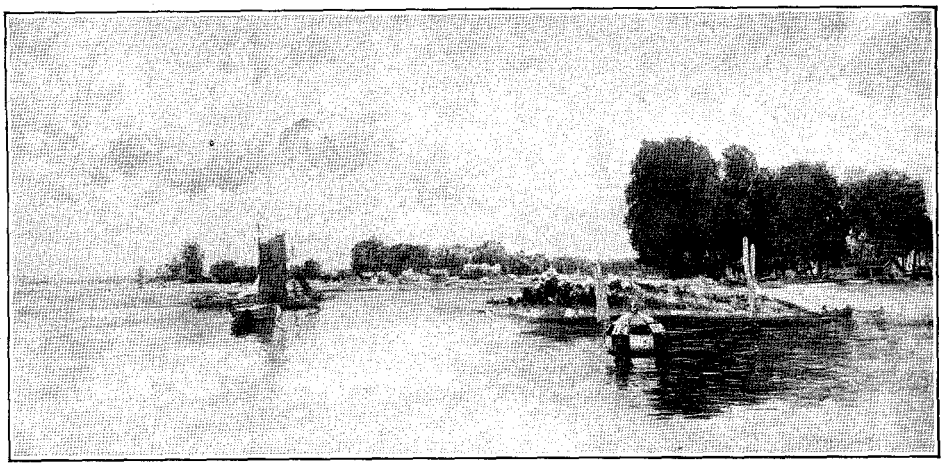
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLV APRIL, 1909 NO. 4



That fly-speck of a Papendrecht.—Page 389.

THE PARTHENON BY WAY OF PAPENDRECHT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

"WILYUM! . . . . . *Wilyum!* . . . . . *WILYUM!*"

It was mine host of the Ferry Inn at Cookham who was calling, and at the top of his voice—and a big-chested voice it was—the sound leaping into crescendo as the object of his search remained hidden. Then he turned to me:

"He's somewheres 'round the boat house—you can't miss him—there's too much of him!"

"Are ye wantin' me, sor?" came another shout as I rounded the squat building stuffed with boats—literally so—bottom, top, and sides.

"Yes—are you the boatman?"

"I am, sor—and bloody sick of me job. Do ye see that wherry shovin' off—the one with the lady in a sweater? Yes—that's right—just slipped under the bridge. Well, sor, what d'ye think the bloke did for me? Look at it, sor!" (Here he held out his hand in which lay a half-penny.) "And me a-washin' out 'is boat, feedin' of 'is dog and keeping an eye on 'is togs and 'is ladies—and then shoves off and 'ands me this—a 'a'penny sor—*a 'a'penny*—from the likes o' 'im to the likes o' me! Damn 'im!—" and away went the coin into the river. "You'll excuse me, sor, but I couldn't choke it down. Is it a punt ye're lookin' for?"

The landlord was right—there was a good deal of him—six feet and an inch I should think; straight as an oar, his bared arms swinging free; waist, thighs, and back tough as a saw-log. To this was added two big blue eyes set in a clean-shaven face

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bronzed by the sun, and a double row of teeth that would have shamed an ear of corn. I caught, too, the muscles of his chest rounding out his boating shirt, and particularly the muscles of the neck supporting the round head crowned with closely-cropped hair—evidently a young Englishman of that great middle class which the nation depends upon in an emergency. My inspection also settled any question I might have had as to why he was "William," and never "Bill," to those about him.

The one thing lacking in his make-up—and which only came into view when he turned his head—was the upper part of one ear. This was clipped as close as a terrier's

Again he repeated the question—with a deprecatory smile, as if he already regretted his outburst.

"Is it a punt ye're wantin', sor?"

"Yes—and a man to pole it and look after me while I paint. I had old Norris for the past few years, but I hear he's gone back to gardening. Will you have time with your other work?"

"Time! I'll chuck my job if I don't."

"No,—you can do both,—Norris did. You can pole me out to where I want to work; bring me my lunch when you have yours, and come for me at night. You weren't here two years ago—were you?"

"No—I was with General French. Got this clip outside Kimberly—" and he touched his ear. "Been all my life on the river—Maidenhead and Bourne's End mostly—and so when my time was up I come home and the boss here put me on."

"A soldier! I thought so. I see now why you got mad. Wonder you didn't throw that chap into the river." I am a crank on the happiness one gets from the giving of tips—and a half-penny man is the rock-bottom of meanness.

His face straightened.

"Well, we can't do that, sor—we can't never talk back. Got to grin and bear it or lose yer job. Learned that in the Hussahs. I didn't care for his money—maybe it was the way he did it that set me goin'—as if I was—— Well—let it go! And it's a punt ye want?— Yes, sor—come and pick it out."

After that it was plain sailing—or punting. The picture of that London cad sprawling in the water, which my approval had created in his mind, had done it. And it was early and late too (there were few visitors that month) down by the Weir below the lock as far as Cliveden; up the backwater to the Mill—William stretched beside me while I worked, or pulling back and forth when a cool bottle—beer, of course, or a kettle and an alcohol lamp would add to my comfort.

Many years of tramping and boating up and down the Thames from Reading to Maidenhead, have taught me the ins and outs of the river. I know it as I do my own pocket (and there is more in that statement than you think—especially during regatta week).

First comes Sonning with its rose gardens and quaint brick bridge; and then Marlowe with that long stretch of silver bordered by nodding trees and dominated by the robber Inn—four shillings and six for a sawdust sandwich! Then Maidenhead, swarming with boats and city folks after dark (it is only a step from the landing to any number of curtained sitting-rooms with shaded candles—and there be gay times at Maidenhead let me tell you!). And, between, best of all, lovely Cookham.

Here the river, crazy with delight, seems to lose its head and goes meandering about, poking its nose up back waters, creeping across meadows, flooding limpid shallows, mirroring oaks and willows upside down, surging up as if to sweep away a velvet-shorn lawn, only to pour itself—its united self—into an open-mouthed lock, and so on to a saner life in a level stretch beyond. If you want a map giving these vagaries, spill a cup of tea and follow its big and little puddles with their connecting rivulets: ten chances to one it will come out right.

All this William and I took in for three unbroken weeks, my usual summer allotment on the Thames. Never was there such a breezy, wholesome companion; stories of his life in the Veldt; of his hospital experience over that same ear—"The only crack I got, sor, thank God!—except bein' 'alf starved for a week and down two months with the fever—" neither of which seemed to have caused him a moment's inconvenience; stories of the people living about him and those who came from London with a "'am sandwidge in a noospaper, and precious little more," rolled out of him by the hour.

And the poise of the man! When he lay

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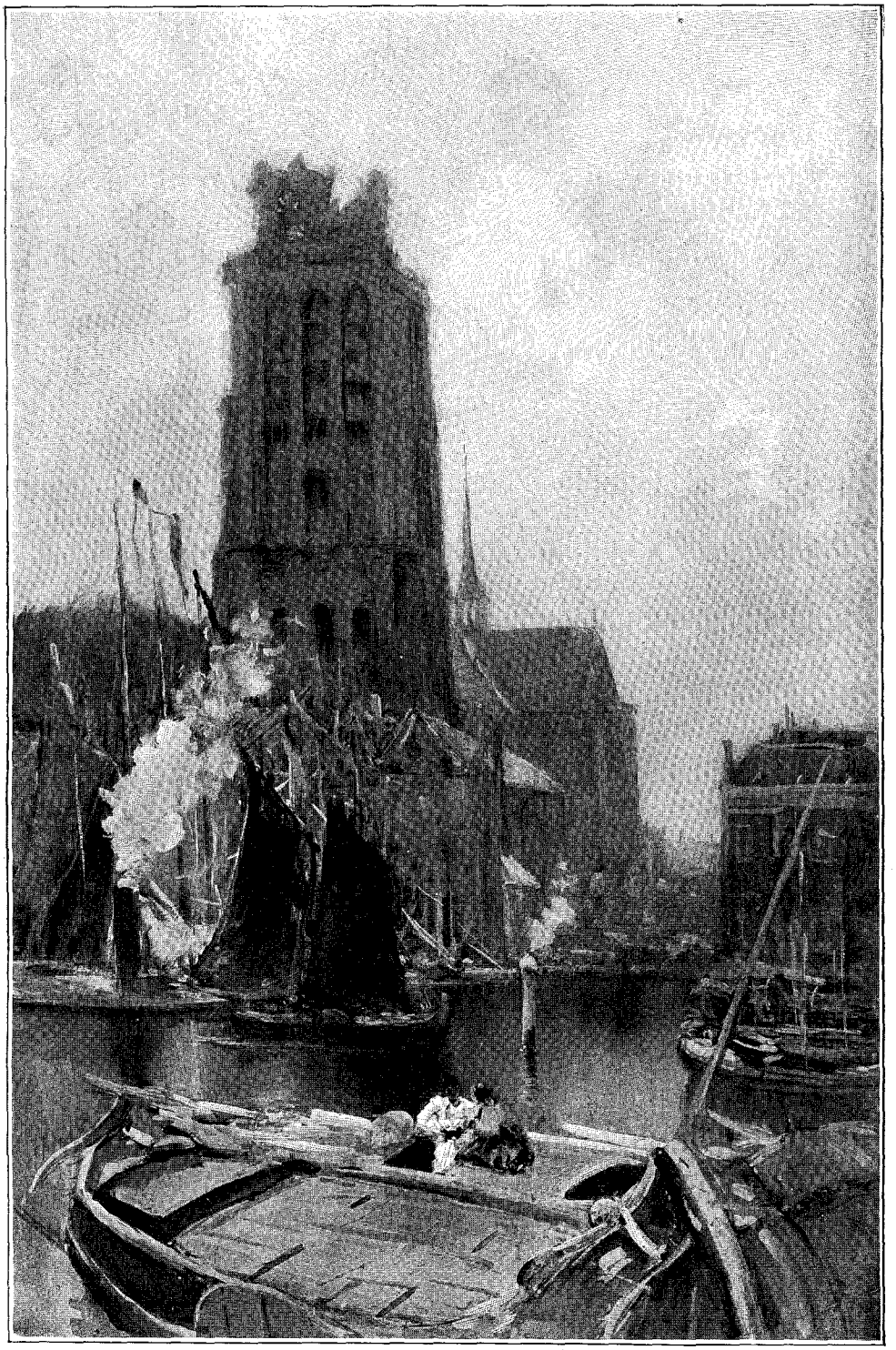

The old Groote Kirk, Dordrecht.—Page 390.

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stretched out beside me on the grass while I worked—an old bivouac attitude—he kept still; no twitching of legs or stretching of arms—lay as a big hound does, whose blood and breeding necessitate repose.

And we were never separated. First a plunge overboard, and then a pull back for breakfast, and off again with the luncheon tucked under the seat—and so on until the sun dropped behind the hills.

The only days on which this routine of work and play had to be changed were Sundays and holidays. Then my white umbrella would loom up as large as a circus tent, the usual crowd surging about its doors. As you cannot see London for the people, so you cannot see the river for boats on these days—all sorts of boats—wherries, tubs, launches, racing craft, shells, punts—everything that can be poled, pulled, or wobbled, and in each one the invariable combination—a man, a girl and a dog—a dog, a girl and a man. This has been going on for ages, and will to the end of time.

On these mornings William and I have our bath early—ahead of the crowd really, who generally arrive two hours after sunrise and keep up the pace until the last train leaves for Paddington. This bath is at the end of one of the tea-cup spillways, and is called the Weir. There is a plateau, a plunge down some twenty feet into a deep pool, and the usual surroundings of fresh morning air, gay tree-tops and the splash of cool water sparkling in the sunlight.

To-day as my boat grated on the gravel my eyes fell on a young English lord who was holding the centre of the stage in the sunlight. He was dressed from head to foot in a skin-tight suit of underwear which had been cut for him by a Garden-of-Eden tailor. He was just out of the water—a straight, well-built, ruddy-skinned fellow—every inch a man! What birth and station had done for him would become apparent when his valet began to hand him his Bond Street outfit. The next instant William stood beside him. Then there came a wriggle about the shoulders, the slip of a buckle, and he was overboard and out again before my lord had discarded his third towel.

I fell to thinking.

Naked they were equals. That was the way they came into the world and that's the way they would go out. And yet within the hour my lord would be back to his muffins and silver service, with two flunkies behind his chair, and William would be swabbing out a boat or poling me home through the pond lilies.

But why?—I kept asking myself. A totally idiotic and illogical question, of course. Both were of an age; both would be a joy to a sculptor looking for modern gods with which to imitate Greek ones. Both were equal in the sight of their Maker. Both had served their country—the lord, I learned later, being one of the first to draw a bead on Spion Kop close enough to be of any use—and both were honest—at least William was—and the lord must have been.

There is no answer—never can be. And yet the picture of the two as they stood glistening in the sunlight continues to rise in my memory, and with it always comes this same query—one which will never down—Why should there be the difference?

But the summer is moving on apace. There is another Inn and another William—or rather, there was one several hundred years ago before he went off crusading. It is an old resort of mine. Seven years now has old Leah filled my breakfast cup with a coffee that deserves a hymn of praise in its honor. I like it hot—boiling, blistering hot, and the old woman brings it on the run, her white sabots clattering across the flower-smothered courtyard. During all these years I have followed with reverent fingers not only the slopes of its roof but the loops of swinging clematis that crowd its balconies and gables as well. I say "my" because I have known this Inn of William the Conqueror long enough to include it in the list of the many good ones I frequent over Europe—the Bellevue, for instance, at Dordrecht, over against Papendrecht—(I shall be there in another month). And the Britannia in Venice, and I hope still a third in unknown Athens—unknown to me—my objective point this year.

This particular Inn with the roof and the clematis, is at Dives, twenty miles from Trouville on the coast. You never saw anything like it, and you never will again. I hold no brief for my old friend Le Remois, the proprietor, but the coffee is not the only thing over which grateful men chant hymns. There is a kitchen, resplendent in polished brass, with three French chefs in attend-

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ance, and a two-century-old spit for roasting. There is the wine-cellar, in which cobwebs and not labels record the age and the vintage; there is a dining-room—three of them—with baronial fireplaces, sixteenth-century furniture, and linen and glass to match—to say nothing of tapestries, Spanish leathers, shrines, carved saints, ivories and pewter—the whole a sight to turn bric-a-brac fiends into burglars—not a difficult thing by the way—and then, of course—there is the bill!

"Where have you been, M. Le Remois?" asked a charming woman.

"To church, Madame."

"Did you say your prayers?"

"Yes, Madame," answered this good boniface, with a twinkle.

"What did you pray for?"

"I said—'Oh, Lord!—do not make me rich, but place me *next* to the rich'"—and he kept on his way rubbing his hands and chuckling. And yet I must say it is worth the price.

I have no need of a William here—nor of anybody else. The water for my cups is within my reach; convenient umbrellas on movable pedestals can be shoved into place; a sheltered back porch hives for the night all my paraphernalia and unfinished sketches, and a step or two brings me to a table where a broiled lobster fresh from the sea and a peculiar peach ablaze in a peculiar sauce—the whole washed down by a pint of —(No—you can't have the brand—there were only seven bottles left when I paid my bill)—help to ease the cares that beset a painter's life.

But even this oasis of a garden, hemmed about as it is by the froth of Trouville and the suds of Cabourg; through which floats the gay life of Paris resplendent in toilettes never excelled or *exceeded* anywhere—cannot keep me from Holland very long. And it is a pity too, for of late years I have been looked upon as a harmless fixture—so much so that men and women pass and repass my easel, or look over my shoulder while I work without a break in their confidences—quite as if I was a deaf, dumb, and blind waiter, or twin-brother to old Coco the cockatoo, who has surveyed the same scene from his perch near the roof for the past thirty years.

None of these unconscious ear-droppings am I going to betray—delightful, startling —*improper,* if you must have it—as some of them were. Not the most interesting, at all events, for I promised her I wouldn't—but there is no question as to the diversion obtained by keeping the latch string of your ears on the outside.

None of all this ever drips into my auricles in Holland. A country so small that they build dykes to keep the inhabitants from being spilt off the edge, is hardly the place for a scandal—certainly not in stolid Dordrecht or in that fly-speck of a Papendrecht, whose dormer windows peer over the edge of the dyke as if in mortal fear of another inundation. And yet small as it is, it is still big enough for me to approach it—the fly-speck, of course—by half a dozen different routes. I can come by boat from Rotterdam. Fop Smit owns and runs it—(no kin of mine, more's the pity)—or by train from Amsterdam; or by carriage from any number of 'dams, 'drechts and 'bergs. Or I can tramp it on foot, or be wheeled in on a dog-wagon. I have tried them all, and know. Being now a staid old painter and past such foolishness, I take the train.

Toot! Toot!—and I am out on the platform, through the door of the station and aboard the one-horse tram that wiggles and swings over the cobble-scoured streets of Dordrecht, and so on to the Bellevue.

Why I stop at the Bellevue (apart from its being one of my Inns) is that from its windows I can not only watch the life of the tawny-colored, boat-crowded Maas, but see every curl of smoke that mounts from the chimneys of Papendrecht strung along its banks. My dear friend, Herr Boudier, of years gone by, has retired trom its ownership, but his successor, Herr Teitsma, is as hearty in his welcome. Peter, my old boatman, too, pulled his last oar some two years back, and one "Bop" takes his place. There is another "p" and an "e" tacked on to Bop, but I have eliminated the unnecessary and call him "Bob" for short. They made Bob out of what was left of Peter, but they left out all trace of William.

This wooden-shod curiosity is anywhere from seventy to one hundred and fifty years old, gray, knock-kneed, bent in the back, and goes to sleep standing up—*and stays asleep.* He is the exact duplicate of the tramp in the comic opera of "Miss Hook of Holland"—except that the actor-sleeper occasionally topples over and has to be

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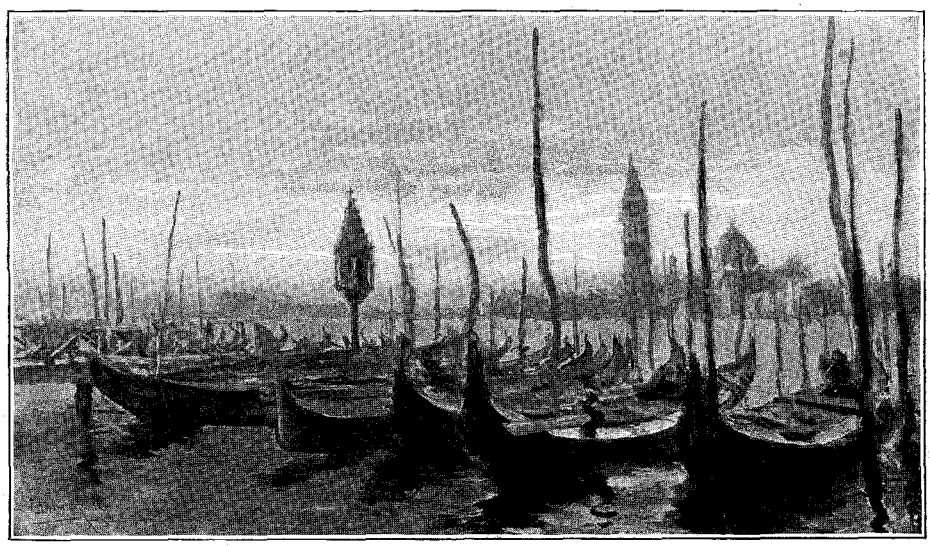
braced up. Bob is past-master of the art and goes it alone, without propping of any kind. He is the only man in Dordrecht, or Papendrecht, or the country round about, who can pull a boat and speak English. He says so, and I am forced not only to believe him, but to hire him. He wants it in advance, too—having had some experience with "painter-man," he explains to Herr Teitsma.

I shall, of course, miss my delightful William, but I am accustomed to that. And then, again, while Bob asleep is an interesting physiological study, Bob awake adds to the gaiety of nations, samples of which crowd about my easel, Holland being one of the main highways of the earth.

There is no delight so keen to an artist as returning to a place he has once painted and loved. I have known Dort and the little 'drecht across the way for some fifteen years, five of which have slipped by since I last opened my umbrella along its quaint quays. To my great joy nothing has changed. The old potato boat still lies close to the quay, under the overhanging elms. The same dear old man and his equally dear old wife still make their home beneath its hipped roof. I know, for it is here I lunch, the cargo forming the chief dish, followed by a saucer of stewed currants, a cup of coffee—(more hymns here)—and a loaf of bread from the baker's. The old Groote Kirk still towers aloft—the highest building in Holland, they say; the lazy, red-sailed luggers drift up and down, their decks gay with potted plants; swiss curtains at the cabin windows, the wife holding the tiller while the man trims sail. The boys still clatter over the polished cobbles—an aggressive mob when school lets out—and a larger crop, I think, than in the years gone by, and with more noise—my umbrella being the target. Often a spoilt fish or half a last week's cabbage comes my way, whereupon Bob awakes to instant action with a consequent scattering, the bravest and most agile making faces from behind wharf spiles and corners. Peter used to build a fence of oars around me to keep them off, but Bob takes it out in swearing.



Keep the Traghetti intact.—Page 393.

Only once did he silence them. They were fully grown, this squad, and had crowded the old man against a tree under which I had backed as shelter from a passing shower. There came a blow straight from the shoulder, a sprawling boy, and Bob was in the midst of them, his right sleeve rolled up, showing a full-rigged ship tattooed in India ink. What poured from him I learned afterwards was an account of his many voyages to the Arctic and around the Horn, as the label on his arm proved—an experience which, he shouted, would be

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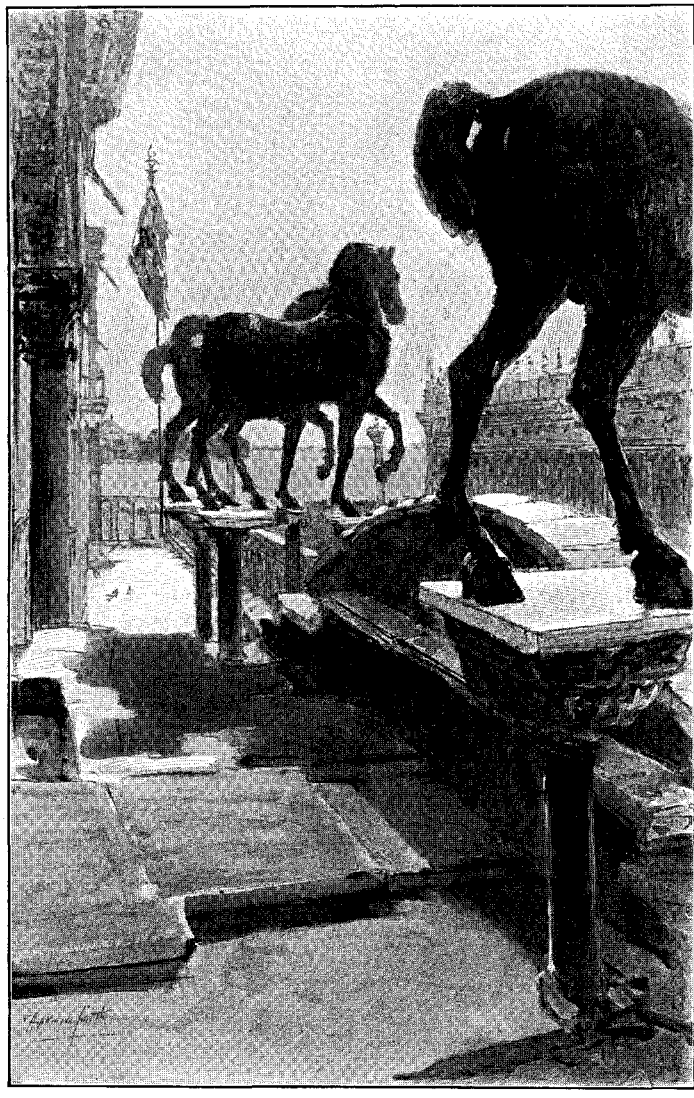

Under the bronze horses of San Marco, Venice.—Page 394.

utilized in pounding them up into fish bait if they did not take to their heels. After that he always went to sleep with one eye open, the boys keeping awake with two—and out of my way—a result which interested me the more.

If my Luigi was not growing restless in my beloved Venice (it is wonderful how large a portion of the earth I own) I would love to pass the rest of my summer along these gray canals, especially since Bob's development brings a daily surprise. Only to-day I caught sight of him half hidden in an angle of a wall, surrounded by a group of little tots who were begging him for paper pin-wheels which a vendor had stopped to sell, an infinitesimal small coin the size of a cuff button purchasing a dozen or more. When I again looked up from a canvas each tot had a pin-wheel and later on Bob, that much poorer in pocket, sneaked back and promptly went to sleep.

But even Bob's future beatification cannot hold me. I yearn for the white, blinding light and breathless lagoons, and all that makes Venice the Queen City of the World.

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Up the narrow canal of San Rocco, Venice.—Page 394.

Luigi meets me *inside* the station. It takes a *soldo* to get in, and Luigi has but few of them, but he is always there. His gondola is moored to the landing steps outside—a black swan of a boat, all morocco cushions and silk fringes; the product of a thousand years of tinkering by the most fastidious and luxurious people of ancient or modern times, and still to-day the most comfortable conveyance known to man.

Hurry up, you who have never known a gondola or a Luigi! A vile-smelling, chuggity-chug is forcing its way up every crooked canal, no matter how narrow. Two Venetian shipyards are hammering away on their hulls or polishing their motors. Soon the cost of production will drop to that of a gondola. Then look out! There are eight thousand machinists in the Arsenal earning but five francs a day, any one of whom can learn to run a motor boat in a week, thus doubling their wages. Worse yet—the world is getting keener every hour for speedy things. I may be wrong—I hope and pray I am—but it seems to me that the handwriting is already on the wall. "This

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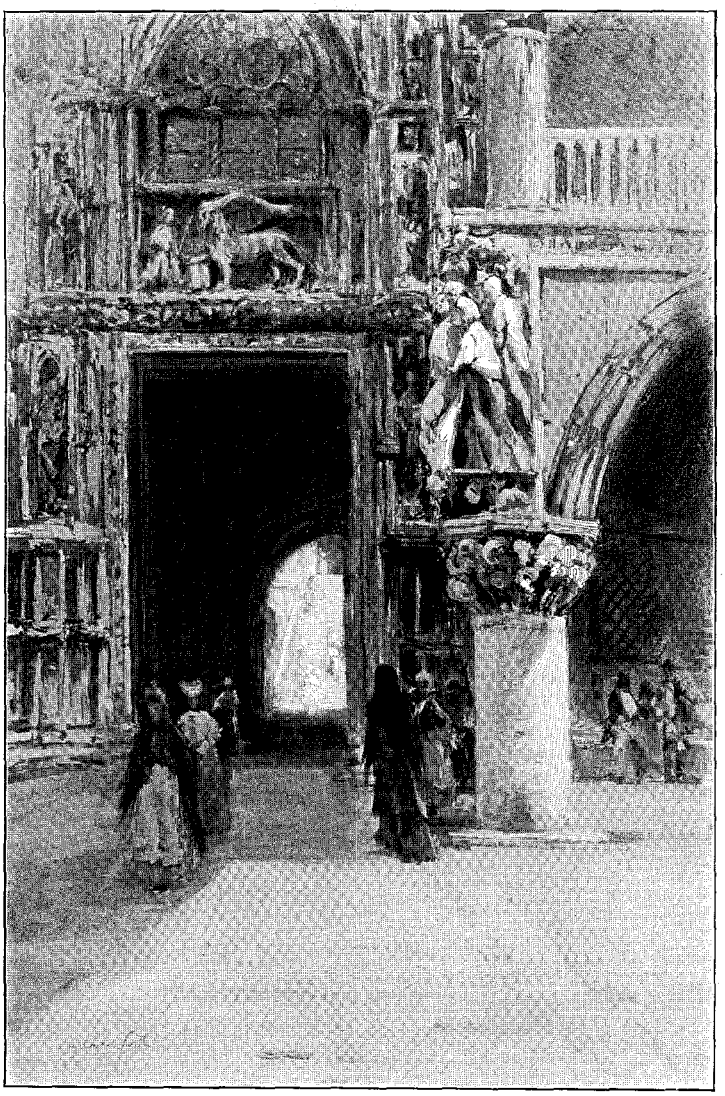

Before the Porta della Carta, Venice.—Page 394.

way to the Museo Civico," it reads—"if you want to find a gondola of twenty-five years ago." As for the Luigis and the Esperos—they will then have given up the unequal struggle.

The only hope rests with the Venetians themselves. They have restored the scarred Library, and are rebuilding the Campanile, with a reverence for the things which made their past glorious that commands the respect of the artistic world. The gondola is as much a part of Venice as its sunsets, pigeons, and palaces. Let them by special license keep the Traghetti intact, with their shuttles of gondolas crossing back and forth—then, perhaps, the catastrophe may be deferred for a few decades.

As it was in Dort and Papendrecht so it is in Venice. Except these beastly, vile-smelling boats there is nothing new, thank God. Everything else is faded, weather-worn and old, everything filled with sensuous beauty—sky, earth, lagoon, garden wall, murmuring ripples—the same wonderful Venice that thrills its lovers the world over.

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And the old painters are still here—Walter Brown, Bunce, Bompard, Faulkner and the rest—successors of Ziem and Rico—men who have loved her all their lives. And with them a new band of devotees—Monet and Louis Aston Knight among them. "For a few days," they said in explanation, but it was weeks before they left—only to return, I predict, as long as they can hold a brush.

As for Luigi and me—we keep on our accustomed way, leading our accustomed lives. Seventeen years now since he bent to his oar behind my cushions—twenty-six in all since I began to idle about her canals. It is either the little canal next the Public Garden, or up the Giudecca, or under the bronze horses of San Marco; or it may be we are camped out in the Piazzetta before the Porta della Carta; or perhaps up the narrow canal of San Rocco, or in the Fruit Market near the Rialto while the boats unload their cargoes.

All old subjects and yet ever new; each has been painted a thousand times, and in as many different lights and perspectives. And yet each canvas differs from its fellows as do two ripples or two morning skies.

For weeks we drift about. One day Carlotta, the fishwife up the Fondamenta della Pallada, makes us our coffee; the next Luigi buys it of some smart café on the Piazza. This with a roll, a bit of Gorgonzola and a bunch of grapes, or half a dozen figs, is our luncheon, to which is added two curls of blue smoke, one from Luigi's pipe and the other from my cigarette. Then we fall to work again.

But this will never do! While I have been loafing with Luigi not only has the summer slipped away, but the cool winds of October have crept down from the Alps. There are fresh subjects to tackle—some I have never seen. Athens beckons to me. The columns of the Parthenon loom up!

If there are half a dozen ways of getting into Papendrecht—there is only one of reaching Athens—that is, if you start from Venice. Trieste first, either by rail or boat, and then aboard one of the Austrian Lloyds and so on down the Adriatic to Patras.

It is October, remember—when every spear of grass from a six-months' drought—the customary dry spell—is burnt to a crisp. It will rain to-morrow, or next week, they will tell you—but it doesn't—never has in October—and never will. Strange to say, you never miss it—neither in the color of the mountains flanking the Adriatic or in any one of the ports on the way down, or in Patras itself. The green note to which I have been accustomed—which I have labored over all my life—is lacking, and a new palette takes its place—of mauve, violet, indescribable blues and evanescent soap-bubble reds. The slopes of the hills are mother-of-pearl, their tops melting into cloud shadows so delicate in tone that you cannot distinguish where one leaves off and the other begins.

And it is so in Patras, except for a riotous, defiant pine—green as a spring cabbage or a newly-painted shutter—that sucks its moisture from nobody knows where—hasn't any, perhaps, and glories in its shame. All along the railroad from the harbor of Patras to the outskirts of Athens it is the same—bare fields, bare hills, streets and roads choked with dust. And so, too, when you arrive at the station and take the omnibus for the Grande Bretagne.

By this time you are accustomed to it—in fact you rather enjoy it. If you have a doubt of it, step out on the balcony at the front of the hotel and look up!

Hanging in the sky—in an air of pure ether, set in films of silver grays in which shimmer millions of tones, delicate as the shadings of a pearl, towers the Acropolis, its crest fringed by the ruins of the greatest temples the world possesses.

I rang a bell.

"Get me a carriage and send me up a guide—anybody who can speak English and who is big enough to carry a sketch trap."

He must have been outside, so quickly did he answer the call. He was two-thirds the size of William, one half the length of Luigi, and one-third the age of Bob.

"What is your name?"

"Vlanopoulos."

"Anything else?"

"Yes—Panis."

"Then we'll drop the last half. Put those traps in the carriage—and take me to the Parthenon."

I never left it for fourteen consecutive days—nor did I see a square inch of Athens other than the streets I drove through up

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San Marco from the Merceria, Venice.

and back on my way to work. Nor have I in all my experience ever had a more competent, obliging, and companionable guide—always excepting my beloved Luigi, who is not only my guide, but my protector and friend as well.

It was then that I blessed the dust. Green things, wet things, soggy things—such as mud and dull skies have no place in the scheme of the Parthenon and its contiguous temples and ruins. That wonderful tea-rose marble, with its stains of burnt sienna marking the flutings of endless broken columns needs no varnishing of moisture to enhance its beauty. That will do for the façade of Burlington House with its grimy gray statues, or the moss-encrusted tower of the Groote Kirk, but never here. It was this fear, perhaps, that kept me at work, haunted as I was by the

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bogy of "Rain to-morrow. It always comes, and keeps on for a month when it starts in." Blessed be the weather clerk! It never started in—not until I reached Brindisi on my way back to Paris; then, if I remember, there was some falling weather—at the rate of two inches an hour.

I might as well confess that my two weeks' study of the Acropolis, beginning at the recently uncovered entrance gate and ending in the Museum behind the Parthenon, added nothing to my previous knowledge—meagre as it had been. Where the Venetians wrought the greatest havoc, how many and what columns were thrown down; how high and thick and massive they were; what parts of the marvellous ruin that High Robber Chief Lord Elgin stole and carted off to London, and still keeps the British Museum acting as "fence"; how wide and long and spacious was the superb chamber that held the statue the gods loved—none of these things interested me—do not now. What I saw was an epoch in stone; a chronicle telling the story of a civilization; a glove thrown down to posterity, challenging the competition of the world.

And with this came a feeling of reverence so profound, so awe-inspiring, so humbling, that I caught myself speaking to Panis in whispers—as one does in a temple when the service is in progress. This, as the sun sped its course and the purple shadows of the coming night began to creep up the steps and columns of the marvellous pile, its pediment bathed in the rose-glow of the fading day, was followed by a silence that neither of us cared to break. For then the wondrous temple took on the semblance of some old sage, the sunlight on his forehead the shadow of the future about his knees.

THE STRANGER

By Grace Fallow Norton

All through the village we are still;
  We wait for him to pass.
In the white villa on the hill
  They turn and turn the glass.

He is a stranger—fair, they say,
  And young. The young should live!
The beautiful, the strong, the gay,
  Deep into life should dive

And breast its waves and buoyant swim—
  Alas—he drifts to port.
Another current carries him
  Beyond the billow-sport,

Beyond the harbor, past the hill,
  Beneath the churchyard grass. . . .

All through the village we are still.
  We wait for him to pass.

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William T. Sherman.

From the bronzed cast of the bust by Saint-Gaudens, given by him to Mrs. Paul Thorndike in 1891.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTERS HOME

Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

FIRST PAPER.

TEN years after General Sherman attained the height of his military achievement he published (in 1875) his "Memoirs," an outspoken record of his career in peace and war. Ten years later he revised the "Memoirs" in the light of the abundant comment and criticism which they called forth. When nearly two more decades had passed, one of his children gave the public (in 1904) a liberal portion of the life-long correspondence between the General and his brother, the Hon. John Sherman. Both the "Memoirs" and the "Sherman Letters" brought to the readers of such books an animating knowledge of General Sherman as a writer—forcible, individual, fearless, the very counterpart in expression of everything which the history of his country records of him in action.

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Now the Civil War is in its fifth decade behind us, and the time has come for drawing upon the last considerable collection of General Sherman's writing to which the public may expect even a limited admission. These are the letters which he wrote to Ellen Boyle Ewing, who, in 1850, became his wife. To the house of her father, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, he went to live as a son upon the death of his own father in 1829. The first of the letters bears the date of 1837, the year in which the boy of seventeen left his adopted, and adopting, home to become a cadet at West Point. Mr. Ewing was then Secretary of War, and to him young Sherman owed his appointment to the military school. This debt, he would have been the first to say, was quite secondary to that of the whole-souled boy-and-girl relationship which grew into the vital devotion and confidence of man and wife. In and out of the army Sherman was of necessity long and often separated from the domestic centre in which his strong affections were deeply rooted. His letters home, therefore, were always the frank and authentic records of the events which most nearly concerned him. The historic importance of these events would of itself justify the publication of the letters. But to this must be added their biographical significance. Through their fresh illumination of the Civil War period, with which the present series will particularly deal, and through their spontaneous revealing of the more intimate human qualities of Sherman himself, they belong to the annals both of American history and of American biography.

Sherman was no exception to the rule that the men whose names were most closely linked with glory when the Civil War was done were at its beginning virtually unknown to fame. His military opportunities had been few and unimportant. The Southern posts, to which he was ordered after graduating at West Point, were cramped arenas for distinction. The Mexican War brought him nothing better than quiet service in California. In his "Memoirs" he wrote: "I felt deeply the fact that our country had passed through a foreign war, that my comrades had fought great battles, and yet I had not heard a hostile shot. Of course, I thought it the last and only chance in my day, and that my career as a soldier was at an end." In 1853 he resigned from the army, with encouraging prospects of success in banking. Instead, the ill-starred time brought him disappointments and losses in California, New York and St. Louis. Yet everywhere came occasions for playing the part of a man, and everywhere he played it manfully. Everywhere, too, the unpublished letters, like the "Memoirs," reveal him making the most of all opportunities for self-improvement. As early as 1842, when he was only twenty-two, we see him, for example, cultivating at Fort Moultrie, S. C., his gift for painting. In 1844 he utilizes the leisure of the same Southern post by reading law. This activity of mind and spirit shows itself again and again. One is not surprised at finding him receiving a lawyer's license in Kansas, in 1858, without examination, "on the ground of general intelligence." * The entire autobiographic record speaks, always indirectly, for the rare accumulations not only of intelligence, but of the fruits of character which Sherman brought to the last employment he undertook before the outbreak of the Civil War.

This was the superintendency of the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, which opened its doors to pupils on January 1, 1860. It must have been partly "on the ground of general intelligence" again that Sherman was selected for this work. Certainly he had had no special training for the conduct of an institution of learning. But the school was more than that. Its founders had before their eyes the model of such an academy as the Virginia Military Institute, which in turn looked to West Point for many of its ideals; and Sherman's military education and experience were, of course, an important element in his equipment for the new task. Had either he or the Louisiana authorities known that secession and war were impending it is obvious that a soldier so devoted to the Union would never have gone into the South with the mission which took him there. What he experienced in handling a difficult administrative problem, what he gained in the clarifying of his own outlook upon national issues, in a word, what he learned in his brief period of teaching—all this is set forth in the letters about and from the Seminary of Learning and

* "Memoirs" (1885), I, 168.

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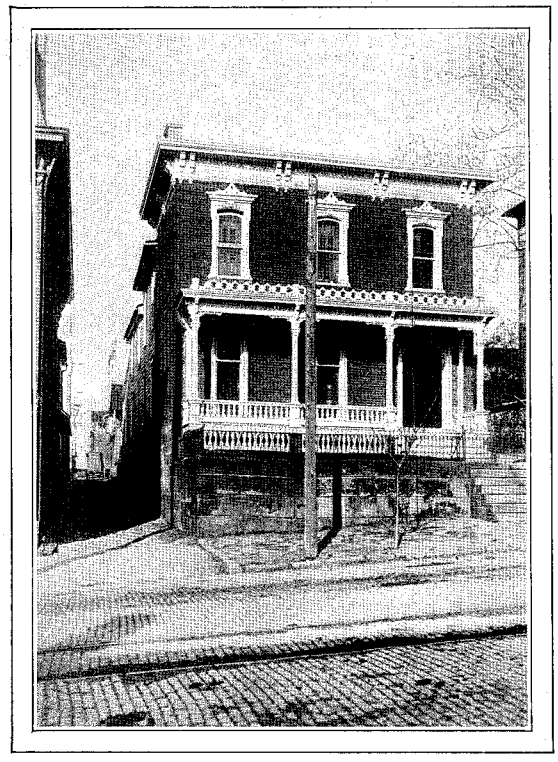
Military Academy at Alexandria, Louisiana. Dramatically they stand as prologue to the scenes of war with which the succeeding letters will deal.

On the way down the Mississippi to his new enterprise he wrote as follows to Mrs. Sherman, who remained with their children in Lancaster, Ohio:



The house in Lancaster, Ohio, in which General Sherman was born February 8th, 1820.

STEAMER *L. M. Kennett*,
Saturday, October 29, 1859.

. . . I find Southern men, even men as well informed as Turner,* are as big fools as the abolitionists. Though Brown's whole expedition proves clearly that the Northern people oppose Slavery in the abstract, and yet very few will go so far as to act, yet the extreme Southrons pretend to think that the northern people have nothing to do but steal niggers and preach sedition.

John's * position and Tom's † may force me at times to appear opposed to extreme southern views, or they may attempt to extract from me promises I will not give; and it may be, this position as the head of a Military College south, may be inconsistent with decent independence. I don't much apprehend such a state of case, still feeling runs so high when a nigger is concerned that like religious questions, common sense is disregarded, and a knowledge of the character of mankind in such cases induces me to point out a combination that may yet operate on our fate.

I have heard men of good sense say that the union of States any longer was impossible, and that the South was preparing for a change. If such a change be contemplated and overt acts be attempted, of course, I will not go with the South because with

* Major Turner, of St. Louis, Sherman's former partner in the banking business.

* The Hon. John Sherman was especially conspicuous at this time as the Republican candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives.

† Mrs. Sherman's brother, afterwards Gen. Thomas Ewing, then a lawyer in Leavenworth, Kansas.

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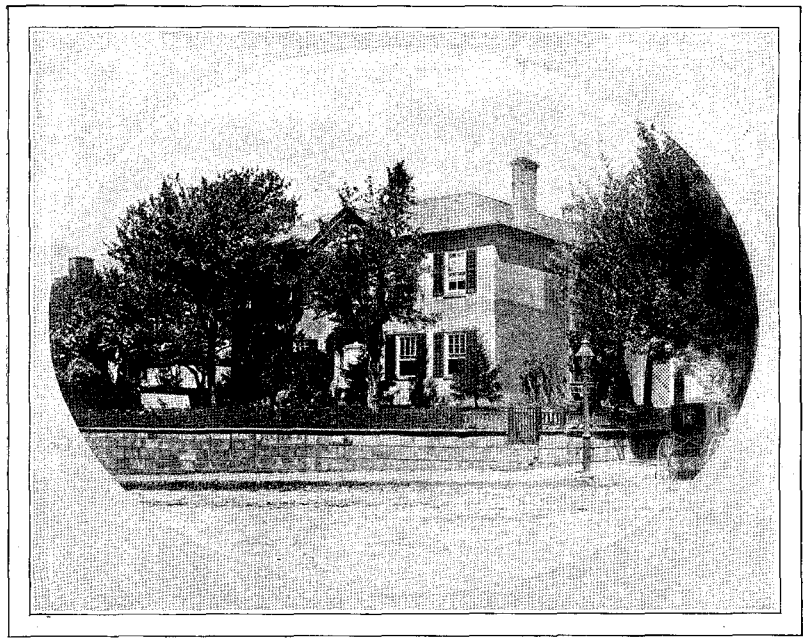

Home of Hon. Thomas Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio, where General Sherman spent his youth.

slavery, and the whole civilized world opposed to it, they in case of leaving the Union will have worse wars and tumults than now distinguish Mexico.

If I have to fight hereafter I would prefer an open country and white enemies.

I merely allude to these things now because I have heard a good deal lately about such things, and generally that the southern states, by military colleges and organizations, were looking to a dissolution of the Union. If they design to protect themselves against negroes, or abolitionists, I will help; if they propose to leave the Union on account of a supposed fact that the northern people are all abolitionists like Giddings and Brown, then I will stand by Ohio and the North West. . . .

The preparations for opening the school, in "a gorgeous palace altogether too good for its purpose," the discipline of refractory pupils, the delicacy of Sherman's own position as the brother of so notable a Republican as John Sherman—these and many other passing matters filled the letters of the first months in Louisiana. A letter of the summer when all men were beginning to wonder what the next administration at Washington would bring forth shows Sherman still a Northerner who could hold office in the South as honorably and consistently as any of his kind:

ALEXANDRIA, *July* 10, 1860.

. . . I feel little interest in politics and certainly am glad to see it realized that politicians can't govern the country. They may agitate, but cannot control. Let who may be elected, the same old game will be played, and he will go out of office like Pierce and Buchanan with their former honors all sunk and lost. I only wonder that honorable men should seek the office.

I do not conceive that any of the parties would materially interfere with the slavery in the states, and in the territories it is a mere abstraction. There is plenty of room in the present Slave States for all the negroes, but the time has come when the Free States may annoy the Slave States by laws of a general declaration, but that they will change the relation of master and slave I don't believe. All the Congresses on earth can't make the negro anything else than what he is; he must be subject to the white man, or he must amalgamate or be destroyed. Two such races cannot live in harmony save as master and slave. Mexico shows the result of general equality and

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amalgamation, and the Indians give a fair illustration of the fate of negroes if they are released from the control of the whites. Of course no one can guess what the wild unbridled passions of men may do, but I don't believe that the present excitement in politics is anything more than the signs of the passage of power from southern politicians to northern and western politicians. The negro is made the hobby, but I know that northern men don't care any more about the rights and humanities of the negroes than the southerners. At present negroes work under control of white men and the consequence is the annual yield of $200,000,000 of cotton, sugar and other produce that would not be without such labor; and so long as that is the case I don't fear a change in this respect. . . .

When the November elections were drawing near, Sherman clearly felt that a crisis was at hand, and wrote (November 3): "I say but little, try and mind my own business, and await the issue of events." A week later he wrote as follows:

ALEXANDRIA, *November* 10, 1860.

. . . We have had a week of cold stormy rains, but it has cleared off and today is bright and warm. I am going into town today and will leave this at the post office. The election came off on Tuesday and resulted in Alexandria for a majority for Breckenridge, next Bell, next Douglass. Of course there were no votes for Lincoln. Indeed he has no ticket in this state. I received a note from a friend advising me to vote. I thought the matter over, and concluded I would not vote. Technically I was entitled to a vote as I entered Louisiana just a year ago, but I thought I ought not to vote in this election, and did not. I would have preferred Bell, but I think he has no chance, and I do not wish to be subject to any political conditions. If I am to hold my place by a political tenure, I prefer again to turn vagabond. I would not be surprised to learn that my not voting was construed into a friendly regard for Lincoln, and that it might result in my being declared a public enemy. I shall, however, rest under a belief that now as the election is over, all this hard feeling will subside and peace once more settle on the country. We have no returns as yet. Maybe the mail tonight will bring some returns from New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, those large states that determine this election, but I do not count on any clear knowledge till next Monday. . . .

No matter which way we turn there arise difficulties which seem insurmountable. In case Lincoln is elected, they say South Carolina will secede and that the Southern States will not see her forced back. Secession must result in civil war, anarchy and ruin to our present form of government; but if it is attempted it would be unwise for us to be here. But I still hope for quiet. . . .

Though hoping for quiet, Sherman could not but see in the signs of the times many warnings of disaster to his country and confusion for himself. The following letters abound in these indications:

ALEXANDRIA, *November* 29, 1860.

. . . This is a holiday—Thanksgiving and prayer; but holidays and Sundays are my worst days as then the Cadets are idle and mischievous.

Governor Moore has issued his proclamation calling the Legislature together for December 10, and the proclamation is couched in ugly language, different from his usual more conservative tone. It is manifest to me now that the leading politicians of the state have conferred together and have agreed to go out of the Union, or at all events to favor the new doctrine of secession. The Legislature will determine the call of a Convention, and the Convention will decide very much according to the other events that may occur in the meantime. This imposes on us a change of purpose, and it will not do for you or any one to come south unless this state of feeling changes. I know the governor and believe him an excellent thermometer of the political atmosphere of Louisiana. I hear that business is dead in New Orleans, all of which is an evidence that the abolitionists have succeeded in bringing on the "Irresistible Conflict."

I am sick of this everlasting subject. The truth has nothing to do with this world. Here they know that all you in Ohio have to do is to steal niggers, and in Ohio, though the people are quiescent, yet they believe that the South are determined to enlarge the area of niggers. Like Burton in "Too-

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dles" I say, "Damn the niggers." I wish they were anywhere or be kept at their work.

I observe more signs of a loosened discipline here. Boys are careless and last night because the supper did not please them, they smashed the crockery and made a riot generally. Pistols were fired, which scared Joe * very much. His education has been neglected, but I think he will get used to it. We have dismissed five cadets and others must share their fate. . . . Still this is a small matter susceptible of remedy, but the secession movement underlays the very safety of everything. . . .

ALEXANDRIA, *December* 16, 1860.

The Telegraph has announced to you ere this that Governor Moore, hurried on by the wild enthusiasm which now pervades the southern mind, has caused the Forts at the mouth of the Mississippi to be occupied by volunteers from New Orleans. Also those at the outlets of Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, and moreover that he has caused a large force to surround the barracks at Baton Rouge, and the garrison to surrender. Major Haskin † will be much blamed, but he is a plain brave man, lost an arm in Mexico, but he had only a single company, in an open barracks, and was stationed there, as among friends, to protect the arsenal not against the people but against the negroes. All these are acts of hostility and war. The news will cause intense feeling in the North and West. They were entirely too precipitate, and Governor Moore is even censured here; still, the fact is manifest that the people of the South are in open rebellion against the government of the United States.

I went to Alexandria in a hard rain yesterday, and saw Dr. Smith, Mr. Edgar [?] Wise and others, members of the Convention and Legislature and spoke my mind fully and clearly, that these were acts of unjustifiable war, and that I could no longer remain silent. I asked to be relieved. . . .

ALEXANDRIA, *December* 18, 1860.

. . . I cannot remain here much beyond January 23, the time set for the State Convention to dissolve the connection of this state with the United States. The Legislature only sat three days and passed unanimously the bills for arming the state and calling a convention. That convention has only to decree what has already been resolved on and proclaimed by the governor, that Louisiana cannot remain under a Black Republican President. The opinion is universal that disunion is resolved on and the only open questions are —what states will compose the Southern Confederacy? I regard the failure of Buchanan to strengthen Major Anderson at Fort Moultrie as absolutely fatal, as the evidence of contemptible pusillanimity of our general government—almost convincing me that the government is not worth saving. No wonder General Cass forthwith resigned. The banks in New Orleans continue good, and I will endeavor to send you a month's pay at the close of this month; but for mercy's sake be close and mean, for I cannot say how soon all my supplies will come to a conclusion. . . .

At the opening of 1861 Sherman, as the two last letters have shown, had found his place untenable, and, having asked to be relieved of his post, was preparing for that severance of his relations with the state of Louisiana which is shown, in the official correspondence preserved in the "Memoirs," to have been effected so creditably to all concerned in it. The letters to Mrs. Sherman during these final weeks speak clearly for his more intimate views of the conditions that surrounded him. In the first of them the reader can hardly fail to be struck with Sherman's prescience regarding the attack upon Sumter and the importance of the Mississippi, where his own powers were to be tested, in the impending conflict.

[Date missing: early in January, 1861.]

. . . The Governor recommends the establishment of a large arsenal here. We now have a limited supply of arms. I have announced my position; as long as Louisiana is in the Union I will serve her honestly and faithfully, but if she quits, I will quit too. I will not for a day or even an hour occupy a position of apparent hostility to Uncle Sam.

That government is weak enough, but is the only thing in America that has even the semblance of a government. These State governments are ridiculous pretences of a

* "A bugler I picked up in New Orleans, a kind of circus man."—*MS. letter*, Nov. 3, 1860.

† Joseph A. Haskin.

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government, liable to explode at the call of any mob. I don't want to be premature, and will hold on to the last moment in hopes of change, but they seem to be pushing events ridiculously fast. There is an evident purpose, a dark design, not to allow time for thought and reflection. These southern leaders understand the character of their people and want action before the spirit subsides. Robert Anderson commands at Charleston, and there I look for the first actual collision. Old Fort Moultrie, every brick of which is as plain now in my memory as the sidewalk in Lancaster, will become historical. It is weak and I can scale any of its bastions. If secession, dissolution and civil war do come, South Carolina will soon drop far astern, and the battle will be fought on the Mississippi. The Western States never should consent to a hostile people holding the mouth of the Mississippi. Should I be forced to act promptly I will turn up, either at St. Louis or Washington. Turner knows full well where I am, but he is angry with me about his charge against Ohio of nigger stealing. You remember my answer from Lancaster. I am very well. Weather cold and overcast.

ALEXANDRIA, *January* 5, 1861.

I have finished my Report, and placed all the papers in the hands of Dr. Smith, Vice President. I walked into town the day before yesterday, poor Clay * being dead and buried. Dr. Smith was away and I only remained a few hours. Alexandria at best is not a cheerful town, but now decidedly the reverse. Everybody naturally feels the danger which envelopes us all in one common cause. I have had nothing said to me at all, and I discuss the questions of the day freely with my equals, and try to keep my peace with loungers about the street corners and ferry boat landing. I always say what is my real belief, that though the Slavery question seems to be the question, that soon it will sink into insignificance.

Our country has become so democratic, that the mere popular opinion of any town or village rises above the law. Men have ceased to look to constitutions and law books for their guides, but have studied popular opinion in bar rooms and village newspapers, and that was and is law. The old women and grannies of New England, reasoning from abstract principles, must defy the Constitution of the country. The people of the South, not relying on the Federal Government, must allow their people to favor filibustering expeditions against the solemn treaties of the land, and everywhere from California to Maine any man could do murder, robbery or arson if the people's prejudices lay in that direction. And now things are at such a pass that no one section believes the other and we are beginning to fight. The right of secession is but the beginning of the end, it is utterly wrong, and the President ought never for one moment to have permitted the South Carolinians to believe he would not enforce the Revenue Laws, and hold the public property in Charleston Harbor. Had he promptly reinforced Major Anderson, the Charlestonians would have been a little more circumspect. My only hope is that Major Anderson may hold out, that reinforcements may reach him, and that the people may feel that they can't always do as they please, or in other words that they ain't so free and independent as they think. In this view I am alone here, but I do so think and will say it.

As to our own situation it is too bad to think of. I have got pretty near to the end of my rope. I have neither health, strength or purpose to start out life anew. . . .

SEMINARY, *January* 13, 1861.

. . . Yours of the 4th is at hand. Our mails have been irregular, but this came on time. I see no change to note here in public sentiment. The fact that Seward has been named as Secretary of State to Lincoln enables the leaders to show that their suspicions are right, that the Republicans and abolitionists are identical. I am therefore confirmed in my opinion that the Cotton States are off, and it is an even chance with all the Slave States. I take the *Missouri Republican* and *National Intelligencer*, which seem to oppose secession, but they cannot stem the torrent. The revolution has begun, and the national government has shown weakness in all its attempts. Anderson is the only one who has acted. General Scott, in sending reinforcements, ought not to have trusted the "Star of the West", the same in which we went to California seven years ago. She could not venture to receive a fire. Frigates and strong

* A horse.

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war steamers should have gone, which could have forced their way past the land batteries. I hope still this will be done. It will be a triumph to South Carolina to beat Uncle Sam.

Still Charleston is nothing to New Orleans, and I am satisfied the Forts at the mouth and the Lakes will be taken by order of Governor Moore of this state, before they are occupied by the United States. All these are acts of war. War has begun, and it is idle to say that the South is not in earnest. Louisiana has not yet seceded, yet the delegates favorable to such a course are elected, even in New Orleans where the union feeling is thought to be strongest. . . .

In January Sherman was asked to receive and render account for a large quantity of arms and ammunition seized by the state of Louisiana from the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge. This was more than he could undertake, and he asked immediately to be relieved of his superintendency. A letter of February 1 to Mrs. Sherman quotes some of the expressions of regret at his departure to be found in the official communications given at length in the "Memoirs." About the end of the month he turned his face northward, far poorer in prospects than he had been on coming to Louisiana, far richer in knowledge of the Southern people and of the nature of the problems to be solved by the dreaded processes of war.

It was necessary for Sherman, however, to provide at once for the support of his family, and to this end he assumed on the 1st of April the presidency of a street railway in St. Louis. A few days later the government offered him the chief clerkship of the War Department, which he declined. He was unwilling, also, to volunteer for the brief term of service in the army which at first seemed sufficient to the authorities. When the three-years call came he offered himself without delay, and on the 14th of May was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth Regular Infantry, a regiment still to be formed. Before he left St. Louis to report at Washington for orders he wrote, with characteristic foresight, to his brother-in-law, Thomas Ewing, Jr.: "After all the Mississippi River is the hardest and most important task of the war, and I know of no one competent, unless it be McClellan. But as soon as real war begins, new men, heretofore unheard of, will emerge from obscurity, equal to any occasion. Only I think it is to be a long war,—very long,—much longer than any politician thinks."

Ordered first to inspection duty in and about Washington, Sherman found himself, June 30th, in command of the Third Brigade of the First Division of the army about to set forth on the march which ended at Bull Run. Before the fight there were two letters, July 16th and 19th. "Tell Willy," * he wrote in the first of these, "I have another war sword which he can add to his present armory. When I come home again I will gratify his ambition on that score, though truly I do not choose for him or Tommy † the military profession. It is too full of blind chances to be worthy of a first place among callings." In the second, there is a further token of his constant thought for the circle at home: "My faith in you and the children is perfect, and let what may befall me I feel they are in a fair way to grow up in goodness and usefulness." In a brief letter of July 24, full of the humiliation of a defeat, which could not have occurred if Sherman's own spirit could have animated McDowell's army, he exclaimed, "Well, as I am sufficiently disgraced now, I suppose soon I can sneak into some quiet corner. I was under heavy fires for hours, touched on the knee and shoulder, my horse shot through the leg, and was every way exposed, and cannot imagine how I escaped except to experience the mortification of retreat, rout, confusion, and now abandonment by whole regiments." Four days later Sherman found leisure to write a full account of the battle and his part in it:

FORT CORCORAN, *July* 28, Sunday.

I have already written to you since my return from the unfortunate defeat at Bull Run. I had previously conveyed to you the doubts that oppressed my mind on the score of discipline.

Four large columns of poorly disciplined militia left this place, the Long bridge and Alexandria, all concentrating at a place called Centreville, twenty-seven miles from Washington. We were the first column to

* Sherman's oldest son.
† A younger son.

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reach Centreville, the enemy abandoning all defences en route.

The first day of our arrival our commander, General Tyler, advanced on Bull Run, about two and a half miles distant, and against orders engaged the batteries. He sent back to Centreville and I advanced with our Brigade, when we lay for half an hour, amidst descending shots, killing a few of our men. The batteries were full a mile distant and I confess I, nor any person in my Brigade, saw an enemy.

Towards evening we returned to Centreville.

That occurred on Thursday. We lay in camp till Saturday night by which the whole army was assembled in and about Centreville. We got orders for march at 2½ Sunday morning,—our column of three brigades—Schenck, Sherman and Keyes—to move straight along a road to Bull Run; another of about ten thousand men to make a circuit by the right, (Hunter's) and come upon the enemy in front of us; Heintzelman's column of about similar strength also to make a wide circuit to sustain Hunter. We took the road first, and about 6 A.M. came in sight of Bull Run. We saw in the grey light of morning men moving about, but no signs of batteries. I rode well down to the Stone Bridge which crosses the stream, saw plenty of trees cut down, some bush huts, such as soldiers use on picket guard, but none of the evidences of strong fortifications we had been led to believe.

Our business was simply to threaten, and give time for Hunter and Heintzelman to make their circuit. We arranged our troops to this end, Schenck to the left of the road, and I to the right, Keyes behind in reserve. We had with us two six gun batteries, and a 30p. gun. This was fired several times, but no answer. We shifted positions several times, firing whenever we had reason to suppose there were any troops. About ten or eleven o'clock, we saw the cloud of dust in the direction of Hunter's approach, saw one or more regiments of the enemy leave their line and move in that direction, soon the firing of musketry and guns showing the engagement had commenced. Early in the morning I saw a flag flying behind some trees. Some of the soldiers seeing it called out, "Colonel, there's a flag, a flag of truce." A man in the field with his dog and gun, called out, "No, it is no flag of truce, but a flag of defiance." I was at the time studying the ground and paid no attention to him. About nine o'clock I was well down to the Run, with some skirmishers and observed two men on horseback ride along a hill, descend, cross the stream, and ride out towards us. He had a gun in his hand which he waved over his head, and called out to us, "You d——d black abolitionists, come on," etc. I permitted some of the men to fire on him, but no damage was done. We remained some time thus awaiting the action which had begun on the other side of Bull Run. We could see nothing, but heard the firing and could judge that Hunter's column steadily advanced. About 2 P. M. they came to a stand, the firing was severe and stationary. General Taylor rode up to me and remarked that he might have to send the N. Y. 69th to the relief of Hunter. A short while after, he came up and ordered me with my whole Brigade, some 3400 men, to cross over to Hunter. I ordered the movement, led off, found a place where the men could cross, but the battery could not follow.

We crossed the stream, and ascended the Bluff Bank, moving slowly to permit the ranks to close up. When about half a mile back from the stream, I saw the parties in the fight, and the first danger was that we might be mistaken for secessionists and fired on. One of my regiments had on the grey uniform of the Virginia troops. We first fired on some retreating secessionists, our Lieutenant Colonel Haggerty was killed, and my bugler by my side had his horse shot dead. I moved on and joined Hunter's column. They had a pretty severe fight. Hunter was wounded, and the unexpected arrival of my Brigade seemed a great relief to all. I joined them on a high field with a house, and as we effected the junction the secessionists took to the woods and were seemingly retreating, and General McDowell who had accompanied Hunter's column ordered me to join in the pursuit. I will not attempt to describe you the scene. Their batteries were on all the high hills overlooking the ground which we had to cross, and they fired with great vigor. Our horse batteries pursued from point to point returning the fire, whilst we moved on, with shot, shells and cannister over and all round us. I kept to my horse and head of the Brigade, and moving slowly, came upon

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their heavy masses of men, behind all kinds of obstacles.

They knew the ground perfectly, and at every turn we found new ground, over which they poured their fire. At last we came to a stand, and with my regiments in succession we crossed a bridge and were exposed to a very heavy fire. First one regiment and then another and another were forced back, not by the bayonet but by a musketry and rifle fire, which it seemed impossible to push our men through. After an hour of close contest our men began to fall into confusion. One hundred and eleven had been killed, some two hundred and fifty wounded and the soldiers began to fall back in disorder. My horse was shot through the fore leg. My knee was cut round by a ball, and another had hit my coat collar and did not penetrate; an aide, Lt. Bagley, was missing, and spite of all exertions the confusion increased, and the men would not reform. Similar confusion had already occurred among other regiments and I saw we were gone. Had they kept their ranks we were the gainers up to that point, only our field batteries exposed had been severely cut up, by theirs, partially covered. Then for the first time I saw the carnage of battle, men lying in every conceivable shape, and mangled in a horrible way; but this did not make a particle of impression on me, but horses running about riderless with blood streaming from their nostrils, lying on the ground hitched to guns, gnawing their sides in death. I sat on my horse on the ground where Ricketts' Battery had been shattered to fragments, and saw the havoc done. I kept my regiments under cover as much as possible, till the last movement, when it became necessary to cross boldly a ridge and attack the enemy, by that time gathered in great strength behind all sorts of cover.

The volunteers up to that time had done well, but they were repulsed regiment by regiment, and I do think it was impossible to stand long in that fire. I did not find fault with them, but they fell into disorder —an incessant clamor of tongues, one saying they were not properly supported, another that they could not tell friend from foe; but I observed the gradual retreat going on and did all I could to stop it. At last it became manifest we were falling back, and as soon as I perceived it, I gave it direction by the way we came, and thus we fell back to Centreville, some four miles. We had with our Brigade no wagons, they had not crossed the river. At Centreville came pouring in the confused masses of men, without order or system. Here I supposed we should assemble in some order the confused masses and try to stem the tide. Indeed I saw but little evidence of being pursued, though once or twice their cavalry interposed themselves between us and our rear. I had read of retreats before, have seen the noise and confusion of crowds of men at fires and shipwrecks, but nothing like this. It was as disgraceful as words can portray, but I doubt if volunteers from any quarter could do better. Each private thinks for himself. If he wants to go for water, he asks leave of no one. If he thinks right he takes the oats and corn, and even burns the house of his enemy. As we could not prevent these disorders on the way out, I always feared the result, for everywhere we found the people against us. No curse could be greater than invasion by a volunteer army. No Goths or Vandals ever had less respect for the lives and property of friends and foes, and henceforth, we ought never to hope for any friends in Virginia. McDowell and all the generals tried their best to stop these disorders, but for us to say we commanded that army is no such thing. They did as they pleased. Democracy has worked out one result, and the next step is to be seen. Beauregard and Johnston were enabled to effect a junction by the failure of Patterson to press the latter, and they had such accurate accounts of our numbers and movements that they had all the men they wanted. We had never more than eighteen thousand engaged, though some ten or twelve thousand were within a few miles. After our retreat here I did my best to stop the flying masses, and partially succeeded, so that we once more present a front: but Beauregard has committed a sad mistake in not pursuing us promptly. Had he done so, he could have stampeded us again, and gone into Washington.

As it is, I suppose their plan is to produce riot in Baltimore, cross over above Leesburg, and come upon Washington through Maryland. Our rulers think more of who shall get office, than who can save the country. Nobody, no man, can save the

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country. The difficulty is with the masses. Our men are not good soldiers. They brag, but don't perform, complain sadly if they don't get everything they want, and a march of a few miles uses them up. It will take a long time to overcome these things, and what is in store for us in the future I know not. I purpose trying to defend this place if Beauregard approaches Washington by this route, but he has now deferred it some days and I rather think he will give it up.

The newspapers will tell ten thousand things, none of which are true. I have had no time to read them, but I know no one now has the moral courage to tell the truth.

In the days of discouragement which followed Bull Run, Sherman gave vent to strong expressions of his feeling. In a letter of August 3 he wrote: "I still am acting as a Brigadier General in command of six regiments of volunteers called by courtesy 'soldiers,' but they are all we have got and God only knows the issue. Our adversaries have the weakness of Slavery in their midst to offset our Democracy, and 'tis beyond human wisdom to say which is the greater evil." Two weeks later, August 17, he wrote: "I do not know why we should not have a government. The old government was as mild as any on earth and it may be that it is the best, but true it is, its administration had become very corrupt. Even now it is hard to hold her people to their allegiance; but we must have a future, and a government, and I will not attempt to advise or guide events till I see some end to this muddle. Thus far the Union party has the worst of the fight, and our armies are too scattered. If they order me to any place I'll go if I can."

Sherman could and did go to the next place assigned to him, which was Kentucky. Here, and in Tennessee, he was expected to organize, under General Robert Anderson, the local resistance to the Confederacy. His experiences in Kentucky, where through the ill health of General Anderson, the command devolved, against his will, upon himself, were of the most trying nature. Lacking the support which he felt the government owed him, he tasted the very dregs of discouragement and chagrin. The "Memoirs" describe the circumstances which led to the suspicion that Sherman's troubles in Kentucky had unbalanced his mind, and show how false the suspicion was. The unpublished letters of this brief period throw little light upon the more important aspects of the war, and may be passed over. So, too, may Sherman's own movements through the interval between his quitting the Kentucky command in November and his participation in the Battle of Shiloh. On April 3, 1862, he wrote to Mrs. Sherman from camp at Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee: "On our part McCook, Thomas and Nelson's Divisions are coming from Nashville and are expected about Monday (this is Thursday) when I suppose we must advance to attack Corinth or some other point on the Memphis and Charleston Road." It was on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th, that the battle occurred—the Confederate army making the attack. For Sherman's part in it the two following letters speak:

CAMP SHILOH, *April* 11, 1862.

Well, we have had a big battle where they shot real bullets and I am safe, except a buckshot wound in the hand and a bruised shoulder from a spent ball. The first horse I rode was one I captured from the enemy soon after I got here, a beautiful sorrel race mare that was as fleet as a deer, and very easy in her movements to which I had become much attached. She was first wounded and then shot dead under me. This occurred Sunday when the firing on both sides was terrific, and I had no time to save saddle, holsters or valise. I took the horse of my aid McCoy till it was shot, when I took my doctor's horse and that was shot. My camp was in advance of all others and we caught the first thunder, and they captured all our tents and two horses of mine hitched to the trees near my tent were killed, so I am completely unhorsed. The first man killed in the battle was my orderly close by my side, a young, handsome, faithful soldier who carried his carbine ever ready to defend me. His name was Holliday, and the shot that killed him was meant for me. After the battle was over I had him brought to my camp and buried by a tree scarred with balls and its top carried off by a cannon ball.

These about embrace all the personal events connected with myself. My troops were very raw and some regiments broke at the first fire. Others behaved better, and I

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managed to keep enough all the time to form a command and was the first to get back to our front line. The battle on Sunday was very severe. They drove back our left flank on the river, but I held the right flank out about a mile and a half, giving room for reinforcements to come in from camps landing to our north, and for Buell's army to land. Beauregard, Bragg, Johnston, Breckenridge, and all their big men were here, with their best soldiers and after the battle was over I found among the prisoners an old Louisiana cadet, named Banon [?] who sent for me and told me all about the others, many of whom were here and knew they were fighting me. I gave him a pair of socks, drawers and shirt and treated him very kindly. I won't attempt to give an account of the battle, but they say that I accomplished some important results, and General Grant makes special mention of me in his report which he showed me. I have worked hard to keep down but somehow I am forced into prominence and might as well submit. . . .

Buell arrived very opportunely and came out to see me. The plan of operations was agreed on, and his fresh Kentucky troops to advance boldly out direct from the steamboat landing to Shiloh, my headquarters. I was on the right and to advance when he got abreast of me.

This was done, and I edged to the road, and reached it about five hundred yards from here, just where the hardest fighting was, and then met the same Kentucky troops I had at Muldrough hill. They all recognized me and such shouting you never heard. I asked to pass their ranks and they gave me the lead. I have since visited their camps and never before received such marks of favor. John's brigade is also here, indeed we must now have seventy-five thousand men. Figures begin to approximate my standard. Halleck is coming with reinforcements. We have been attacked and beaten off our enemy. Now we must attack him.

This would occur at once, but it has been raining so that our roads are almost impassable. The enemy expected to crush us before Buell got here. The scenes on this field would have cured anybody of war. Mangled bodies, dead, dying, in every conceivable shape, without heads, legs; and horses! I think we have buried two thousand since the fight, our own and the enemy's; and the wounded fill houses, tents, steamboats and every conceivable place. My division had about eight thousand men, at least half ran away, and out of the remaining half, I have three hundred and two soldiers, sixteen officers killed, and over twelve hundred wounded. All I can say this was a battle, and you will receive so many graphic accounts that my picture would be tame. I know you will read all accounts, cut out paragraphs with my name for Willy's future study, all slurs you will hide away, and gradually conceive yourself that I am a soldier as famous as General Greene. I still feel the horrid nature of this war, and the piles of dead and wounded and maimed makes me more anxious than ever for some hope of an end, but I know such a thing cannot be for a long, long time. Indeed I never expect it, or to survive it. . . .

Camp Shiloh, Tenn., *April* 24, 1862.

I have written several letters of late to you, to Willy and your mother. Tell Theresa * I thank her for hers, but writing is painful to my hand and she must excuse me for a few days. At first the wound gave me no pain, but I rode so much that when it began to inflame it got very sore, and affected my fingers, and they are quite stiff. I had to resort to poultice, but now simple bandage, and in a few days it will be well again. In the small pain I have suffered I can feel for the thousands of poor fellows, with all sorts of terrible wounds such as I have been compelled to witness, but my time has been so absorbed by the care of the living that I could pay little attention to the dead and wounded, but they have been well cared for. The only difficulty is that hundreds and thousands tired of the war, and satisfied with what they have seen, have taken advantage of slight wounds and gone home. As usual the noisy clamorous ones, "spiling" for a fight have gone home to tell of their terrible deeds and left others to bear the battles still to be fought. How few know the dangers attending this war. The very men who were most clamorous for fight were the first to run, and leave a few to stand the brunt of Sunday. I knew this beforehand, and took it so easily that many wondered, thinking me indifferent

* Mrs. Sherman's sister.

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and nonchalant. I sent a copy of my map to your father, and now enclose the rough notes of my official report, from which I think you can trace my movements. All the troops south of the main Corinth road were forced back to the river. I held my front line till 10¼ A. M., fell back to the line of McClernand's camps, and fought there till near 4 P. M., and took up a final position for night, back of McArthur's headquarters at all times the furthest out; on Monday advanced almost over the same ground and reached Shiloh at 4 P. M.

The hue and cry against Grant about surprise is wrong. I was not surprised and I was in advance. Prentiss was not covered by me, and I don't believe he was surprised, although he is now a prisoner, cannot be heard. It is outrageous for the cowardly newsmongers, thus to defame men whose lives are exposed. The real truth is, the private soldiers in battle leave their ranks, run away and then raise these false issues. The political leaders dare not lay the blame where it belongs. They, like the volunteer officers, are afraid of the men, but I will speak the truth and I believe still there are honest men enough to believe me. In the three hundred and two dead, and twelve hundred wounded of my division, there was not a bayonet or knife wound, and the story of men being bayonetted in their tents is a pure lie, and even admitting that officers and men had not dressed at 7¾ A. M., I say they deserved it. Reveille is at 5½. They should have dressed then, and if they were too lazy to get up and dress before 7¾ they deserved to be bayonetted; but it is all a lie got up by the cowards who ran to the river and reported we were surprised and all killed. By their false reports they may have prevented success coming to us, earlier than it did.

The enemy treated our wounded well and kindly. I sent Willy a box of cannon balls and bullets which he must share with Tom. I would like to see Willy's eyes when he sees the dread missiles. I know the enemy is still in our front. They can surprise us tomorrow morning quite as well as they did us that Sunday, but in attacking us they made a mistake. We must attack them on their chosen ground. The next battle will be worse than the last, and, of course, I don't expect to survive all that follow. This gives me little trouble, but I do feel for the thousands that think another battle will end the war. I hope the war won't end until those who caused the war, the politicians and editors, are made to feel it. The scoundrels take good care of their hides, run up after a fight and back again before there is a chance for another. . . .

Sherman's resentment against those who blamed Grant for the loss of life at Shiloh broke forth three days later (April 27) in a letter to his brother-in-law, Thomas Ewing, Jr. "We all knew," he wrote, "we were assembling a vast army for an aggressive purpose. The President knew it. Halleck knew it, and the whole country knew it, and the attempt to throw blame on Grant is villainous. The fact is, if newspapers are to be our Government, I confess I would prefer Bragg, Beauregard or anybody as my ruler, and I will persist in my determination never to be a leader responsible to such a power." At the end of this letter Sherman strikes a new note of confidence, natural enough as his powers were unfolding themselves: "I am not in search of Glory or Fame, for I know I can take what position I choose among my peers."

On the 26th of May Sherman wrote from the camp before Corinth: "I received today the commission of Major General, but, I know not why, it gives me far less emotion than my old commission as 1st Lieutenant of Artillery. The latter, I know, I merited; this I doubt, but its possession completes the chain from cadet up, and will remain among the family archives when you and I repose in eternity." The dreaded collision at Corinth between the Northern and Southern armies, to the prospect of which the rest of the letter is devoted, was averted by the evacuation of the town by the Confederates. Sherman was immediately ordered to retrieve and repair some of the destructions of Beauregard's departure, and in a long letter from "Camp at Chewalla, 10 miles N. West of Corinth" (June 6, 1862), reverted with vigor to the themes of Grant and the press:

[2nd Sheet.] DAYLIGHT, *June* 6, 1862.

. . . I get nearly all or all the papers here somehow or other, and have seen most of all the pieces you have clipped out, but I had not seen that of your father from the Louisville *Journal* signed E. It is suf-

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ficiently complimentary, more so than I merit, from such a high source, and the illustration of the fable of the warrior's fight with the mud turtles is very strong and like your father. I will get even with the miserable class of corrupt editors yet. They are the chief cause of this unhappy war. They fan the flames of local hatred and keep alive those prejudices which have forced friends into opposing hostile ranks. At the North and South each radical class keeps its votaries filled with the most outrageous lies of the other. In the North the people have been made to believe that those of the South are horrid barbarians, unworthy a Christian burial, whilst at the South the people have been made to believe that we wanted to steal their negroes, rob them of their property, pollute their families, and to reduce the whites below the level of their own negroes. Worse than this at the North, no sooner does an officer rise from the common level, but some rival uses the press to malign him, destroy his usefulness, and pull him back to obscurity or infamy. Thus it was with me, and now they have nearly succeeded with Grant. He is as brave as any man should be, he has won several victories such as Donelson which ought to entitle him to universal praise, but his rivals have almost succeeded through the instrumentality of the press in pulling him down, and many thousands of families will be taught to look to him as the cause of the death of their fathers, husbands and brothers.

The very object of war is to produce results by death and slaughter, but the moment a battle occurs the newspapers make the leader responsible for the death and misery, whether of victory or defeat. If this be pushed much further officers of modesty and merit will keep away, will draw back into obscurity and leave our armies to be led by fools or rash men, such as ———. Grant had made up his mind to go home, I tried to dissuade him, but so fixed was he in his purpose that I thought his mind was made up and asked for his escort a company of 4th Illinois. But last night I got a note from him saying he would stay.* His case is a good illustration of my meaning.

He is not a brilliant man and has, himself, thoughtlessly used the press to give him *éclat* in Illinois, but he is a good and brave soldier, tried for years; is sober, very industrious and as kind as a child. Yet he has been held up as careless, criminal, a drunkard, tyrant and everything horrible. Very many of our officers, knowing how powerful is public opinion in our government have kept newspaper correspondents near their persons to praise them in their country papers; but so intense is public curiosity that several times flattery designed for one county has reached others, and been published to the world, making their little heroes big fools. It had become so bad, and the evil is not yet eradicated, that no sooner was a battle fought than every colonel and captain was the hero of the fight. Thus at Shiloh, for a month, all through Illinois and Missouri a newspaper reader would have supposed McClernand and Lew Wallace were away ahead of my division, whereas the former was directly behind me, and the other at Crump's Landing. Again, at Corinth you will hear of five hundred first men inside the works. Let them scramble for the dead lion's paw. It is a barren honor not worth contending for. If these examples and a few more will convince the real substantial men of our country that the press is not even an honest exponent of the claims of men pretending to serve their country, but the base means of building up spurious fame, and pulling down honest merit, I will feel that I have my full reward in being one of the first to see it and suffer the consequences. . . .

* See "Memoirs," I, 283.

The succeeding months of Sherman's rather uneventful command at Memphis, even his operations on the Mississippi and Arkansas, ending early in January, 1863, with the capture of Arkansas Post, must be passed over. The success at Arkansas Post was merely one of the first moves in the deadly game of wresting Vicksburg from the Confederate army. To this purpose a little more than the first six months of 1863 were devoted. It was a period of constant struggle, not only with the enemy, but with the great ally of whichever side could control it, the Mississippi River. Sherman's letters home at this time were full and frequent, but it will be possible here only to give passages from the most characteristic and illuminative. The victory at Vicksburg was for him, as we shall see, "the first

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gleam of daylight in this war." It marked a definite period of Sherman's own development, and with the letter written on the day after the capitulation the present selections will be terminated.

CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG, *January* 28, 1863.

. . . The politician thinks results can be had by breath but how painfully it begins to come home to the American people that the war which all have striven so hard to bring on and so few to avert is to cost us so many thousands of lives. Indeed do I wish I had been killed long since. Better that than struggle with the curses and maledictions of every woman that has a son or brother to die in any army with which I chance to be associated. Of course Sherman is responsible. Seeing so clearly into the future I do think I ought to get away. The president's placing McClernand here* and the dead set to ruin me for McClernand's personal glory would afford me a good chance to slide out and escape the storm and trouble yet in reserve for us. Here we are at Vicksburg on the wrong side of the river trying to turn the Mississippi by a ditch, a pure waste of human labor. Grant has come and Prime is here and they can figure it out, but the canal won't do. We must carry out the plan fixed up at Oxford. A large army must march down from Oxford to Grenada and so on to the rear of Vicksburg, and another army must be here to coöperate with the gun-boats at the right time. Had Grant been within sixty miles of Vicksburg or Banks near I could have broken the line of Chickasaw Bayou, but it was never dreamed by me that I could take the place alone. McClernand or Grant will not undertake it. Not a word of Banks. I doubt if he has left or can leave or has any order to leave New Orleans. Therefore here we are to sit in the mud till Spring and Summer and maybe another year. Soldiers will soon clamor for motion, life, anything rather than canal digging. The newspapers are after me again; I published an order they must not come along on pain of being treated as spies. I am now determined to test the question. Do they rule or the Commanding General? If they rule I quit. I have ordered the arrest of one, shall try him, and if possible execute him as a spy. They publish all the data for our enemy and it was only by absolute secrecy that we could get to the Post of Arkansas without their getting ahead. They did reveal our attempt to attack Haines's Bluff. I will never again command an army in America if we must carry along paid spies. I will banish myself to some foreign country first. I shall notify Mr. Lincoln of this if he attempt to interfere with the sentence of any court ordered by me. If he wants an army he must conform to the well established rules of military nations and not attempt to keep up the open rules of peace. The South at the start did these things, and the result has been, they move their forces from Virginia to Mississippi and back without a breath spoken or written. . . .

* On January 2, Sherman had learned that McClernand had "orders from the War Department to command the expeditionary force on the Mississippi River" ("Memoirs," I, 322). On January 24, Sherman wrote to his wife: "It was simply absurd to supersede me by McClernand, but Mr. Lincoln knows I am not anxious to command, and he knows McClernand is, and must gratify him. He will get his fill before he is done."

CAMP AT VICKSBURG, *April* 10, 1863.

. . . I was really amused at a circumstance to-day that may be serious. Grant has been *secretly* working by night to place some 30 pound rifle guns as close up to Vicksburg as the water will permit, about 2300 yards, and to cover them against the enemies' cross batteries, but to-day got the Memphis papers of the 7th giving a minute and full account of them and their location. Now he knows as we all do that the Secesh mail leaves Memphis before day, as soon as the morning papers are printed, reaches Hernando about 11 A. M. and the telegraph carries to Vicksburg the news in a few minutes. This explains a remark which Major Watts of the Confederate Army made to me at parting day before yesterday. We met per appointment on a steamboat just above Vicksburg, and after a long conference relating to exchange of prisoners, Watts, who is a very clever man, remarked; "don't open those batteries tomorrow (last) night for I am to give a party and don't want to be interrupted." Of course the newspaper correspondents, encouraged by the political Generals and even President Lincoln, having full swing in this and all camps, report all news secret and otherwise. Indeed with a gossiping world a secret is worth more than common news. Grant was furious, and I believe he ordered the suppression of all the Memphis

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papers. But that won't do. All persons who don't have to fight must be kept out of camp, else secrecy, a great element of military success, is an impossibility. I may not, but you will live to see the day when the people of the United States will mob the man who thinks otherwise. I am too fast, but there are principles of government as sure to result from war as in law, religion or any moral science. Some prefer to jump to the conclusion by reason. Others prefer to follow developments by the slower and surer road of experience. In like manner Grant has three thousand men at work daily to clear out Willow Bayou, by which he proposes to move a large part of the army to Carthage and Grand Gulf: also a secret, but I'll bet my life it is at this moment in all the Northern papers, and is known through them to the Secesh from Richmond to Vicksburg. Can you feel astonished that I should grow angry at the toleration of such suicidal weakness, that we strong, intelligent men must bend to a silly proclivity for early news that should advise our enemy days in advance. Look out! We are not going to attack Haines' Bluff or Greenwood or Vicksburg direct but are going to come round below by Grand Gulf! All the enemy wants is a day or two notice of such intention and Grand Gulf becomes like a second Vicksburg! But this is a secret, remember, and though it is the plan it is not a good plan. We commit a great mistake, but I am not going to advise one way or the other. The government has here plenty of representatives, and they must make the plans and I will fill my part, no more, no less.

The only true plan was the one we started with. The Grand Army should be on the main land moving south along the road and roads from Memphis, Holly Springs and Corinth, concentrating on Grenada; thence towards Canton where the Central Road crosses Big Black and then on Vicksburg. The gunboats and a small army should be here, and on the first sign of the presence of the main force inland we should attack here violently.

This was our plan at Oxford in December last, is my plan now and Grant knows it is my opinion. I shall communicate it to none else save you or your father. . . . It is my opinion that we shall never take Vicksburg by operations by river alone.

The armies on the Rappahanock and in Kentucky pause for us at Vicksburg. That is folly; all ought to press at the same instant, for the enemy has the centre or inside track, can concentrate on any one point and return to the others in time. Their position is very strong and they have skill, courage and intelligence enough to avail themselves of all advantages. Their country is suffering terribly by the devastations of our armies, and the escapes of their slaves, but nothing seems to shake their constancy or confidence in ultimate success. Could the North only turn out her strength, fill promptly our thinned ranks, keep their counsels, hold their tongues, and stop their infernal pens and press we could make things crash, and either submission or utter horrible ruin would be their fate.

It may be however that God in his wisdom wants to take down the conceit of our people and make them feel that they are of the same frail materials of mortality as the other thousand millions of human beings that spin their short webs and die all over earth. In all former wars virtues lost sight of in time of peace have revived, and to any one who looked it is unnecessary to say that our governments, national, state, county and town had been corrupt, foul and disgraceful. If war will change this, it will be cheaply bought. . . .

WALNUT HILLS [above Vicksburg], *June* 2, 1863.

Since our arrival here I have written you several short letters and one telegraph despatch, simply telling you of our safety. I suppose by this time you have heard enough of our march and safe arrival on the Yazoo whereby we re-established our communications supplying the great danger of this roundabout movement. We were compelled to feel and assault Vicksburg, as it was the only way to measure the amount of opposition to be apprehended. We now know that it is strongly fortified on all sides and that the garrison is determined to defend it to the last. We could simply invest the place and allow famine and artillery to finish the work, but we know that desperate efforts will be made to relieve the place. Joe Johnston, one of the most enterprising of all their Generals, is assembling from every quarter an army at Jackson and Canton and he will soon be coming down between the Yazoo and Black. Of

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course Grant is doing all he can to provide against every contingency. He sent to Banks, but Banks is investing Port Hudson and asks for reinforcements from us. All the men that can be spared from West Tennessee will be called here, and I trust Rosecrans will not allow any of Bragg's army to be detached against us, but we hear he is planting gardens and it may be he will wait to gather a crop. The weather is now very hot and we are digging roads and approaches so that it tells on our men, but they work cheerfully and I have approaches and parallels within eighty yards of the enemy's line. Daily we open a cannonade and make the dirt fly, but the Rebels lay close in their pits and holes and we cannot tell what execution is done. I pity the poor families in Vicksburg. Women and children are living in caves and holes underground whilst our shot and shells tear through their houses overhead. Daily and nightly conflagrations occur, but still we cannot see the mischief done. We can see the Court House and steeples of churches, also houses on the hills back of town, but the city lies on the face of the hill towards the river, and that is hidden from view by the shape of ground. The hills are covered with trees and are very precipitous, affording us good Camps. I have mine close up on a spur where we live very comfortably. I go out every morning and supervise the progress of work, and direct the fire of the guns. The enemy's sharpshooters have come very near hitting me several times, but thus far I have escaped unhurt. Pitzman my engineer was shot in the hip and is gone North. . . .

The Northern papers bring accounts of our late movements very much exaggerated, but still approximating the truth. I did not go to Haines' Bluff at all, because the moment I reached the ground in its rear I was master of it, pushed on to the very gates of Vicksburg and sent cavalry back to Haines to pick up the points of the strategic movement. Grant is now deservedly the hero. He is entitled to all the credit of the movement which was risky and hazardous in the extreme and succeeded because of its hazard. He is now belabored with praise by those who a month ago accused him of all the sins in the Calendar, and who next week will turn against him if so blows the popular breeze.

Vox populi, vox humbug. We are in good fighting trim, and I expect still some hard knocks. The South will not give up Vicksburg without the most desperate struggle. In about three days we ought to be able to make another assault, carrying our men well up to the enemy's ditch under cover. . . .

WALNUT HILLS, *June* 11, 1863.

. . . I don't believe I can give you an idea of matters here. You will read so much about Vicksburg and the people now gathered about it that you will get bewildered, and I will wait till maps become more abundant. I miss Pitzman very much. I feel his loss just as I did that of Morgan L. Smith at Chickasaw, both wounded in the hip, reconnoitering. So far as Vicksburg is concerned the same great features exist. The deep washes and ravines with trees felled makes a net work of entangled abattis all round the city, and if we had a million of men we would be compelled to approach it by the narrow heads of columns which approach the concealed trenches and casemates of a concealed and brave and desperate enemy. We cannot carry our men across this continuous parapet without incurring fearful loss. We have been working making roads and paths around spurs, up hollows, until I now have on my front of over two miles three distinct ways by which I can get close up to the ditch, but still each has a narrow front and any man who puts his head above ground has his head shot off. All day and night continues the sharp crack of the rifle and deep sound of mortars and cannon hurling shot and shell at the doomed city. I think we have shot twenty thousand cannon balls and many millions of musket ball into Vicksburg, but of course the great mass of these bury into the earth and do little harm. We fire one hundred shot to their one, but they being scarce of ammunition take better care not to waste it. I rode away round to McClernand's lines the day before yesterday, and found that he was digging his ditches and parallels further back from the enemy than where I began the first day. My works are further advanced than any other, but still it will take some time to dig them out. The truth is we trust to the starvation. Accounts vary widely. Some deserters say they have plenty to eat, and

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others say they are down to pea bread and poor beef. I can see horses and mules gently grazing within the lines and therefore do not count on starvation yet. All their soldiers are in the trenches and none know anything but what occurs close to them. Food is cooked by negroes back in the hollows in rooms cut out of the hills and carried to them by night. The people, women and children, have also cut houses underground out of the peculiar earth, where they live in comparative safety from our shells and shot. Still I know great execution must have been done, and Vicksburg at this moment must be a horrid place. Yet the people have been wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I have not yet met one but would prefer all to perish rather than give up. They feel doomed, but rely on Joe Johnston. Of him we know but little save we hear of a force at Yazoo City, at Canton, Jackson and Clinton. . . .

CAMP NEAR BLACK RIVER,
20 miles east of Vicksburg, *July* 5, '63.

You will have heard all about the Capitulation of Vicksburg on the 4th of July, and I suppose duly appreciate it. It is the event of the War thus far. Davis placed it in the scale of Richmond, and pledged his honor that it should be held even if he had to abandon Tennessee. But it was of no use, and we are now in full possession. I am out and have not gone in to see, as even before its surrender Grant was disposing to send me forth to meet Johnston who is and has been since June 15th collecting a force about Jackson, to raise the siege. I will have Ord's corps, the 13th (McClernand's), Sherman's 15th and Parkes' 9th. All were to have been out last night, but Vicksburg and the 4th of July were too much for one day and they are not yet come. I expect them hourly. I am busy making three bridges to cross Black River, and shall converge on Bolton and Clinton and if not held back by Johnston shall enter Jackson, and there finish what was so well begun last month and break up all the railroads and bridges in the interior so that it will be impossible for armies to assemble again to threaten the river.

The capture of Vicksburg is to me the first gleam of daylight in this war. It was strong by nature, and had been strengthened by immense labor and stores. Grant telegraphs me twenty-seven thousand prisoners, one hundred and twenty-eight field guns and one hundred siege pieces. Add to these, thirteen [illegible] and five thousand prisoners at Arkansas Post, eighteen guns and two hundred and fifty prisoners at Jackson, five guns and two thousand prisoners at Fort Gibson, ten heavy guns at Grand Gulf, sixty field guns and thirty-five thousand prisoners at Champion Hill and fourteen heavy guns at Haines' Bluff, beside the immense amounts of ammunition, shot, shells, horses, wagons etc., make the most extraordinary fruits of our six months' campaign. Here is glory enough for all the heroes of the West, but I content myself with knowing and feeling that our enemy is weakened by so much, and more yet by failing to hold a point deemed by them as essential to their empire in the south west. We have ravaged the land, and have sent away half a million of negroes so that this country is paralyzed and cannot recover its lost strength in twenty years.

Had the eastern armies done half as much war would be substantially entered upon. But I read of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia being threatened and Rosecrans sitting idly by, writing for personal fame in the newspapers, and our Government at Washington chiefly engaged in pulling down its leaders. Hooker now consigned to retirement. Well I thank God, we are free from Washington and that we have in Grant not a "great man" or a "hero," but a good, plain, sensible, kind hearted fellow. Here are Grant and Sherman, and McPherson, three sons of Ohio, have achieved more actual success than all else combined, and I have yet to see the first kindly notice of us in the state, but on the contrary a system of abuse designed and calculated to destroy us with the people and the army; but the Army of the Tennessee, those who follow their colors and do not skulk behind in the North, at the hospitals and depots far to the rear, know who think and act, and if life is spared us our countrymen will realize the truth. I shall go on through heat and dust till the Mississippi is clear, till the large armies of the enemy in this quarter seek a more secure base, and then I will renew my hopes of getting a quiet home, where we can grow up among our children and prepare them for the dangers which may environ their later life. I did

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hope Grant would have given me Vicksburg and let some one else follow up the enemy inland, but I suggest anything to myself personal, ar ly what I deem necessary to fulfil the pu poses of War. I know that the capture of Vicksburg will make an impression the world over, and expect loud acclamations in the north west, but I heed more its effect on Louisiana and Arkansas. If Banks succeed as he now must at Port Hudson, and the Army in Missouri push to Little Rock, the region west of the Mississippi will cease to be the theatre of war save to the bands of robbers created by war who now prefer to live by pillage than honest labor. Rosecrans' army and this could also, acting in concert, drive all opposing masses into the recesses of Georgia and Alabama, leaving the Atlantic slopes the great theatre of war.

I wish Halleck would put a guard over the White House to keep out the Committees of preachers, grannies and Dutchmen that absorb Lincoln's time and thoughts, fill up our thinned ranks with conscripts, and then handle these vast armies with the single thought of success regardless of who shall get the personal credit and glory.

I am pleased to hear from you that occasionally you receive kindness from men out of regard to me. I know full well there must be a large class of honest people North who are sick of the wrangling of officers for power and notoriety, and are sick of the silly flattery piled by interested parties on their favorites. McClernand, the only sample of that sort with us, played himself out, and there is not an officer or soldier here but rejoices he is gone away. With an intense selfishness and lust of notoriety he could not let his mind get beyond the limits of his vision and therefore all was brilliant about him and dark and suspicious beyond. My style is the reverse. I am somewhat blind to what occurs near me, but have a clear perception of things and events remote. Grant possesses the happy medium and it is for this reason I admire him. I have a much quicker perception of things than he; but he balances the present and remote so evenly that results follow in natural course.

I would not have risked the passing the Batteries at Vicksburg and trusting to the long route by Grand Gulf and Jackson to reach what we both knew were the key points to Vicksburg. But I would have aimed to reach the same points by Grenada.*

But both aimed at the same points, and though both of us knew little of the actual ground, it is wonderful how well they have realized our military calculations.

As we sat in Oxford last November we saw in the future what we now realize, and like the architect who sees developed the beautiful vision of his brain, we feel an intense satisfaction at the realization of our military plans. Thank God, no President was near to thwart our plans, and that the short sighted public could not drive us from our object till the plan was fully realized.

Well, the Campaign of Vicksburg is ended, and I am either to begin anew or simply make complete the natural sequences of a finished job. I regard my movement as the latter, though you and others may be distressed at the guesses of our newspaper correspondents on the spot (Cairo) and made to believe I am marching on Mobile, on Chattanooga, or Atlanta. . . .

* "Sherman gave the same energy to make the campaign a success that he would or could have done if it had been ordered by himself."—*Personal Memoirs* of U. S. Grant. I, 543 *n.*

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FREDERIC CARROLL, MONOGAMIST

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

THE beautiful young celebrity who had come, appropriately adorned, to deliver her message concerning "The Economic Independence of Woman" to this select gathering of her fellow slaves, also more or less expensively protected from the cold, knew that it would not be easy to shock her present audience into a serious consideration of the subject, but she believed that she could manage it.

It seems that a great many members of the club were keen about the economic independence of woman this morning while their husbands were down town at work, for numerous adequately equipped vehicles might have been seen blocking the street without while Muriel Vincent was being introduced within. She arose, slender and very tall, quite self-possessed (for a slave), and bowed with an engaging smile of amusement, of superiority. There was a flattering silence. The variously becoming formal gardens stopped fluttering, the ornithological exhibits became as stationary as if under glass cases at ill-smelling museums instead of resting appropriately upon complicated coils of hair growing upon or belonging to delicately scented ladies interested in economic independence. Now that the speaker was standing, certain of them could see the skirt, and yes, clearly it was a Paquin. There were others who took such trivialities as a matter of course and were wondering why young Mrs. Vincent had not made a success of marriage. Even to their critical view she appeared eminently qualified. Then in a delicately modulated voice, with a fastidiously languid manner, as if not much impressed with what she had to say, Muriel began:

"The difference between a wife and a mistress is that a mistress is supported by a man who loves her, and a wife by one who does not. And that one of these women is respected for what she does, and the other is despised. We who are women have decreed which is which. Well, we ought to know!"

Among the many who had come to have their minds improved, not having any more serious use for them until after luncheon, some merely smiled appreciatively at the naïveté of the epigram, at the captivating manner with which the charming young celebrity emitted it. Otherwise they were not much impressed, being so thoroughly accustomed to having their minds improved. Some who were not so advanced, but wanted to be and did not know just how, smiled still more appreciatively. Others looked on with vague, simpering, doll-like faces, not understanding nor caring so long as they were seen there with the rest. A small sprinkling were shocked, but they were not advanced at all, except in years.

One there was who neither smiled nor raised her eyebrows nor missed the point, but listened attentively, not altogether comfortably, gasping a little, but maintaining a detatched, twinkling interest. She was a new member, young, blithe, cheerful—"a cunning little thing" as she was pronounced by older members, "a little thoroughbred" by those who had proposed her for membership. Her name was Molly, and she was not used to hearing things of this sort (as yet). But she was interested, and, like the women under half the big hats in the room, she was thinking about the man she had married, as women always do, Muriel knew, when marriage was discussed—or else about the men they might have married. That is what the other half of the room was thinking about. Perhaps that is why Muriel allowed a pause.

"There are other differences," the lecturer admitted in the same carelessly graceful manner of letting her truths drop, like pearls, from an abundant store. "A mistress, if she is not loved or supported to her satisfaction, can leave her employer for a better position without notice. Her lover knows it. A wife cannot leave without con-

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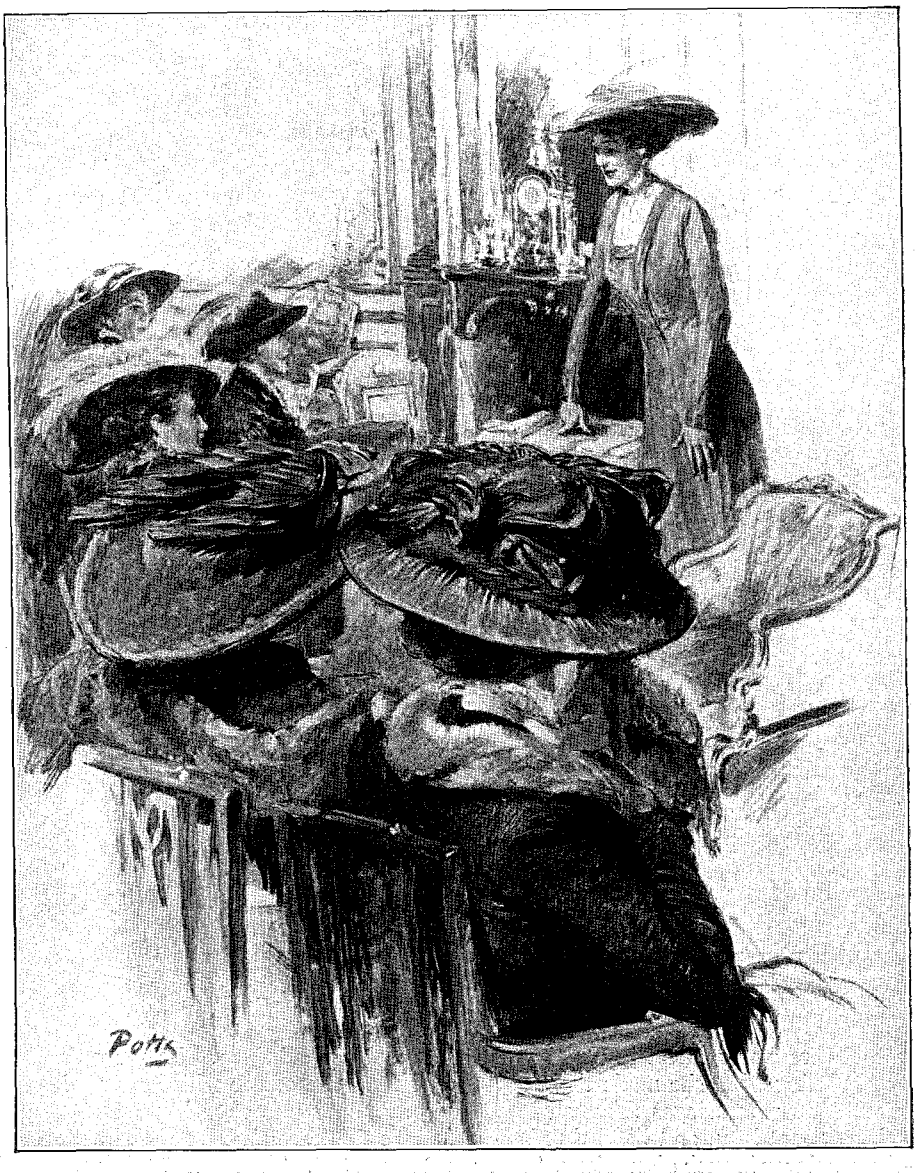

"You belong to the leisure class, your husbands to the working class."—Page 419.

siderable notice—and her husband knows *that*. On the other hand, a mistress is compelled to bestir herself, to be alive, alert, to employ her God-given faculties—for she must please to live; whereas a wife need not. She can live without pleasing. She has her legal 'rights.' Hence she degenerates, becomes fat and stupid——"

("I'm not fat," thought Molly; "I'm not stupid.")

"—or else she cultivates slenderness and frivolity, and corrupts the ideals if not the morals of nice young men who learn to despise her and the sex they would like to revere."

This also missed Molly, as it happened, though she knew a woman it hit, in the same row.

Some of them considered this sheer impudence, coming from Muriel, for they knew her. "She's a disappointed woman," thought others, "that's why she is so bit-

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But as it happened she did interrupt him, though not at work.—Page 423.

ter." There was comfort in the thought. For not liking what she made them think about their own marriages, they now began thinking about hers, and liked that better —the usual way in such discussions. "Dear me!" smiled those happily-married, "how little she really knows about it." "A half-dozen children would stop all this nonsense," thought one of the older ladies, fanning vigorously.

But Muriel had them all listening attentively now—and that was what she wanted. "Pique interest with your opening sentence. Arouse curiosity with your second," was one of Muriel's rules. She was a writer lady. She wrote about sex and society. Some of her present audience had laughed at her books, others had cried over them, but all had read them. It is true that she had tried the career which most of them were practicing more or less successfully—in fact she had tried it twice, to give it a thorough test. She did not think much of it. It had failed both times, owing perhaps to the insolvency of her partner. So she had abandoned it for the present and riddled it with her pen instead. In this career she was not only economically free, but also free to wallow in the luxury of self-expression. Few of her hearers were so blessed. They had husbands they feared or respected, or even loved. They had children to consider, or positions they valued. So they took it out in reading books occasionally, and attended lectures like this, thus indulging in the luxury of self-expres-

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sion vicariously, quite as they took massage instead of exercise, and wrote checks instead of working in the East Side, which was so ill-smelling.

But there sat the one named Molly listening quietly. She had no children, no position to speak of, and but little fear of public opinion. To be sure she had a husband she adored, but suppose he no longer adored her? Suppose he wanted to but couldn't? . . . Well, the new member's mind was open for improvement.

"But, after all, why should the modern marriage turn out differently?" Muriel proceeded, "especially the American marriage. You belong to the leisure class, your husbands to the working class. *Mésalliances* are seldom successful. You allow your husbands to inflict the curse of idleness upon you, making drones of you because it is no longer necessary for you to be drudges; toiling that you may play—Bridge, Charity, Intellectuality and other games—toiling harder that you may play more luxuriously. This is not altogether the snobbery of a nation of parvenus; your husbands think it chivalry—and *you* let them think so. It is not their fault; they are mere thoughtless boys—they have no time to think. But you have. Perhaps you don't like to. Well, the time has come when you *must*. For see the result: They are producers and grow; you are consumers and stagnate. They are creative; you are seldom even procreative. They mature as men; you degenerate as overgrown, overdressed girls, fulfilling no more useful function than the sandwich man on the street—walking advertisements of your employer's solvency. You are not really persons at all, but things, reflexes of man's semi-barbaric ideals, ornamental slaves, parasites, vampires, blights, destroyers of what you profess to love and promise to obey, hindering and hampering by disillusionment and expense the individual growth as well as the social usefulness of those whom you have the glorious privilege of serving and guiding as helpmeets and life-partners."

Muriel's voice had risen a little. She paused now and added quietly, "And yet you wonder why he does not love you as he promised at the altar! That promise which is supposed to bind you together is the very thing that's put you asunder. Love may be divine, but marriage, as it is practiced and preached, is not even human. It is inhuman."

Molly's frank brown eyes which had been opening and closing rapidly now sparkled with mirth. Muriel had overshot her mark. The art of understatement had been forgotten in her vehemence, thus affording certain of her hearers a sort of comic relief. But though Molly was glad to laugh, and could find much, for her comfort, that was specious in Muriel's argument, the disquieting fact remained that she and her husband were growing farther apart every day, and that while Fred worked hard for money, her only serious occupation was spending it. There seemed the less excuse in her case because there was so little to spend and because her husband needed no walking advertisement of his money-getting ability, not being in a money-getting occupation. He was a painter, and the measure of an artist's success is not supposed to be the amount of money he makes. "Dear me!" thought Molly, twinkling, "I'm not even a sandwich woman." And so she smiled again and missed the next five minutes of Muriel.

This view of marriage was not exactly the one Molly had been brought up with—nor Fred either, for that matter. But if we give our offspring more or less practical education for every relation in life except the most important and practical of all, we must not be surprised if they turn after a while for instruction to such reliable sources of knowledge as novels and lady lecturers. For the question sometimes becomes pressing and important. Molly had been trained from birth for just one thing, and that was to be a bride. She had made a great success at that, but she was no longer a bride. She was now a wife, and she knew as little about her occupation as about being a mother. Not being a mother, she had considerable time to study her present occupation.

She had been led to believe that "if you find the right one," and if "you really love each other," then all the rest followed as naturally and merrily as a marriage bell. She had found the right one. So had Fred. Theirs was notably a love match. In short they believed that they would get along together to the end, because they couldn't get along apart at the beginning.

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They had wanted each other tremendously, and so when they got each completely, they thought they would never want anything else. But this, it appears, was a mistake.

"The one touch needed," Muriel was now saying, "to drag this down from the comparative dignity of comedy to the baseness of vulgar farce is conscientiously supplied by its victims: While utterly apart they yet pretend to be together for fear the world will see them honestly acknowledging what the world already knows, namely that one or the other or both of them are heartily tired of it and wish that it had never happened."

(Molly was biting her lip. She did not believe that any one knew that Fred was tired of it—as yet.)

"But when you hold him so close to the grindstone by day and the hearth-stone by night, allowing him to see no other woman except in your disquieting presence——"

(Molly dropped her eyes, but no one noticed her.)

—"if you make a slave of him down town and a page of him up town, you must not be surprised that sheer weariness grows into irritation and irritation into desperation, with the final result that while he appears with you in public he disappears without you in private."

(Molly looked up. "Fred doesn't do *that!*" she rejoiced, but again she considered her calling, missing some of the speaker's views upon it. . . .)

"Whatever may be the new marriage," Muriel concluded, for she seemed inclined to admit that the institution had come to stay, in some form or other, "men and women will never get together on a sane and lasting basis of mutual interest, understanding and respect as life partners, until women become economic entities—as few of you here are, or else you could not waste this valuable portion of the working day in hearing me earn my fee. In short, there can be no real marriage worthy of the name and a help to civilization save on a basis of political, social and economic equality. We have given the experiment of making men and women as different as possible a fair trial. We have differentiated them more than the male and female of any branch of the vertebrate kingdom. It is as delightful for love-making as it is miserable for marriage. Suppose we try the opposite experiment, of making them at least as much alike as the male and female Hottentot.

"It is for men's sake as well as for women, and the mothers of men, that you should want this; but it is merely as wives that I address you now. You cannot retain his interest in you when you are incapable even of intelligent interest in his work which is dearer to him than you are, as it ought to be if he is a man, and not a mere bridegroom. You cannot command his respect until you are entitled to your own. And if you hope to hold him, without respect, merely by the tricks of the only trade most of you have learned, then he will seek a new bundle of tricks after he has tried and tired of yours—with the result which one beholds to-day, on every hand"—she paused and swept her audience with a quiet smile—"a great many attentive eyes, most of them disillusionized."

And now as the speaker bowed and retired, gathering up the manuscript of her carefully wrought epigrams, there might have been observed the familiar phenomenon of exchanging glances and non-committal smiles from under the wide-spreading hats now suddenly in fluttering motion. Everyone was curious to see how everyone else took it and anxious to reserve an expression of her own opinion until the opinion of her fellows had been expressed. Consequently, except for a few who were quite advanced, no opinions were vouchsafed, otherwise than by raised eyebrows and indulgent smiles. They did not like it, but they were afraid to say so. They had come to be massaged, and were scratched.

Molly, when it came her turn to be presented to the distinguished guest of honor, received two hands and a more personal glance than most of the women had been favored with.

"Are you by any chance the wife of Frederic Carroll, the portrait painter?" asked Muriel with smiling interest.

"His vampire," nodded Molly, looking with amused, mocking interest into the brilliant eyes, slightly penciled, searching hers. "You know his work?" she added, ignoring all that had been said about the failure of wives in the anticipated zest of hearing her husband's success acclaimed before these other wives. It was sweet to hear him referred to as "*the* portrait

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painter." Most of them regarded Molly as the "bright little wife" of "*a* young artist."

"He hasn't exhibited much of late, has he?" asked Muriel. "But I used to know him very well—before he was your husband."

"It must have been," said little Mrs. Carroll demurely. She felt the usual sensations of a young wife confronted by a woman who had once known her husband "very well."

"No," she added, "he hasn't exhibited much of late. You see," she explained in the same quietly amused manner, "he has had to go back into illustrating, now that he has a destroyer on his hands."

Muriel laughed musically. "Such a delightful destroyer," she said as she turned to tell the next wife how glad she was to meet her. "Do look me up, Mrs. Carroll," she called after Molly. But Mrs. Carroll pretended not to hear and passed on.

And now having improved their minds, the other variously beautiful and expensive blights went on with life where they had left off before Muriel had told them what to do with it; perhaps a little more dissatisfied, but with no definite intention of modifying the lot to which fate had assigned them. It seemed that the new member, however, had come to a parting of the ways.

So we shall have to follow her, unfortunately, instead of those who glided off in limousines.

II

THE young Carrolls had the potentialities of a very good partnership, and if they had not yet found themselves, it was not due to a lack of worthy ideals. Perhaps it was because of them.

With the pleasurable sense of "sacrificing a career" for love, Molly had thrown over her maiden dreams of "doing something" in order to "be something," a complete wife. That was the irony of it, she thought now, as she walked home, her brain in a whirl. She remembered the beaming approbation of the older generation when she made this announcement.

With the best of intentions it is difficult to be an old-fashioned wife in a new-fashioned apartment. The ideals of the former generation seldom fit the conditions of the present generation—no wonder when they were evolved from the conditions of the former! Try as she might Molly could not make her ordinary housekeeping consume more than an hour and a half of her day. To be sure, she also did all the other orthodox things, so far as she was able. She darned Fred's socks. She even gave her bedroom furniture a fresh coat of white enamel with her own efficient young hands. "You see I haven't forgotten how to paint, Fred," and he answered with his delightful laugh as she knew he would and a kiss, as she hoped he would, which also was quite orthodox.

But she could not very well spin and weave, because spinning-wheels are horribly expensive, and Fred needed the only one they could afford in the studio for backgrounds for illustrations of stories about old-fashioned wives. If she had tried to brew simples of herbs in this refined apartment house, the other refined tenants would have complained of the odor, and the "South American generals" who guarded the refined glass-and-iron grille entrance would have mounted the stairs and put the Carrolls out.

Well, there is one old-fashioned function of wifehood, which modern improvements have not yet taken away from women, and that is child-bearing; though, to be sure, modern industrial improvements have made child-rearing pretty expensive for men, especially such as are foolish enough to earn a livelihood by the sweat of their own faces, not those of employees. The young Carrolls had talked a good deal about how they were going to bring up their children. They talked about it no longer. . . .

So as Molly could not very well sit still and wait all day in their "little home" to meet Fred with a kiss, when he returned at nightfall, wearied with the cares of the day, she was forced to occupy herself outside the walls of her happy home, and with interests foreign to her husband's. What else was there for her to do? Fred did not want her in the studio, it was not in accordance with his inherited conception of a wife—a woman to set on high and worship, a divinity to come home and say one's prayers to, a helpmeet to share one's thoughts, one's life.

As time went on, however, he told her fewer of his thoughts, consulted her less

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about his work. Naturally, since with the kindest intentions he had carefully put her out of both. She no longer understood. "Why trouble your little head about it?" became his attitude. She was his wife. She should be cherished and protected.

Then when he felt, with the supple sympathy of his sort, that she was conscious of a certain lack, he straightway declared, "When I lock my studio door I want to forget my work." Home, he said, was too hallowed to drag one's shop into it; the fireside was sacred, "even though it is asbestos," he added smiling. Her girlish ignorance, he decided, was quite charming; it was so feminine. For, your truly accomplished sentimentalist has adjustable ideals; when the stern facts do not fit them, make your ideals fit the facts. Women, he said, must just be a beautiful influence. You see, the psychic side is so much more developed in woman—fine thing, this psychic influence.

So, though better qualified than most wives to be a life partner as well as a love partner, she conscientiously stifled those aptitudes and became a "cunning little thing" instead. She had quaint amusing ways, was good at mimicry, a charming hostess, and her little dinners were famous. Being allowed no other function in their ménage than that of professional amuser, she accordingly spent the rest of the time in amusing herself. She lived very much as before marriage, except that then she had also exercised her mental faculties healthfully, and that now she enjoyed the added luxury of a husband who, though he no longer adored her, still adorned her to the best of his ability, regretting that he could not do it as well as she so richly deserved. In return she practised "vicarious leisure" for him, and vicarious maternity for a number of dirty children on the East Side.

This, surely, is an orthodox occupation for a lady. It was what Fred's mother and grandmother had done. He beamed approval at her unselfishness. He not only approved, but paid for it. He gradually abandoned precarious portrait-painting, and did pretty girls for the magazines, with straight noses and irreproachably smart clothes, so that his wife might improve her mind at a fashionable club, and the minds of other people's children in the less fashionable quarters. Well, she had sacrificed her career for marriage, why should not he offer up a few sacrifices upon the same orthodox altar? It is a social institution, not an individualistic luxury, as the Muriels seem to think. Therefore they had no right to complain. They uttered no word of complaint. For that matter, as time went on, they uttered fewer words of any kind. They still dressed for dinner in each other's honor, but there seemed to be less and less to say as they sat there, calling each other "My dear." . . .

Indeed, they seemed to be separated by the very thing that had brought them together, their difference in sex and all that it entailed in the way of custom, tradition and more or less worthy ideals. So long as that difference was the paramount attraction it arched the chasm between them, like a rainbow; but when this should evaporate, then the chasm only would be left. . . . And so at last there came for her the hour which she had always feared and half expected from the golden moment when the man she loved told her that he loved and wanted her. He loved her no longer. This he did not tell her, but she knew, and his boyish attempts to keep this knowledge from her and from himself were almost sweet in their awkwardness. He bestowed gifts upon her and thoughtful attentions, spent more money than he could afford. It used to be because he loved her; now because he did not.

Well, they still had mutual respect left, and even admiration. Would that have to to go too?

Now, though she still remained upon the high place he had made for her, the woman he admired most in all the world, it was not so easy to remain upon the high place he had made for himself! For instance—though still married to the woman he admired most in all the world—he was strangely moved to admire others, too, whom he had not married at all! And being very honest, he was apt to let them know it, after a manner he had long since abandoned forever. This would not do at all. For when you are lucky enough to find the one woman in the world, as he had done, God bless her, it is well known that ever afterward you are scarcely aware of the existence of any other women, except by their long hair and clothes. He had lived up to

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this high ideal of himself and of true marriage quite confidently at first, bestowing only the most benign impersonally gallant attention upon all others, including certain others who had once known him well, and still knew him rather better, perhaps, than he knew himself. They refused to take him seriously as a completely married man, which hurt his feelings.

"You are suffering from a bad attack of matrimony," they told him smiling.

"You don't appreciate me," he replied, "but then you never did"—with such a sad reproachful look in his young eyes. This seemed only to amuse them the more. It was so discouraging. . . .

Alas! he loved them all. He wanted them about. He liked them in the mass, as well as separately, a half a dozen at once, himself the centre, talking rapidly (about himself) while they beamed upon him, bringing out his best. All his life he had been a lover, beginning with a boundless passion for his kindergarten teacher who kissed him when he left her for other teachers, other loves. And now it looked as if he might always be!—a dreadful prospect for a man with a wife who trusted him and was entirely too nice to deceive!

He had been led to suppose that when once your former loves all resolve themselves into one grand, enduring passion for a wife, then all your former faults and fickleness are shrivelled into nothingness by marriage, the great solvent, and you arise on the wings of true love to wondrous heights, a new, different, better man —and here he was the same old idiot after all.

Well, if the smouldering fires of youth flared up at times, one must put them out. Youth was past. He had had his fling. He was married now, owned, possessed, laid upon a shelf—which he had chosen for himself—and there he must remain, sighing occasionally for what might have been, making the best of what was, keeping out of mischief if possible, or, failing that, out of print; thus serving society, offering a good example to other young persons who in turn could also go blindly into marriage and find out for themselves —and likewise serve society. . . .

Down this not-unfrequented path of cynicism their marriage was tending, had not his wife heard Muriel's lecture.

III

Molly was going to her husband's studio, something she rarely did. She had arrived at a decision, and being a woman of spirit she was determined to announce it without delay. She had decided that she could not for another day endure the indignity of being an economic nonentity! It was bad enough when your husband loved you, but when he did not—well, there could be just one thing worse than her present pitiable state, and that was her probable future state, after she had grown fat and stupid, let us say. So as she was of no use to him, and as she could not be an economic entity, not knowing how, she had decided to tell him in a friendly way that she was going home to her father. They could still talk as friends. They *were* friends. There were to be no hysterics. She would put it altogether on her own selfish grounds, for that was the way to manage Fred: if she tried to prove to him that she was wrecking his life, he would only laugh at her, take her in his arms and kiss her. The days of their unhallowed kisses were done. . . .

Her peroration would be this: "Fred, would you share the income of any friend of yours, however large the income or dear the friend? Why, it is unthinkable to you. Well, so it is to me." Then she would say good-by—without any hysterics.

She was perfectly convinced that she was right. It was an irrational knot. It was better to untie it now, before the knot became fast with children. She was glad now, oh, so glad, that she had no children. She and Fred were free to separate. It was right to separate. It would be wrong not to.

It was half dark when she arrived at the studio building, so she knew that she would not interrupt anything more serious than the cleaning of his brushes.

But as it happened she did interrupt him, though not at work. It seems that he had finished his work, and there seated beside a pleasant open fire were her husband and a lady. It was Muriel Vincent.

She was making him a cup of tea while the driving rain beat upon the skylight overhead. Molly recognized one of the numerous tea services she had received as wedding presents. Fred was leaning back in a long, low chair rolling a cigarette with his deft fingers, and seemed to be quite con-

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tented with his lot. There was something in the mutual attitude of these two which suggested that the scene was as familiar to them as it was novel to Molly.

Fred, arising briskly for a lazy man, attempted an introduction, stopped, seeing that it was unnecessary, both women explaining why at once.

"I had no idea I was to have this good fortune so soon," sang Muriel easily.

"Nor I," said Molly, frankly returning the look.

Muriel in the shadow smiled as she watched the girl's face. "A conventional little thing," she thought. "This will do her good." To Muriel all wives in good and regular standing were conventional little things.

Strangely enough, instead of the calm dignity with which Molly commanded the studio in her imaginary interview with her husband, she suddenly felt neither calm nor dignified, nor did she think for the moment of saying good-by forever. Nevertheless, she held herself in hand and played the game, pretty well for a conventional little thing who had had no experience with husbands who "disappear in private," as Muriel had put it in her lecture.

"How comfy you look," was what she said aloud to them, to herself she said, "I might have guessed it!"

"Won't you try *this* one?" said Fred, offering her a great, tall Italian chair quite as if she were a distinguished stranger. She had helped him bargain for that chair once when at Genoa. He brought a footstool, too. He seemed quite desirous of making her also "comfy."

"You are just in time," said Muriel, bending over the tea things.

"For what?" asked Molly with a smile.

"For tea," said Fred.

"Oh," said Molly.

"May I make you a cup?" asked Muriel.

"Thanks, I've had my tea. I merely dropped in to escape the storm. Isn't it a dreadful storm?"

To this the others amicably agreed, and then there was a little pause, Muriel smiling with unseen relish. She loved this sort of thing, perhaps because she was a novelist. "Don't you think you'd better have another cup?" she asked.

"Do," urged Fred, "it's awfully good tea."

"Strong or weak?" Muriel inquired.

"Pray don't trouble," said little Mrs. Carroll, quietly seating herself at the table, "I can make it myself." This seemed eminently permissible. It was her own tea service. Muriel had not even been the donor of this wedding present. Hence Muriel did not object.

There was another little pause, which Muriel alone enjoyed.

"Where in the world is the sugar?" Molly asked her husband.

"I'll get it," said Muriel rising.

"Please don't trouble," said Molly with an engaging smile, "Fred will find it."

"But I don't know where she keeps it," said Fred, and then he remembered too late that it is always best to think before speaking.

"Oh, I see," said Molly, and then, because she felt the crimson in her cheeks, began to laugh a little, for that seemed the only thing to do, and Fred laughed, too. Then Muriel, filling one of Molly's wedding presents with sugar, laughed most of all. They felt so much better then that they talked about other things; though they did not listen very attentively.

"May I show the head to Molly?" asked Fred with a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, you have been doing Mrs. Vincent's portrait?" Molly inquired.

It was an interesting study, and Molly said so. The brilliance was there, the superficial charm, the glitter—and a certain wistful desire for better things. Fred was not a bad psychologist, when he let himself go, and only felt. It was when he tried to think that he ran into trouble. Molly was not so much in awe of the celebrity after seeing Fred's view of her. Like so many who are impressive in public, she was not at all impressive in conversation. But she was dreadfully good looking, and Fred treated her with the easy assurance of old friendship, fondness may be.

"He knows me too well," said Muriel, gazing upon the canvas, with an interesting shrug. "It's a frightful *exposé*. I shall never let any one else see it." She rippled from one picturesque pose to another as she spoke. Molly watched her passively, thinking of many things, the lecture, for instance—"the grind-stone by day, the hearth-stone by night."

Fred was getting out other canvases.

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"You ought to come oftener," he said to Molly. "I've lots of junk here."

"Perhaps I ought," she smiled.

"Muriel has been advising me to finish up some of this stuff," he went on from the corner where he was blowing dust off old sketches. "It's mostly rot, but it's awfully good of her to take an interest in it. Don't you think so, Molly?"

"I once loved your husband madly," Muriel remarked with elaborate carelessness, "but he would have none of me."

"What atrocious taste," said Molly with a side glance at the portrait.

"I thought so at the time," Muriel replied. "But I don't now," she added, with an appreciative look at Molly.

Fred's young wife turned slowly and looked at Muriel with an air of calm, detached interest. "Dear me!" she said to herself, "she seems to think she can afford to be nice to me."

Muriel noted the look and her eyebrows shot up, as Molly turned away. She was somewhat taken aback. She was amused, but aroused. Fred displaying canvases against chairs and table legs, did not know that with two brief glances a gauntlet had been thrown down and taken up, and that he was the prize of contest.

"I must be going on," said Mrs. Carroll, fastening her gloves. "Good-by, my dear," to Fred. "So nice to have seen you," to Muriel. "I am at home on Wednesdays."

"Thanks," said Muriel, a little surprised. For a conventional little thing, that was not a bad exit speech, thought Muriel, remembering her own invitation to call, unheeded by Molly at the club.

"Are you going to some place where you don't want me tagging on?" asked Fred.

There was a quizzical smile on his wife's face as she said one little word, "Home."

Muriel flashed a look of appreciation.

"Won't you come, too?" Molly asked her, as Fred turned for his hat, as if quite accustomed to leaving Muriel in possession.

Muriel shook her head. "Thanks," she said, going to the door with them, "I live here."

"Here?"

"In this building—across the hall."

"Ah, yes." There was a faint breath of contempt in Molly's tone, which annoyed Muriel—the smug superiority of a wife.

Bidding their guest good-by in the corridor, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll walked home together, remarking upon the afterglow down the cañons of the cross streets, an effect they had often admired together, being one which everybody on coming to New York discovers afresh. It was especially fine now after the rain, so they discussed it animatedly while both thought of something else, and each knew what the other was thinking about. . . . And yet here was a pair who had a sense of humor—they often told you so.

IV

Always a fickle and variable thing is woman. Here were other excellent reasons for untying the irrational knot—another woman making tea for him, helping him in his work, brightening his monotonous existence, a beautiful woman, too! and Fred was a worshipper of beauty. Yet the knot was allowed to remain.

If to be an economic nonentity were bad enough when happily married, and still worse after a husband has lost interest in his wife, surely it was worst of all, an intolerable disgrace, when he has begun to show interest in one who wasn't his wife. Previously she had loved and respected him; now she was inclined to hate and despise him, and yet she wanted to cling to the unworthy deceiver forever instead of saying good-by for a corresponding period of time. . . .

Somehow the vaunted sense of humor which the modern generation prates of so incessantly does not seem to help them when it is needed most. The important emotions do not stop to consult humor. They have their way with us quite as in the old days before the phrase was invented.

Little Molly was confronted by a force greater than herself, imperious and quite irrational. It was sweeping her off her feet in the insolent manner of the real things of life, few of which are conspicuously rational. What we think about them in our little minds is interesting to us, but of no great consequence to them. It is for some great purpose this oft-maligned instinct of jealousy persists along with its all-praised parent, love. Perhaps this girl would now awake and become a woman, perhaps she would even make a man of her husband—but that depends!

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Throughout the sleepless night following the innocent little scene she had interrupted in the studio, this somewhat civilized young person was led by her uncivilized emotions into depths she had not dreamed of. She saw herself accepting, so happy to accept, whatever portion her lord would grant her, only if he kept her near. Many a wife, she knew, had learned to adjust herself to a husband's past not only, but to his present as well, shutting her eyes to what she must not see, forgiving what was unforgivable because unable to keep her little share of the world without forgiving.

Oh, what a chance she had missed! Another was now helping him in his work, reviving his waning ambition, filling a place in his dreary, disappointing, existence—and the place was hers, his wife's. She had lost it, and it was her fault, not his. She had allowed herself to become a "cunning little thing," a doll, an expensive plaything; he was tired of this plaything and now wanted another. "When a woman ceases to be a luxury to a man she becomes a nuisance—unless by that time she has made herself a necessity." Those words, scarcely heeded at the time came back to her now, and by an ironic coincidence they had been uttered that morning by Muriel! . . .

Well, by dawn the paroxysm had passed, as paroxysms have a way of doing in many a little apartment, with the yet new looking wedding presents innocently waiting to be dusted. With the clear daylight she looked the matter in the face to see what could be done about it. She would not mope and moan and break her heart. She was not that sort. There was plenty of latent spirit in this girl. Nothing had ever happened to bring it out. Few women are loafers by nature, as are so many men. Women have never had a chance to loaf until modern times, and it is to be noted that even in their clubs they have not completely mastered the art. They must have programmes for improving their minds.

Since she could not do without him, she resolved to get him back. She knew that she could make a fuss, and he would do his duty, rather than hurt her. But she did not want duty. She wanted love.

How could she get that, with her little quiver-full of charms, all known, all worn, matched with that opulent other! She knew how the very meretriciousness of Muriel's allure, so maddening to contemplate, appealed to men who had been kept too close to "the grind-stone by day and the hearth-stone by night." Whether "the other" would deem it worth while to exercise her exotic arts did not occur to Molly. A wife always believes her husband worth while—perhaps because she found him so, just as she always thinks her husband particularly susceptible, for, again, had not she found him so?

First of all she would never let Fred know what she had gone through. For she was aware that there is nothing so ugly and disillusionizing as an exhibition of jealousy. That was why she stayed in her bedroom until after he had breakfasted and gone whistling to the studio, thinking perhaps of tea time. He would have seen her red eyes and perhaps have guessed the rest. He doubtless suspected her already.

She repressed another natural feminine impulse. She might easily make *him* jealous. She could flirt with the first available male she found, and her husband would come running back to put the poacher off. But she was not sure that this would keep him long from stealing away again to gaze at the forbidden fruit, perhaps to pluck it this time. Fred was quick as a woman in such matters; he might see through her device, and despise her for it. No, she wanted him to come back to her of his own accord, because he preferred her to all others. She wanted all or nothing. Then suddenly, thinking of Muriel, she achieved an inspiration. She would try Muriel's own receipt: Give him freedom, freedom to find out for himself, freedom to love his own wife, meanwhile getting back in touch with his work, becoming a vital part of his life, not a detached expense; a "necessity," not a mere "luxury." Well, here was work worthy of a woman's highest talents.

V

Fred had painted Muriel's portrait, and now that it was finished she remained to do his—in a story about monogamy. It began, "Some are born monogamous, some achieve monogamy, and some have monogamy thrust upon them." The second paragraph was like unto it: "But when a

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"You mean that you're afraid of me!" she said.—Page 431.

man is polygamous by nature, monogamous by contract, and fascinating by temperaments there comes trouble when success arrive, with women in its train." Muriel was a genius.

Fred did not know that she was writing a story about him. But he was glad that Muriel did not leave him when the canvas was finished. She seemed to know a good deal about his trade and he needed some one to talk to about it, some woman, that is, because no man friend, even the most devoted, will listen so patiently as will even a casual woman friend, and this one happened to be an old friend of whom he had not seen much of late years since she became successful, far more successful as it happened than he was, despite her tribute in her story about him. Maybe that was why he failed to recognize it when published.

Fred did not think much of her books, but he liked her looks, and said so. He thought her stories absurd and told her that, too. "You always write at the top of your voice when you write about men." But she did not seem absurd when she was with them, nor did she talk to Fred at the top of her voice in his studio. She knew a good deal about men. Men were her *métier*.

Poor Muriel, she was by nature what is sometimes called an idealist. She covered it up with a glittering shield of cynicism, perhaps to defend herself. Scratch a live cynic and you'll find a dead sentimentalist.

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"Threesomes are such a bore!"—Page 432.

Muriel was not dead. Though she had received some of the hardest raps a woman can suffer and yet live, she always sprang up again, crying, "I believe, I believe!" There was something almost noble in this. In regard to men she was cynical only about those men she knew. She still had faith in those she did not know, hence she sought to know many, and Fred happened to be the one at present about whom she chose to wrap her pretty colors. He interested her very much, and she regarded him with that frank curiosity as to his married happiness which women who have once known them "very well" manifest in other wives' husbands. She wanted to draw him out on that question. He only drew back. It was nobody's business. She was rather sceptical about any man's remaining happy in marriage. She intimated as much. "You ought to know," said Fred, quietly. So she did not try again.

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She said she was glad to be of use to him in his work. So they had talked chiefly about his work for a week or so as the portrait progressed. Then they talked about other interesting matters, such as themselves and each other. . . .

Her assumption of superior knowledge of life he ignored or laughed at, harking back to the old days when she was a mere girl and he was a man. He still bullied her—and that was what she liked. "As a matter of fact," he said, "you have never really 'lived,' though that, of course, is just what you think you have done. You have only experimented. You have never got into the procession. You have never become part of the fabric of life. You have only looked on."

"And you have found the real thing? Is that your point?"

"My point is that you have missed it," he retorted, carefully choosing a brush from the little brown jug at his elbow.

"Well, it's interesting to look on at those who have found it. Is that why you have me around? You wish to do me good?"

"It's because you're so good to look at," he replied simply.

"Well, keep on looking, if you think it will do *you* good."

"Oh, I will, I will," he bantered, "I'm not afraid."

"So I have heard you say," she answered, continuing to smile at him.

He stopped painting and looked up. "Dear me, Muriel, do you think you are tempting me?" he jeered at her.

"How can I when you are perfectly happy?" she answered after a pause.

He kept on painting.

"Do you know, I believe I could play the devil with you if I wanted to," she laughed delightfully, bending to look into his eyes.

He was perfectly willing to let her think so, as long as he knew she was doing nothing of the sort. And if at times a certain well-known impulse arose, to follow where she led—the old instinct for pursuit and capture, conquest and regret—he stopped short with the thought, "But I don't do that sort of thing any more." It was not because he did not want to—that high ideal of himself had crashed long ago—but because he had no right to. So he went on painting.

"You know, it's a pretty good thing to keep your self-respect," he said one day to Muriel in the light manner he tossed out serious things. "It's one of the few real satisfactions left us by civilization."

"The great art," gibed Muriel, "the real civilization is to do anything you want and yet keep your self-respect."

"That's all right," he retorted pointedly, "for any one whose capacity for self-deception is unlimited."

"Which corresponds," rejoined Muriel glibly, "with the capacity for conceiving and achieving great things. The trouble with you, Fred, is that there is a big man inside, only you won't let it out."

And Fred thought there was some truth in this. Most of us are convinced that there is a pretty big thing inside. And the joke of it is that we are generally right about it!

It was all rather silly and very attractive. She was very beautiful and somewhat naughty, and he was still quite young. . . .

Molly's unexpected visit had put a new complexion upon all this. He was brought up short to a realization of things. He did not like to think, but he had to. Well, he supposed she would want him to give up his innocent fun. He wanted her to be happy, to have everything—only, why must it always be at the expense of something *he* wanted! The daily grind was beginning to tell. He loathed the work he was doing, the more so because he had proved himself worthy of better things. It was all right to sacrifice success, everything, for marriage, but suppose your marriage is not a success—then you haven't anything. His old notions of abstract morality had gone with his promise to love, and the organic need, strong in natures like his, for fun, sparkle, recklessness, was storming within him. Marriage seemed a bird-cage. He had been lured in by the bait of love, and now having devoured the bait, he found himself imprisoned for life, a heavy penalty for ignorance. He could only beat his wings against the bars and sigh for the freedom he had not valued.

But all unknown to him and Muriel, Molly who knew her husband well, and had taken Muriel's measure in a glance, had decided not to bar the cage door, but to fling it wide open. Sometimes it's not the cage, but merely the door that troubles them. . . .

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He spoke to Molly, briefly, jocularly, of Muriel's friendship. "You know we don't look at these things in the stupid way of some people."

"Of course not," said Molly blithely. "A man should feel he can have all the friends he wants. Muriel is wonderful. Cultivate her." Molly also cultivated her. Muriel smiled, thinking it to be a blind from which to watch the poaching.

But for a conventional little thing, Molly seemed to be throwing them together a great deal, and to be keeping most obligingly out of the way. "Fred hates to have me around," laughed Molly, "when he talks to women. Threesomes are always such a bore, don't you find them so?" Meanwhile she was telling Fred that he must see more of Muriel. "It will do you good," she urged with most engaging candor. "You have tried to be a stolid husband. The pose does not suit you, my dear. Let go and be yourself. 'Express your own individuality,' as Muriel calls it, 'live your own life.'" Molly's gift of mimicry at this point made Fred blush, though why should he blush for Muriel?

This unexpected move was as puzzling to Muriel as it was disquieting to Fred. Molly was taking the matter out into the light, tearing off the mystery, the surreptitiousness. Would the charm go, too?

"Muriel is dying to take you on," said Molly to Fred. "She's so crazy about men."

"You little cat!" laughed Fred. "Don't be silly." He hated to be thought a "ladies' man." For a moment he felt the strange disrelish that he used to experience when as a boy his mother urged him to be "attentive" to the daughters of family friends. One invariably detested them. For Molly it was not always an easy part to play, with a smiling face and quick-beating heart. But she hoped and kept silent, trying to believe that if she lost him by freedom he was not worth winning otherwise.

Meanwhile she was trying to insinuate herself into his work, gathering up the old threads of common interests, talking the old dear language, carefully studying the exhibitions, but keeping most of the time out of his studio.

"Fred, why don't you exhibit some of your recent illustrations in the fall when we come back?" she asked him.

Fred smiled. It was the "Why trouble your little head about it" expression. "Who wants to look at black-and-white?" he asked.

"Every one—at yours."

Again he smiled indulgently. Fond wives always overrated their husband's importance. It was rather cunning. "All right," he said to dismiss the subject. "I'll ask Myers if he can give me a gallery."

"Why not MacPherson?"

He smiled again. "You don't understand such matters, my dear; MacPherson wouldn't dream of taking me on."

"He told me to-day that he would," Molly answered quietly.

"What! Have *you*—why, Molly!"

But though he did not like the thought of dainty little Molly's interviewing art dealers, he could not very well refuse to exhibit at MacPherson's! And he could not help being pleased, and told Molly so, while she glowed and was glad. This was not economic independence. It was better. It was the *mutual dependence of common interest.* Muriel could not have done that, gloated Molly. She would not have cared to. It was not to her interest to stay awake at night planning things to do for Fred. It was to a wife's. A wife stood or fell in the world beside her husband.

Oh, if she could only win back the place that she had lost! She saw now what might be done there, supplying the qualities he lacked, bringing out and guiding those he had, making herself indispensable to him, as he in turn was indispensable to her—something more substantial, this, than a pretty-colored rainbow. There was no longer a chasm between them—merely a woman. Muriel must be destroyed.

VI

THE spring passed, and Molly was making herself of use to her husband in other ways than about the studio, though he no longer objected to her helping him there.

As for Fred, he could not very well take advantage of his wife's trust in him. He did not believe in himself, particularly, but so long as she believed in him, there was nothing to do but behave himself. Molly knew now that she could make him give up Muriel, but she did not propose to have any self-sacrificing, and sighing for what might

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have been; she intended to make him see that she was what he wanted, not Muriel. The glamour was still there, the fascination of the unknown, the unattainable. The reason so many men and women think they would have been happier married to the other one is because they never married the other one. Molly could not very well arrange a trial marriage for this pair, but perhaps that was not necessary. She evolved a plan by which, she believed, Muriel would destroy herself.

The Carrolls were going off on a vacation next month, up in the North Woods, and they were telling their guests about it at a dinner Muriel attended, looking enigmatic and resplendent. "You see, he's never had a vacation, poor lamb, since the summer we were married. I've gone off and visited my people and his; but he has stayed on here in the heat of the city turning out work."

Fred smiled in a deprecatory manner, but he liked it. They always do, the noble martyrs.

"So, when he refused again this time, there was nothing for me to do but go ahead and telegraph the guides. And now he must go, whether he wants to or not."

Molly knew one reason why he did not want to go. So did the guests, including Muriel herself. The cunning little wife was going to remove him from temptation.

Muriel, who sat very high and straight, when she was dining out, smiled down upon Molly. She could not resist displaying her potency and the fear of it. "What fun you'll have. Won't you take me, too?" she asked, stepping gracefully into Molly's trap.

"*Will* you come!" cried Molly with genuine eagerness. "Oh, how nice." And it was arranged at once between them. Fred meanwhile pretending to talk shop to the woman on his left, while he, like her, listened to Molly with astonishment.

Muriel considered it sheer bravado. The young wife wished to say to her and to the others, "See, I'm not afraid." Muriel made up her mind to accept in earnest. She was no longer amused with the conventional little thing. She was becoming rather annoyed. Molly seemed so calmly sure of herself and of her husband.

"You didn't mean that?" asked Fred as soon as the door closed on the last guest.

"Why not?" asked Molly guilelessly. "She's such a dear friend—of both of us now."

"*She* won't like camping," said Fred scowling.

"Oh, she told us when you were in the other room that she 'adored nature.'"

Fred did not laugh. For an intelligent girl, Molly seemed very short-sighted. "Think what people will say," he reminded her reluctantly.

"Oh, but we don't look at these things in that stupid way," quoted Molly.

It would seem that her husband, however, was beginning to look at things in a rather stupid way, for he protested to Muriel herself.

"So you don't want me?" she asked standing before him, smiling.

"No, I don't want you."

She only laughed at him. "But you do!" she reproved him delightfully, and as if to shake him (perhaps) she lightly took him by the shoulders, then stopped. "You mean that you're afraid of me!" she said in a burlesque whisper, searching his eyes.

"So you've often told me," he replied, coolly returning her gaze.

"That settles it," she said, flushing slightly, "I'm coming. We'll see."

So she came and saw.

"My, what won't that girl do next!" asked certain of the lookers on.

"Is Molly blind?"

"No, but she can wink."

But they were only lookers on. They never understand.

VII

It was the last day of Muriel's visit at the Carrolls' camp. The climate or something did not agree with her, and so she was leaving earlier than had been expected, much to Molly's disappointment, it seems. Fred, too, protested politely. In all the six days he had never once been out of Muriel's sight. Molly saw to that.

Muriel was not at her best camping. She "adored nature," but not in the raw. The only kind of camping she had ever done was at certain Adirondack "camps" which contained butlers and formal gardens. This was different. There was but one guide, an old friend of the Carrolls named John, who was willing to do any-

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thing, but expected the "city sports" to do their share. Since Muriel was a guest, Molly and Fred did Muriel's share, because she did not know much about life in the woods.

Molly did. She was good in camp. "You are the only woman I ever knew," Fred had once said, "who isn't a nuisance in the woods." That was the summer they became engaged—perhaps it had something to do with their becoming engaged—and a girl does not forget much that is said to her during the summer she is engaged.

But camping did not seem to suit Muriel's long attenuated style, and the sun played havoc with her beautiful nose. She could not drape herself becomingly upon the rocks, as with the Italian chairs in the soft candle light of the studio.

She talked at breakfast. That was something Molly had long since learned would never do when Fred was around. She talked interestingly, but it wouldn't do. "See those clouds," she would say, "like disappointed hopes."

"Yes, indeed," said Fred, without looking up. "Any more flapjacks, Molly?" He was unshaven and his necktieless flannel shirt was open at the throat—a gross creature.

"'You cannot retain his interest in you,'" quoted Molly from Muriel's celebrated lecture, "'when you are incapable of intelligent interest in his work.'" She did it with such good nature that Muriel laughed.

After that, however, she took breakfast in her tent.

"I am so absurdly slow about dressing, my dear, that unless it is an awful nuisance——"

"Not at all," said Molly, "Fred will be delighted to bring your breakfast to you. And he will be only too glad to get up and heat some water for you before breakfast, if you like. Won't you, dear."

"Yes, indeed," said Fred.

But Muriel preferred to have John, the guide, perform these functions. Her toilet was complicated, and required plenty of hot water and time. (Molly understood.) So she tipped John, and this hurt his feelings. John used to crouch upon his haunches before the camp fire in the evening and gaze upon her for minutes at a time in mute contempt. He had never seen anything quite like this before. He did not care for it. Perhaps his prejudice tinged the whole camp. The prejudices of guides are apt to do that.

Fred was all right by moonlight on the lake, unless he were too sleepy after being out doors all day, but the trouble with Fred was that he had not been in the woods for years and he was consumed with a barbarous lust for taking innocent life. His manner was no longer bullying with Muriel, he had become suspiciously gallant, extravagantly polite. "Oh, we are going to have a wonderful time together up here," his manner said—"but just wait till I catch a two-pounder." He had once been an expert fly-caster. He'd forgotten how much he loved it.

He took Muriel with him to some of the nearby streams, while Molly obligingly went far away to the good streams with John. The good streams are always far away. Muriel could not stand the journey. She did not know how to sit in a canoe, much less paddle it, and—she was bored, frankly bored. She began to think she ought never to have come to this wild place, with this uncouth, provincial little pair who were not her sort in the least.

Molly was making ready to start for Round Pond with John. "You and Muriel can guard the camp-fire," she said. Fred was helping her sort out flies, enviously, Muriel was gazing out upon the lake, her hands clasped behind her head, tall, erect, enigmatic—the very pose in which Fred had painted her. "Molly," he whispered boyishly, "why can't I go?"

"Muriel," she replied. "Threesomes are such a bore! Besides, she could not stand the long carry."

"Why can't you stay with Muriel—just once," he laughed.

"Why, Fred! She's your guest."

"She is not. You invited her."

"For your sake, Fred."

"Well, it doesn't seem right for you to leave her on the last day of her visit. It's not nice." He said it humorously, but he hoped she would take the hint.

"Oh, you can entertain her. Talk about nature. You haven't grown tired of her so soon, my dear!"

"No, of course not. But, hang it, I've been entertaining her from morning till night ever since we arrived, and I'm sick of it, I tell you. You haven't done your

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share. You've been skipping out and having a good time and getting all the fishing. I want some fishing, too. That's what I came for. I think it's selfish of you, I didn't think it of you!"

"Fred, Fred! I didn't think *this* of you! Cheer up, dear. There's only one day more, then we'll be together—alone, dear. Besides, you are going to see enough of me this winter. We're going to get a studio apartment and economize."

"What are you two children quarrelling about?" asked Muriel in her delightfully modulated voice, as she 'swam' toward them gracefully, her hands still behind her head. "I never supposed I'd find *you* quarrelling."

At this Molly bent lower over her fly-book. "Ask Fred," she said.

"Oh, the devil," growled Fred, and he hurried down the bank to help John overturn the canoe.

"He's as cross as a bear to-day," said Molly, busily unreeling her line and testing its strength. "Do cheer him up, when I am gone, Muriel. If you can't, who can?"

Fred, on the little dock, holding the canoe, watched her approach carrying the rod which he had taught her to handle better than most men. She looked like a mere girl in her short khaki skirt, as she stepped briskly toward him, strong, alert, full of verve and grace.

Ignoring the hand he held out to her, she stepped nimbly into the canoe, into the centre of it, with apparent thoughtlessness. Then taking up her paddle, as John took up his, "Good-by, my dears," she said, "take good care of each other. Muriel, help yourself to my cold cream, if yours is all gone. Help yourself to anything of mine you want. Good-by. I'll be back at sunset," and away she went, paddling swiftly.

The two prisoners gazed after her in silent alarm, both self-conscious, dreading to meet each other's eyes, longing for cheerful Molly's return. Muriel was no longer a welcome luxury, and as Molly had interfered with her being a necessity, she had become disquietingly like a nuisance. To her Fred had simply become another disappointment—like all men, when once you know them well enough. Poor Muriel, she was out of the procession. . . . Molly's canoe disappeared behind the point. The two marooned mutineers became more conscious of each other's presence. "May I not get you a sofa cushion and something to read?" asked Fred politely.

"No, thanks," Muriel replied musically, "I must pack."

. . . . . .

When Molly returned the two egoists were sitting side by side talking animatedly about art. But she observed with a smile that each had a finger in books they had been reading.

When at last the hour of departure came, welcome to all, including John, groaning under Muriel's mountainous duffle bag, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll stood upon the little dock and waved good-by to their guest until the canoe disappeared behind the point. Molly heard her husband breathe a sigh of relief, and she smiled indulgently as when a mother hears a little child waking up from a bad dream. The little comedy was ended. The field was now clear for the greater task still unfinished, to make a real union of what had merely been a marriage. It was a good place to resume, here where they had made their false start. She had it in her own hands now. Man proposes marriage; woman disposes of it.

Fred had turned eagerly to talk of fishing plans. But he had been arrested by the look on his wife's half-turned face. He was still gazing at it in amazement as comprehension flashed across his own. Then with the mingled sensations of a man when he first awakes to the great fact that his wife understands him better than he does himself—alarm, respect, amusement and solid comfort—"Molly! you little wretch!" he cried, sheer admiration for her breaking through shame and all the rest, "I see it now!"

They turned and confronted each other with new eyes, understanding and unashamed, while laughter crowded out their old polite artificiality. For him it was the moment of clear vision. He saw what a stupid thing their marriage had been, what a goodly thing it might be. He caught and held her close in their glad renewal, the tenderest of passions.

"It isn't that I was such an ass that surprises me," he said, at last, "but that you considered me worth pulling out!"

She looked up, tender, merry and wise. "Oh, I will always pull you out," she said.

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VALUATION OF RAILWAYS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I

WHEN boards could be smoothed only by hand, a man with a plane might finish, perhaps, ten boards in a day. As soon as a planing-machine was invented, a man with such a machine might finish, perhaps, 500 in a day. (1) If the inventor owned all the planing-machines, he could hire them out, and builders would pay him a return something between the cost of smoothing 10 and 500 boards. To give the builder some advantage the inventor might charge for the use of the machine the cost of finishing 450 boards; thus the one would gain 40 over the old hand-system, and the inventor would enjoy a royalty of 450. The latter, if the price of finishing a board was 10 cents, would receive $45 as rent for his machine, and he could sell it at a price that would return him $45 a day, more or less, according to depreciation of the machine. That is, the monopolized machine would sell at the capitalized value of its earnings; and the inventor could retain this gain only because he had a monopoly over the machines which represented in permanent form his creative and managerial ability. (2) On the other hand, should the construction of planing-machines become common property, and thus be obtained by any one at the mere expense of producing them, the price of a machine would at once fall to the sum which would cover its expenses of production. Its efficiency may have remained as great as ever, but its value, when freely reproducible, would fall to its simple cost of reproduction. If not monopolized, this price under ordinary circumstances could go no higher. That is, supply can dominate utility in its effect on price. Thus we may see that a valuation based on a capitalization of earnings is, as a rule, possible only under more or less strict monopoly conditions.

Such a method of valuation, however, has played a prominent rôle recently in the purchase of industrial plants by combinations. Mr. Carnegie, for instance, created during many years of operation a steel plant at Homestead. When the United States Steel Corporation was forced to buy him out, how much should it pay for the plant? On the one hand, the cost of reproducing the plant, its machinery, coke-supplies, railways, etc., might perhaps be $100,000,000. That sum might represent the actual capital invested. Should the value of a plant be computed as equal merely to the value of the capital put into it? Certainty not, unless, as in our former illustration, it were a freely reproducible article. If any group of men on the street, who could get together the required capital, could build and conduct a mill as profitably as Mr. Carnegie's, then the Homestead works were worth in the market only the cost of reproduction. A higher price could not be paid, because a similar establishment could be built at once at the price of construction. On the other hand, we are told that the most sagacious business men in the country paid Mr. Carnegie some $400,000,000, or even more, for this plant. It was also shown in the courts that the earnings in some years had been as high as $40,000,000. In short, no one hesitated to fix the price of the going concern by its proven, or average, earnings in a period including both lean and fat years. A capitalization of earnings was the method adopted for ascertaining the selling price not only of a steel plant, but of countless other industrial plants in the days since 1897. Why? Because Mr. Carnegie's mills were not freely reproducible articles. They were not freely reproducible, because similar managerial ability is scarce. Obviously, their earning power was due, not merely to the actual capital invested—for capital in and by itself does not produce anything—but to the energizing, fertile, devising, inventing, directing and crafty mind of the manager of the whole institution. His organizing and constructive genius formed a productive machine of high efficiency; his power of obtaining coke and ore; his knowledge of men and markets; his insight into

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politics at Harrisburg and Washington; his dealings with transportation companies—all worked together with his invested capital to build up the annual earnings. In the price paid for his property was a large sum which represented the permanent efficiency of the machine created at Homestead. It was a case of a natural monopoly. It was open to other men to do the same thing; but few there were who could do it as well. A high price, therefore, was paid for a natural monopoly formed by a creative mind. It would be aside from the point to pay only for the capital invested; for admittedly capital is only one of the factors entering into the production of things of value.

II

THE question as to what is an equitable basis of valuation has been discussed in connection with other than industrial plants. Very recently the true method of valuing railways has been brought forward, not only as a means of controlling rates on traffic carried, but also as a means of regulating the amount of railway securities issued, and to afford a basis of taxation. Two methods of valuation, in general, have been proposed: (1) a commercial valuation, based on earnings; and (2) a physical valuation, based on an inventory, at an appraised value of the tangible property. This, in effect, is but an application of the general principles previously observed in regard to planing-machines and industrial plants. Thus we are obliged to determine the sources of a railway's earnings, and whether it is a monopoly, or a freely reproducible article. If the former, its value should be fixed according to its earnings; if the latter, according to its cost of production.

Is a railway, in truth, capable of reproduction by any group of men who can control merely the capital needed to create its visible property—its cuts, fills, bridges, road-bed, stations, rolling-stock, wharves and terminals? If one had the funds, could one make another Pennsylvania Railroad just like it? Clearly not. Why? To parallel it would not accomplish the task. In fact, the actual going concern is a complex, not merely of tangible forms of capital, but of capital guided and shaped by men who "bore with a large augur," and who have created an individual machine specially adapted for transportation in the particular region and cities which it serves. It is profitable precisely because it is different from other roads differently circumstanced. Each railway has problems of its own; and if each is now fairly well established, it is because it has had the services of men capable of the highest order of constructive managing ability. A successfully organized railway is as much the result of efficient management as a successful newspaper or magazine. A definite *persona* has come into being, capable of continuing usefulness under experienced guidance. Such an organization is as little capable of being freely reproduced as anything under a natural monopoly—like a great book or a work of art.

Nevertheless, in the generally critical attitude of to-day toward railways, caused no doubt by conspicuous cases of indefensible "high finance," there has sprung up in several states, as well as at Washington, the intention to make a physical valuation of railways, in order to prevent over-capitalization and unduly high rates. Behind this intention there is a very definite idea that the earnings of railways are attributable in the main to the capital invested, plus the income derived from privileges given the roads by the public. That is, earnings are analyzed as due (1) to capital investment, and (2) to franchises, and that the earnings from the latter should be in some way—by lowered rates, or otherwise—returned to the public who gave the privileges. Then, obviously, the railways should be allowed, on general principles, to receive reasonable income on only the capital actually invested. This proposal has been strenuously opposed by the railways, generally on the ground that a commercial valuation based upon earnings is the only correct method of valuation. To this it is answered that no one denies the validity of determining the selling price of a railway by capitalizing its earnings; but it is claimed that the real point at issue is to be found in ruling out a certain part of the earnings; and thus forcing a reduction of the capitalization. In brief, it is urged that all earnings due to franchises should be eliminated, that they should not be capitalized or represented by securities, and, consequently, that there is no justice in the

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claim that rates should be maintained at a level high enough to pay fixed charges and dividends on a capitalization which includes that based on franchise earnings. The plan to make a physical valuation of a railway, therefore, is only a means to an end, and a means for separating the earnings due solely to capital from the earnings due to franchise privileges. The real question at issue, then, hinges on the nature of these privileges, how far they give special gains to the railways, and the right to such income.

III

In this country, a railway is an instrument of transportation which can be constructed freely by an outlay of private capital. There is no monopoly in the sense that only one road can be built between two initial points, like New York and Chicago. Several lines may compete for traffic originating in these two cities, but each one would diverge in order to serve for local traffic different regions in the country lying between the two points. A parallel road is a "freak." Thus, so far as mere construction is concerned, a railway is not a monopoly. Yet, once constructed, it cannot be bodily removed, and no other road is exactly similar to it in work and returns. By virtue of its location it is what it is, and different from any other line. In one sense, it cannot be competed with in certain services. In that respect it has a monopoly situation by virtue of having been first placed where it is, since people and industries gather at that place because the railway is there. But in the sense that the price it receives for its service is open to competition in many ways, it has no monopoly.

Apart from a quasi-monopolistic position into which it grows with the passage of time, a grant of a charter by the public to a railway creates thereby a quasi-public institution. The power to condemn real estate for right of way, and the privilege of conducting a transportation business, which by the nature of a railway is locally more or less monopolistic, carries with it an obligation to give equal treatment to all shippers. This is the reason why railways are justly supervised, so that the rights of all—shippers as well as shareholders—shall be respected. And, since the capital for building a line is provided by private enterprise, there is no valid reason for governmental regulation except to interfere when the rights of some persons are restricted. To this, it should be added that—even though it is a quasi-monopoly and a quasi-public institution—the investment of private capital in a railway, of necessity, implies the taking of all the risks involved in the building up of a transportation instrument. These risks are serious and many: the wisdom of making large investments in tunnels, wharves and terminals; assuming the initial expense for possible future traffic in new territory, or in competing for traffic in old territory; planning for access to new and even foreign markets; the stimulation of local industries; keeping up with inventions and the progress of the age, and yet accurately deciding which project will be a commercial success; construction of competing, or parallel lines; losses by floods; depression of business, which reduces traffic; failure of crops; and meeting losses due to unexpected and ignorant legislative action.

The privilege of carrying on a quasi-public business of transportation for profit on private capital is often spoken of as a franchise. Franchises are regarded as including "rights of way, privileges and monopolies of location and operation, which have been conferred by public grant."* Now, in return for these so-called franchises, what return does a railway make? If it does its obvious duty, it provides prompt and efficient transportation service at reasonable rates.† If it does that, it does what the community expected to get in return for the privileges granted when the charter was obtained. So far as the efficiency of the railways and the reasonableness of the rates is concerned, it is generally admitted that, on the whole, our service compares favorably with that of other countries. Almost all the recent irritation as to railways is undoubtedly due to the belief that discriminations have existed, and all have not been treated alike. If a road does not provide efficient service at a reasonable price, the community would

*W. Z. Ripley, "Railroad Valuation," *Political Science Quarterly*, December, 1907.

†Whether the rates should be related only to capital investment or not, as a means of determining whether they are reasonable or not, is discussed later on.

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have a right to annul the charter, and—provided it made a proper adjustment of existing investments—give it to some one else who would.

The grant of privileges to a railway is comparable to the general right of private property in land granted by society to its members. Society does this, because it expects, in spite of minor disadvantages, to gain more by giving men rights of private property than it would by not doing so. When a man buys land for a farm, he expects to enjoy the unearned increment arising from the growth of population and an increased demand for his products. All citizens alike have that right at present. The proposal to take away this unearned increment from the land-owner has never been given serious consideration, both because of difficulties as to valuation, and because it would render the state liable for losses, if it took away gains. Now, how does this general attitude toward private property apply to a railway? If it is expected to make a large initial outlay, at a risk as to future profit—and not all railways by any means are financial successes—shall its property be deprived of those gains due to the growth of population and wealth which is enjoyed by all other owners of property? What is there in the nature of transportation which sets it apart from other industries in its relation to property rights?

A railway, as well as a farmer, invests private capital in a fixed form and locality, in order to obtain income. So far as either of these does not interfere with the rights of others, their economic position before the state is much the same. The quasi-public nature of a railway justifies public regulation to insure equal treatment for all; but it is also true that if a farmer trespasses on the public roads, or keeps a nuisance, he would likewise be subject to regulation. Therefore, keeping strictly to a general principle of justice, is there any more reason for taking away the unearned increment from a railway than from a farmer? If an increase of numbers and wealth increases the income, and so the value, of a farmer's land, would it be just to make an inventory merely of the capital he invested, and take away from him all his gains due to society at large? Beyond proportional taxation on an increased valuation, who else has a better claim to the unearned increment? And this, by the way, says nothing as to returns due to the farmer's skill and foresight. In truth, are not millions of farmers to-day moving out on to the cheap land of the West and Southwest, paying low prices per acre, solely because they expect to enjoy the coming unearned increment? Is this proposal to take away the earnings of railways due to franchises any less academic than the whole question of taxing out of existence the unearned increment from land? If, then, it is an impracticable scheme as regards the farmer and land-owners in general, why should it be enforced upon one special kind of property created by society in the form of a railway?

Now that the hysterics manufactured for consumption in a presidential campaign are exhausted, we should be able to discuss these matters sanely. So far as they affect his property, a farmer is allowed to enjoy, sell, or capitalize the results due to the growth of the country. If so, then why should not a railway have an equal right? Yet, there are those who declare that the act of giving a charter by the public to a company to build a railway carries with it the exclusion of all claim to future income derived from the growth of the country. This is what is meant by saying that earnings from franchises should be eliminated in arriving at the true basis of valuation of a railway.* Provided that a railway gives prompt and efficient service, at reasonable rates, and equal treatment to all, it has made the returns to society that were expected when the charter was granted; and for the rest should it not stand on the same ground as other property, so long as the institution of private property remains the essential basis of our economic and civil existence? When the Pennsylvania Railway invests $100,000,000 in tunnels and terminals in New York, it takes the same risks for the future—in kind, although not in degree—that a farmer takes when he builds a large new barn. Why should not both have the unearned increment?

*This should not be the same thing as letting a piece of property on which a rental is paid. In a municipality the renting of the space in the streets for street railways is to be paid for by the renting company that occupies the streets. The streets belong to the municipality; but the right of way of a railway has been bought from private owners; and in cases of condemnation, even then it is bought from private owners, although the price is legally adjusted.

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As regards the growth of the country, moreover, it is well known that, to meet the new demands for traffic, railways had to be practically rebuilt, with larger and very expensive terminals, heavier rolling-stock, longer and more side-tracks, and the like. In short, the growth of the country has, of necessity, brought about an enormous increase of the capital investment, as to reasonable returns on which there is no dispute. Now, in general, it is the line which has the best road-bed and equipment that can most easily obtain the needed capital for improvements, thus enabling it to reduce grades and lower rates on an increasing density of traffic. Thus the rates happen to vary in inverse relation to the valuation.

Whether we have in mind a farm, an industry, or a railway, there is another source of earnings which plays a very important part—one, too, which is independent of franchises. Managerial ability is often the chief item in bringing out earnings from any kind of venture, and it appears preëminently in the earnings of railways. There is here no intention of overlooking the cheating and unprincipled operations of railway manipulators. Their work stands in a class by itself; just as highwaymen are different from industrious farmers. The existence of sharks in railway operations does not argue the nonexistence of the entrepreneurs who are far-sighted, square, skilful, judicious, and careful of their responsibilities to the public. The latter are not to be overlooked because of the greater notoriety gained by rascals in their own profession. In a railway, as in a great industrial plant, the organizing ability of a successful manager has often justly built up a continuing efficiency in his system which goes on when he leaves it; he has introduced new methods and shown the best way to others; and the results of his good management continue to add to the income in the future because they have been worked out to suit the needs and convenience of the public served by that particular railway. If this efficiency created by a manager in an organization is a permanent addition to the utility of the transportation instrument, it is a regular source of increased earnings—the same, in effect, as an addition to the sources of income arising from any other admitted factor in production. Since these results of management have become a constituent part of the whole transportation machine, it is as much to be regarded as a source of earnings as anything else, such as capital. For capital in and by itself is as inert without skilful management as labor would be without capital. Therefore, if good management is a source of earnings, the valuation based on such income should as legitimately be bought and sold, either in the form of securities or otherwise, as any machine—like a harvester—which results from the brain of an inventor. Consequently, we are obliged to realize that there enters in an important manner into the earnings of a railway skill of management—a factor separate from, and in addition to, the operation of franchises; and the returns from this managerial function are distinct from those chargeable either to franchises or to capital pure and simple. And if it be said that the earnings of a railway depend upon "good-will," "established connections and contracts," does it mean anything more than that they are due to managerial skill?

That other things than tangible property and franchises seriously influence the earnings and the valuation of a railway may be seen by reference to well-known facts. One railway, with efficient management and farsightedness, gains large returns, puts part of the earnings into improvements, and can carry an increased capitalization with ease. Another railway, with poor management, has low returns, and can scarcely carry its original capitalization. If both started out with the same investment, in course of time the one will have a higher physical valuation due to improvements than the other; and yet both roads, competing at the same terminals, are obliged to charge the same rates. The failure to introduce all the necessary factors affecting earnings evidently accounts for the theory which supposes that, after having subtracted the earnings of tangible property, or invested capital, from total earnings, the result is assignable solely to franchises. One omission, at least, is the earnings of management. How important they are may be noticed in the particular instance of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway. Several times it had become bankrupt and gone through reorganizations.

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Finally, the plan was adopted of securing the services of four of the best railway men to be found in the country. It is now a fact well known to the investing world that the Santa Fé system, under the leadership of Mr. E. P. Ripley and his associates, has so increased its permanent earning power that the valuation of the property has increased by hundreds of millions of dollars. Nor can this be ascribed either to franchises or to the unaided growth of the country; those causes were at work when the road was paying little income. The real cause of the change was the policy of the management in first putting the line in good physical condition, so that low rates were possible; the activity of the officials in building up industries, and developing the country through which the railway passed; and this aided, reflexively, in settling up new territory. Then, when a part of the country became well occupied—as in Kansas—for the very reason that the railway was rendering prompt and efficient service at reasonable rates, all kinds of industries ancillary to a civilized population sprang up and increased the density of the traffic. If transportation had been confined to prairie schooners, such growth would have been impossible. The railway is as much the cause of the growth of the country as the growth of the country is the cause of the growth of traffic.

IV

In the proposal to make a valuation of railways for the purposes of preventing over-capitalization, and also of controlling rates so that dividends can be paid only on invested capital, two kinds of valuation, as already mentioned, have been discussed: (1) a commercial valuation, based on earnings; and (2) a physical valuation based on an inventory of tangible property.

In respect to the commercial valuation, made in 1904 by the Bureau of the Census,* net earnings (gross earnings minus operating expenses) were used as a basis of capitalization. The rate of capitalization was obtained by dividing the corporate net income by the aggregate value of corporate securities. The commercial valuation is a market estimate which takes into consideration the expectation of income arising from the use of the property and its strategic significance; the growth of the country; restrictive legislation; potential competition by rail and waterways, and investment demand. Since net earnings are directly dependent on rates, and the valuation depends on net earnings, obviously such a valuation could not be used as a means of deciding upon the rates charged. The new proposals reject commercial valuation because it includes sources of earnings from franchises, and not merely from the capital invested in transportation. That is, this method of valuation is rejected because it does not conform to the assumption that a railway should not retain earnings derived from so-called franchises, the growth of the country, and the like.

On the other hand, a physical valuation is declared to be a means of governing the rates charged. Omitting franchises, the value of each form of railway property is estimated according to its cost and its length of life, and an inventory is made of the tangible railway investment in real estate, cuts, fills, bridges, ferryboats, wharves, terminals, stations, rails, ties, poles, rolling-stock, and the like. Hence, the new policy which seems to have been supported by President Roosevelt proposes, if we understand it rightly, to exclude all factors in creating earnings except capital. In the first place, such a method excludes from railway property the gains from the growth of the country. It is the theory of Henry George applied to railways only, although not applied to other owners of property. In the second place, it excludes the earnings due to managerial skill. In the third place, such a valuation in fact seems to have no direct relation to rates, for the very good reason that the capital is not the sole source of earnings. Finally, the attempt to trace the value of an article, like a railway, solely to one factor in production, separate from others, is an example of questionable economic reasoning. It is impossible to separate the results in a finished product due to distinct factors, like labor or capital, which are both necessary to the output. In a coat made jointly by a man and a sewing-machine, it is impossible to draw a line across it and say that so much was due to the man and so much to

*Bulletin 21, Department of Commerce and Labor, "Commercial Valuation of Railway Operating Property in the United States: 1904.

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the capital invested in the machine. The value of a finished article is due to the operation of all the factors necessary to production working together. This gives the ground for claiming that a car, a locomotive, or a piece of track has in and for itself little or no value in isolation, and that their value arises from joint use in a complicated carrying instrument.

These objections make clear the reason why the opponents of a physical valuation are able to show in ordinary railway practice such evident independence of rates from such a valuation. For instance, it is well known that the rate on wheat from Dakota must be low enough to cause it to move to the central market; in other words, the price of wheat in Liverpool has more influence upon the rate than the amount of the capitalization. Moreover, wherever there is competition of goods with goods, or competition of carrying companies by rail or water with each other, the physical valuation has no effect on rates. Quite irrespective of capitalization, the railways eagerly compete for traffic. Indeed, it is the insolvent roads which offer to carry freight at the lowest rates; and the well-managed road must meet this cut-throat competition without regard to its invested capital. Without doubt, all the recent exasperation against discriminations arises from the bitterness of the struggle to get traffic, wholly without any connection between the physical valuations of the rival roads. Consequently, it is clear why Hon. Martin A. Knapp, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, testified before the Industrial Commission that he had not known an instance in which rates seemed much to depend upon the capitalization of a road.

The physical valuation is an outcome of many elements which are wholly unconnected with high or low rates. The actual capital invested to accomplish a possible haul of 100 miles varies with the conditions of nature, or with the soil and climate of the environment. The existence of snow, ice, mountains, deep rivers, and the like, might cause an expense of $100,000 a mile, as compared with an expense to produce the same haul in a level and temperate region of only $15,000 a mile. In the former case, the physical valuation would be high, while in the latter case it would be low; and yet the former might not begin to earn as much as the latter. In fact, both roads would probably charge the same rates, if in a competitive territory. The one may be a more valuable road than the other because of the density of traffic and obtain larger earnings quite irrespective of its lower physical valuation. Certainly, there are so many instances in which the physical valuation can have no relation to rates that it can hardly be seriously used as a means of regulating such rates.

The conditions which work upon rates are many and diverse, such as activity or depression of trade; the competition of goods with goods; the competition in international markets; the probability of obtaining future traffic by opening up new districts; the rivalry of different cities and interests. In many cases the rate is fixed for the railway by conditions beyond its control and it has no option but to accept. For example, lumber from the Pacific States must be given a rate to Chicago low enough to enable it to compete with lumber from nearby states; otherwise the traffic would not be moved. This is one case in which the railway can charge only what the traffic will bear.

The railway opponents of a physical valuation are able to point out* that a small railroad in Pennsylvania earned $25,000 in 1905, but in 1906, because of the building of a parallel road, it showed a loss of $10,000. In another instance, the Cincinnati, Lebanon and Northern Railway in the suburbs of Cincinnati earned nothing; but after being sold to the Pennsylvania Company, it was placed on a dividend-paying basis.

As regards over-capitalization, the case is closely connected with that of rates already discussed. Sometimes, as in the plundering of the Chicago and Alton, it is believed that a higher capitalization will be a reason for high rates; but this is seldom the case in practice. The over-capitalization of railways is chiefly a matter concerning the railway and the investor, and has little to do with rates. Since to the investor —and in the case of bankruptcy, to the customer of the railway—it is a danger to have his securities reduced in value by over-capitalization, the wrong should be avoided by more direct and efficient means

*I. L. Lee, "Railroad Valuation," *Bankers' Magazine*, July, 1907.

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than by a resort to a dubious remedy like physical valuation. If this latter be the policy of the President, it stands out in bold contrast with the policy of Governor Hughes, who has met the evil of over-capitalization by requiring the issue of new securities to be approved by a Board of Public Utilities. This is a more rational and practicable method than forbidding the issue of securities on the ground of a physical valuation.

The relation of the question of valuation of railways to taxation is a separate question into which we need not enter here. Everything depends upon the laws of the separate states. If they tax all property upon the basis of the value of its tangible forms, then railways should be taxed upon the same appraisal. On the other hand, unless other going concerns are taxed upon a valuation based upon earnings, railways should not be. Equality of treatment is the only rule.

In conclusion, we may recall that a freely reproducible article, like a hammer or a plane, would have its value limited by its expense of reproduction. Obviously, a railway in a certain place is not freely reproducible by other persons than the owners, and hence its value could not properly be based on its mere cost of reproduction. But, we also saw that a monopolized plant, practically incapable of reproduction as it stands, would have its value determined by its earnings. To the extent that a railway is a monopoly, its commercial valuation will be based on its earnings. But a physical valuation overlooks sources of earnings properly belonging to a transportation company.

THE DANCING MAN

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

HER hands resting on her narrow hips, Eleanor Blythe stood before the bureau and, with levelled brows, looked at the pretty face in the mirror. Her yellow hair was gathered loosely in a great mass over small, delicate features, and her flat, boyish figure was draped in a pink kimona of almost diaphanous texture, and apparently little else. Mrs. Blythe, dressed in the almost equally unconventional attire of a black silk underskirt and an all too short dressing-sack, sat in a rocking-chair across the room and stared dully at her daughter. The bulky figure of the older woman filled the chair to overflowing; her hands lay idly in her ample lap, and she rocked slowly but incessantly.

"Are you going out like that?" the mother asked.

The girl glanced down at the clinging silk kimona, at the inch of bare ankles and the tips of gold-embroidered Turkish slippers. Then she looked back again in the mirror at the smiling, pretty face and the blonde curls, and drew the kimona more closely about her.

"I am," she said.

"Where?"

"To the bath. Do I look as if I were going to a tea or for a ride?—or perhaps you thought I was going to play tennis."

Mrs. Blythe sighed.

The daughter ran her long, tapering fingers through the golden curls, and opening a vanity-box that lay on the bureau, dabbed her nose several times with a miniature powder-puff.

"I think, muzzy," she said, slowly drawing back from the mirror, "I look rather pretty this way, don't you—running across the lawn and in and out among the trees? I really think I look quite like a sprite or a fairy—or something."

Mrs. Blythe glanced at the nickel alarm clock over the fireless hearth.

"There are not many folks about just now. The Springs are always dead at four o'clock. I don't suppose many people will see you."

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Eleanor turned and fairly laughed aloud. "You dear old muzzy," she said. "But you never can tell who is peeping out from the cottage windows."

Mrs. Blythe slowly pulled herself from the chair and started to move cumbersomely across the room. "You'll want a bath ticket, too, I suppose?"

"I never heard that the baths were free on Thursdays, did you?"

The older woman knelt down before a trunk, slowly unlocked it, and after groping about the tray, eventually discovered the tickets hidden under a confused mass of stockings and handkerchiefs. She handed her daughter one of the printed cards, and then counting those that remained, carefully put them back in their hiding-place. "Only four more," she said, and with the aid of the trunk slowly pulled herself to her feet again. "And when they're gone, that's the end."

The girl threw back her head and laughed until the tears filled her eyes. "Oh, muzzy," she said, "you are so funny sometimes. Can't we ever bathe again, really?"

The older woman looked dully into the smiling face of her daughter, and then, as if a little dazed, turned, waddled across the room, and stood with her great broad back silhouetted against the window. Through glazed eyes she looked out on the orange sunlight as it filtered through the trees and threw long shadows on the great stretches of rolling lawn. For a moment her eyes rested on the big white hotel with its red roof and spreading porticos and white, fat, fluted pillars glistening in the golden light.

Some robins were hopping about under an apple-tree, but otherwise the lawn was quite deserted and silent, and the only sign of life was at the Casino, where two old men were dozing with their chairs tilted back and their feet resting on the porch railing. The girl crept noiselessly to the old woman's side, and putting her arm about her shoulders pressed her own cold little cheek against the hot, tear-stained face of her mother. "Is it as bad as that?" she asked.

"Yes, Eleanor. It's as bad as that. We seem to have come to the end. Perhaps a week or two more and there will be nothing —just nothing."

She took her mother's hand and led her slowly back to the rocking-chair, and when the older woman was seated the girl slipped to her knees at her mother's feet.

"I didn't know, mother," she whispered. "I didn't know we were so near the end. Of course I understood it wasn't far off, but—but you mustn't say there will be nothing left. There will be you and me."

With closed eyes the mother put out her arms and drew her daughter toward her. "Yes, little girl," she said, "there will be you and me."

And then with a low sob the daughter buried her face on the broad, soft bosom of her mother, just as she used to do when she was really a little girl.

It was on the same day, and almost at exactly the same hour, when Eleanor Blythe learned just how desperate was her financial condition, that the new dancing man first made his appearance at the Madison Springs.

Janet Hone and Arthur Wayne were on their way to the little village at the foot of the hill where the guests go to register their letters or to buy cheesecloth and red paper muslin for occasional fancy-dress balls and private theatricals. The stranger was standing at the edge of the path, looking on at a tennis match, and as they passed he drew back and, raising his black felt hat, bowed to them with a show of old-time courtesy.

"He's very handsome, too," Janet said as they passed out of hearing. "Looks like Thomas Jefferson in extreme youth, what?"

At the same moment Wayne was thinking, too, how typical the young man's clear-cut features were of pictures he had seen of some of the former great orators and statesmen of the South.

For a moment they stopped while Janet gathered her skirts about her, preparatory to picking her way over the narrow stream that crossed their path.

"Do you think Thomas in extreme youth," she asked, "is from the village, or could he be one of those rare specimens—a new beau at the Springs?"

"From the village," Wayne ventured, and he based his supposition on the young man's much-worn and ill-fitting suit of gray clothes, which Janet had apparently overlooked on account of the cameo face and the straightforward but deferential glance from the stranger's dark eyes.

"Oh, do you really think so?" she sighed,

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slowly picking her way across the stepping-stones. "That would be a real calamity. I counted ten couples of perfectly beautiful blondes dancing together in the cotillion last night, all trying to look as if they preferred it that way and as if their mothers wouldn't let them dance with men, even if they had been asked."

Wayne took her ungloved hand and helped her across the last puddle.

"It's good to have a man," he suggested, "even an old one, to depend on always at the Springs—no?"

With an almost imperceptible pressure, Janet dropped his hand and smiled at an apple-tree in a neighboring field. Wayne had his winters quite free, but for several summers he had loved Janet Hone with a very moderate passion.

"You're not so awfully old," she said. "You might be much older and still be rated as eligible—at the Springs."

"That helps some," Wayne sighed, "because I never feel old except at a summer resort. I suppose it's because all the girls appear so very young and—and attractive. In town one never seems to have the time or inclination to resent old age or rainy weather. Do you know that only last night I was thinking that when I first met you, ten years ago at Seabright, you were ten and I was thirty—just three times your age. But now you are twenty and I am forty—just half as old as I am."

She looked up and contracted her eyebrows in a look of mock perplexity.

"Isn't it terrible?" she said. "I suppose if you had kept on with your calculations, you would have found that in a few years more I would be as old as one of those nice grandmothers who gossip on the hotel porch, and you would be a boy making horrible noises with a mechanical toy."

They had reached the village store by now, and while Janet went in to make her modest purchases Wayne sat outside and swung his legs from a molasses barrel and talked town gossip with some barefooted pickaninnies and a few homeless dogs. On their return they again passed the tennis-court, but the young man with the Thomas Jefferson features had disappeared, and neither of them saw him again until late that evening.

Since his arrival at the Springs, Wayne had occupied a bedroom in one of the outbuildings, formerly called "The Bar," but now generally known under the more refined name of "The Casino." On the lower floor the bar still existed; the second and only other floor was divided into two bedrooms and one larger room which was furnished with a round table and many cane-bottomed chairs. This was called "The Meeting-Room," and was devoted to those of the male guests who cared less for golf and tennis and dancing than they did for the great American game of draw-poker.

On this particular evening, which was early in August, and when the season at the Springs, to quote the words of the local society reporter, was at its "very height," Wayne had gone to his room to dress for supper. When far advanced in his somewhat ornate toilet—indeed, when just about to add the very last touches which would perfect the whole—the wick of his lamp gave a few dying splutters and went out, leaving him in complete darkness. He lighted a match in the hope of finding a friendly candle, but in this he was disappointed. However, he had heard some one stirring about in the next room, and without more ado went out into the hallway and knocked at his neighbor's door.

"Come in, please," said a low voice with a very Southern accent, and Wayne opened the door.

The young man whom he had met that afternoon while on his way to the village he found standing in his shirt-sleeves at the mirror, carefully brushing his hair.

"I have the next room," Wayne said, "and my lamp has gone out. I wanted to know if you could loan me a candle for a few moments."

"Of course," the young man said, "but won't you sit down?"

Wayne could not understand at the time why his host should be so embarrassed and his manner so confused, but his hospitality was evidently sincere, and so Wayne accepted a chair and began the conversation by telling him his name.

"I'm very glad to have the honor of your acquaintance," the young man said. "My name is Blackwood—John Blackwood."

"I hope you have come for a long stay, Mr. Blackwood. I find it much pleasanter having a neighbor."

The young man seemed still more confused at Wayne's greeting, and then sud-

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denly turning his eyes on him looked him slowly over, from the part in his hair to the tips of his shining pumps. The survey seemed to cause him some little amusement, for his lips broke into a most charming smile, and he slowly shook his head.

"I don't quite know," he said, "that is, if all the men dress as—as you are dressed now."

For a moment Blackwood hesitated, and even in the dim light Wayne could see the color come into the Southerner's face. "You see, I haven't got a dress suit," he stammered. "We don't wear them at Sackett—that's my home town. It's a very small place in Georgia."

"That's all right," Wayne laughed. "It doesn't make the slightest difference what you wear. I just happened to put these things on because there is to be a dance after supper."

His statement did not seem to assure the young man, for he looked at Wayne rather incredulously and shook his head.

"I suppose it wouldn't make any difference to you," he said, "but you see it's not the same with me. I'm a dancing man. Of course it's not known, but I get half rates at the hotel if I dance every night. It was the only way I could afford to come here at all."

This sudden burst of confidence somewhat embarrassed Wayne, and he was a little nonplussed as to what to say next, for, as a matter of fact, there is probably no place where there is as much absurd stress laid on a young man's wearing apparel as at the Madison Springs. Blackwood took several steps up and down the narrow room and then sat down on the edge of his bed, absolutely dejected.

"I want you to be quite frank with me," he said at last. "Do all the men in the ballroom dress as you do?"

"To be quite honest," Wayne replied, "I think they do."

For a few moments there was silence.

"And the worst of it is," Blackwood stammered, "I can't go back home. You don't know just how much this trip means to—to all of us."

"I'm very sorry," Wayne said, somewhat tentatively.

Blackwood looked up at him, and once more his lips broke into the same charming smile, but there was no smile in his eyes.

"Do you mind if I explain?" he asked.

Wayne nodded his head as assuringly and as sympathetically as he could.

"My mother used to come to the Springs, a long time ago," Blackwood began, "and she has always wanted me to visit the place where she had once been so very happy. But that was more than thirty years ago, and she said that, as well as she could remember, the men wore pretty much what they chose, and that it was only the girls who thought of pretty things and finery. That must have changed, for I noticed this afternoon how carefully the men dressed, even those who were playing tennis."

"Yes," Wayne said, "I know of no place where a pair of purple silk socks is so great an asset as at the Madison Springs, and a tie to match is a source of genuine porch gossip. But I do not believe that the lack of a dress suit, or even purple socks, is going to damn you entirely or altogether mar your good time. Don't you think if I opened that door and called downstairs to the bar, a mint-julep would brighten your point of view?"

But the young man refused to be consoled, and only shook his head. The situation indeed seemed desperate and one with which, apparently, Wayne was entirely unable to cope.

For many moments they sat facing each other, the young man on the edge of the bed and Wayne on the wicker-bottom chair leaning against the whitewashed wall. And then Wayne had an inspired thought which, if carried through, would seem to relieve the present difficulties at once.

"In the bottom of a trunk," he suggested, "I have another dress suit, and somewhere a store of linen which I am quite sure will fit you finely. Nothing would please me more than to be your tailor and haberdasher during your stay at the Springs. I brought at least twice as many things as I need."

The young man blushed, protested in a number of quite unintelligible words, to which Wayne promptly replied with sound arguments—and the young man was lost. In less than half an hour John Blackwood stood before his mirror as well, if not better, arrayed than any man at the Springs. In any case it was certain that the same clothes never looked so well on the man who had paid for them. The despondency that threatened the all-important visit and the gloom that had filled the little bedroom

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"I really think I look quite like a sprite or a fairy."—Page 441.

half an hour before had disappeared entirely. There was a smile on Blackwood's lips now, as well as in the dark eyes. With his broad shoulders thrown back and his head erect, he seemed to have grown at least an inch in height, and there was an air of independence, even a certain manner of indolent indifference, in his way of moving, that had heretofore been wholly lacking. All of this Wayne noted as the Southerner crossed the room to take one last look at himself in the mirror of his dressing-table.

"Will you take that drink now?" he asked.

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The younger man turned from the glass and nodded pleasantly.

"Why, yes," said the new John Blackwood, "I think I will."

Almost any man, old or young, who could dance at all would have been welcome at the Springs, for beaux were all too scarce, but the advent of young Blackwood, looking as he did on that particular night, would have been an event anywhere—that is, anywhere where many young girls who had reached the impressionable age were gathered together. Wayne was not the kind of man who was particularly partial to posing in the somewhat tricky rays of reflected glory, but there was certainly a devilish glint in his eye as, just before the cotillion began, he led his protegé around the circle of dancers and introduced him as "my friend—Mr. Blackwood."

There had been an understanding between Janet Hone and Wayne that they were to dance together, so it was arranged that Blackwood should dance with Eleanor Blythe, who in Wayne's estimation was certainly the second most attractive girl at the Springs. The dance happened to be a particularly elaborate affair, given by a family new to riches as well as to the Springs, and, as a consequence, the favors were unusually expensive and showy. It would not have been so easy for Wayne to prove this from his own experience as from the last look which he took at John Blackwood just as the band was playing "Home, Sweet Home." His young friend, still most immaculate in the borrowed high collar and the broad shirt bosom and the wonderfully fitting clothes, was decorated with as many ribbons, sashes, orders and medals as an Indian potentate, and the chair which he had occupied during the evening was fairly loaded down with tinsel junk and bore a strong resemblance to the grotto in a fairy pantomime. And the curious—or perhaps the most human—part of it was that no later than the intermission Blackwood was standing entirely on his own feet, and it is a question if even the young man himself remembered who had fairly plunged him into this vortex of success.

When it was all over and the guests had made their adieux, and after Wayne had left Janet Hone at the hotel door, he started in search of Eleanor Blythe and his young protegé. He met them at the steps, just as they were leaving the piazza on the way to the girl's cottage.

"Good-night," Eleanor called to him, but Blackwood ran back to borrow a cigarette. Wayne gave him the cigarette and offered him a light from his cigar, but the young man said he had a match; and as he ran back to join the girl Wayne mumbled something to himself to the effect that he was glad Blackwood had something of his own.

For some moments he stood on the piazza, which was now almost deserted, looking out at the two figures as they disappeared into the darkness. Then he heard a low chuckle, and looking about saw his old friend, Peter Addicks, standing at his side.

"I want to take one turn before I go to bed," he said, and he put his arm through that of Wayne. Addicks was the youngest of all old men, and his knowledge of Madison Springs was much greater and went back much further than that of any of its other guests. He lighted a cigar and tossed the match over the railing.

"Who is your young friend?" he asked as they started to walk up the piazza.

"Blackwood," Wayne said, "John Blackwood."

"Blackwood?" Addicks repeated, "Blackwood? Of course—he must be a son of old Jack Blackwood down in Gordon County, Georgia. How curious—looks like him, too. Do you know if the old man or his mother is alive?"

"The mother is," Wayne said.

Addicks stopped for a moment while he took a stronger grip on the younger man's arm.

"Ah, my boy, there was a woman for you—one in ten thousand. Mary Bent she was then—the toast of the Springs in those days, and we all wanted to marry her, but Jack did the trick, and he had less to marry on than the most of us. This boy looks a good deal like him—same eyes and clean-cut features, and the same manner, too. And, my boy, if you could have seen him play poker! It was a treat to watch that man bluff—the greatest card-player I ever saw."

They stopped in their walk, and leaning on the balustrade, looked out at the twinkling lights from the circle of cottages across the purple lawn.

"Has the boy money?" he asked.

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Blackwood was standing entirely on his own feet.—Page 446.

For a moment Wayne hesitated, but having already clothed his young friend in the finest raiment, he saw no particular reason at the time why he should not adorn him with all the other virtues. "Why—why, yes," he said, "I believe he has—a good deal."

"He certainly dresses as if he had," Ad-

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"Very nice girl, that Miss Blythe—said some pleasant things about you, too.—Page 449.

dicks mumbled. "Funny, too, because it's hard to imagine a Blackwood with money. Still, you never can tell nowadays, when they make millionaires overnight. I think I'll be off to bed."

"You won't finish your cigar at the Meeting-Room?"

Addicks chuckled. "Not me—I'm too old for cards. Good-night, and keep your eye on young Blackwood. If he can bluff like his father he'll have all the money in the place in no time—and that isn't the worst he'll do, either. Good-night to you."

Wayne went over to his bedroom at the Casino, put on a smoking-jacket, and then crossed the hall to the Meeting-Room, where he found half a dozen men seated at the round table and the game already well under way. He had just succeeded in refusing a general and very urgent request to join the game, and had drawn up a chair behind one of the men, when the door opened and Blackwood came in. He was introduced to those men he had not already met at the dance and took a seat back of the players next to Wayne.

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"Won't you join us, Mr. Blackwood?" one of the men said; "seven make a good game."

For a moment Blackwood hesitated and then, unseen by the others, Wayne pressed a roll of bills into his hand, and the newcomer said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to join so distinguished a party, and he said it, too, as if he meant it.

For half an hour Wayne, with ever-increasing admiration, looked on at the manner in which his protegé played poker. Never before had he seen such an exhibition of reckless daring and cold nerve. In the hands of the Southerner deuces assumed the dignity of aces, and, as manipulated by this arch-expert, a pair of treys seemed to possess the same winning qualities as a king full. The player's face was as mobile as a French comedian's and as unintelligible as that of the Sphinx, and it was with a genuine feeling of reluctance that Wayne finally convinced himself that it was time for bed.

"Go as far as you like," he whispered to Blackwood, and then, after a general "good-night," he left the room with an easy conscience as to the fate of his recently invested capital.

It is possible that had he known the heights to which the limit of the game was finally raised, he would not have slept with the same tranquillity which he actually enjoyed. For, before the lamps spluttered out and the shutters were opened to let in the gray uncertain light of early morning on six tired, haggard faces of six men who were trying to "get back," the game had assumed proportions heretofore unknown at the Springs—proportions as detrimental to the nervous system and the tranquillity of a summer resort as to the pocketbooks of those most actively interested. Tales of that night and the amount of money that changed hands are still spoken of in the darkest corners of the hotel piazzas, and always in whispers, and while the exact amount which the debonair and fascinating Mr. Blackwood really did take away that gray morning has never been known, it has nevertheless grown in each telling, to the most splendid proportions. Whatever the exact amount may have been, there is no question that about seven o'clock in the morning Blackwood, with his face a little pale but with bright eyes, and still looking most immaculate in evening attire, appeared at the bedside of Arthur Wayne and gently shook him into a state of partial consciousness.

"There's your money," he said, and laid Wayne's original roll of bills on the table at the bedside. "I didn't need it, as things turned out."

Wayne pulled himself to a sitting posture and blinked at his early visitor.

"That's all right," he said, "but I wasn't in such an awful hurry for the money that I couldn't wait until a respectable hour for it."

Blackwood smiled pleasantly. "I understand that, of course," he replied, speaking with his slow Georgian accent, "but I knew that you would be glad to hear that I was going to explain to the clerk at the hotel as soon as he gets up, that I was able to pay regular board. You and he are the only people who know, and I think I can fix him. You see, with this money I won, I've graduated from the dancing-man class."

"Good," Wayne yawned, "but even that interesting news seems hardly sufficient cause for such a very early call. What time is it, anyhow?"

"About seven," Blackwood drawled; "but as a matter of fact, that wasn't what I wanted most to see you about. In the confusion last night I asked Miss Blythe to go riding at eight this morning. You know—a little ride before breakfast to get up an appetite—and, unfortunately, I haven't any riding things. Could you . . . ?"

In silence Wayne threw back the bedclothes, and going to a curtain hung across a row of hooks which were fastened to the whitewashed wall, took down a pair of riding-breeches and then, and still in silence, fumbled about in a deep trunk until he had found a well-varnished pair of leggings.

"That will do finely," Blackwood said, critically examining his new possessions. "Now for a plunge in the cold pool and I shall be feeling all right again. Much obliged. Very nice girl, that Miss Blythe—said some pleasant things about you, too. See you later."

By way of reply, Wayne, who was now quite awake, slowly nodded his head. Then he crossed the room again, and sitting on the edge of the bed for some moments, stared wide-eyed at the door through which his new friend had made his exit.

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"And I'll bet," he mumbled, as he slowly got back into bed and pulled the clothes up to his chin, "I'll bet in those riding things that boy will look like the original fairy prince. Damn him!"

After breakfast Janet Hone and Wayne met on the hotel porch, as they usually met every morning.

"Strange stories," Janet began as she vaulted up on the railing—"strange tales I've been hearing of your new friend. Where does he think he is—Monte Carlo? But that's always the way—to whom it hath. I hear that he is very rich."

Wayne gazed up at the light, blue sky and smothered a yawn. "He certainly dresses well."

Miss Hone looked at Wayne and drew her thin, pretty lips into a straight line.

"Isn't that like a man? Dresses well, eh? Why, that boy rises as superior to clothes as clothes do to a lay figure in a tailor's window. He has all the courtesy and the chivalry of the old South. His voice is the most soothing thing I ever heard, and every look from those big eyes when he is dancing with you is like a caress."

"Wonderful, marvellous young man," Wayne said, "especially if he can so easily affect you, Janet. Here he comes up the road now with Eleanor Blythe."

Blackwood helped the girl to dismount, and the two young people, flushed with their brisk ride, ran up the piazza steps.

"Isn't he splendid in his riding-clothes?" whispered Janet.

"Splendid," Wayne whispered with mock enthusiasm. "I said he'd look like a fairy prince in those togs."

"Whom did you say that to?" Janet asked.

"To myself. Do you think I'm doing press work for an Adonis like that?"

"Good-morning," Janet and Wayne called, and waved their hands to the young couple as they were hurrying by on their way to the dining-room.

"Oh, Wayne," Blackwood threw over his shoulder. "Won't you and Miss Hone dine with me to-night? I hear there's a farm near here where they have the most wonderful Virginia cooking."

Wayne smiled grimly and shook his head. "And now he's giving dinner-parties."

"And why not?" demanded Miss Hone.

Wayne smiled. "Why not, indeed?" he repeated.

From that morning Blackwood became an integral, even important, factor in the life of the Springs. His methods were conspicuous almost to the point of being ostentatious, but he entertained much and entertained well, and the stories of his exceptional winnings at the Meeting-Room were therefore forgiven. Besides, the rumor was generally current that he was rich in his own right. To the young people of his age he gave many dinners at Ridge Road Farm; he also gave a tea on the Casino lawn to a large party of old ladies; and he gave a hay-ride and picnic to the children.

"You see," he said to Wayne, by way of explanation, "the tea to the old ladies makes me more or less immune from porch gossip, for one afternoon, anyhow, and the party for the children squares me with the young married folks. The dinners at the farm are altogether different—they are for my own pleasure."

"Of course," Wayne said, and walked away, wondering what Blackwood's eventual pleasure would be.

The Southerner neither played golf nor tennis, but he was always willing to follow a pretty girl over the links or to encourage her from the side lines of a tennis-court. Perhaps he did not indulge in these sports because he was not apt in them, or it may have been that he was too firm a believer in the old life of the Springs, when riding and driving and dancing were the only legitimate pastimes of true gentlemen; but whatever the cause, he was, apparently, omnipresent and always content. He was not averse to a long tramp over the hills, and he and his horse, which he now hired by the week, were ready and eager for a riding-party at any time from sunrise until the moon hung high in the purple sky.

"And the wonderful thing to me about him," old Addicks said one day to Wayne, "is that with his multifarious social duties he always seems to have time to drop into a chair by an old lady or a spare half hour to dangle a kid on his knee, or tell a funny story to a group of old men. I tell you, Gordon County, Georgia, has given up its dead. That boy is his old man incarnate. I wonder sometimes what the lad's finish will be."

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Wayne smiled and shook his head ominously.

"If I had to venture a guess," he said, "and this is not for publication, I should say his finish would be very similar to that of a beautiful, round, iridescent bubble that floated up and up until it struck a perfectly hard ceiling."

Old Addicks smiled. "Perhaps," he said, "and yet sometimes as I watch him, I wonder if this particular bubble is not clever enough to dodge the ceiling. I think he'll surprise us all before the summer is over."

The three who saw him most intimately were Janet Hone, Eleanor Blythe and Arthur Wayne. Almost every evening they drove to Ridge Road Farm and dined together at the quaint little farmhouse. Here it was that they told their best stories, laughed over the gossip of the Springs, and, far from the wagging tongues of the hotel porches, had their simple pleasures in their own quiet way. It was not strange, under the circumstances, that the four should become fairly intimate friends in so short a space of time. There were moments when Wayne stopped to wonder if he had done well in adopting Blackwood as a protegé and practically standing sponsor for him. After all, he had but loaned him some clothes and a few dollars for poker money, and given him credit for a fortune he did not possess; he would have done that for almost any one. The trouble was that Wayne was much the older of the two men, and there was a general impression abroad that he had known Blackwood always, and was, in a way, responsible for him, and Wayne had never done anything to correct the impression. Several times he had considered telling Janet that Blackwood had come to the Springs as a dancing man and that the stories of his wealth were mere fabrications—a sort of practical joke. But, after all, there was no disgrace in being a dancing man, and Blackwood's money affairs could in no way affect Janet, as she had much more money in her own right than she really needed. Besides, she was quite capable of taking care of herself. Wayne's own mild efforts at love-making, during several summers, had quite convinced him that the girl had most excellent control over her emotions. Any further doubts which he might have had as to his relations toward Blackwood were also dispelled by the fact that of the two girls the young Southerner seemed to prefer Eleanor Blythe; that is, if he ever showed signs of preference for any one.

They had all dined together at the farm one night, and Miss Blythe and Blackwood had wandered off toward the little stream that ran at the foot of the lawn, and left Janet and Wayne sitting on the porch. Wayne nodded toward the disappearing figures.

"What do you really think?" he asked.

The girl looked at him for some moments and then shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, that's all right," she said; "that is, if they are both as well off in this world's goods as they appear to be. Blackwood, with money, is a delight—he's the sort of man any woman could be foolish about; but without money I imagine he would be a different proposition altogether. He likes the good things of life and his nerves need plenty of blue sky and sunshine. I'm afraid his joyous nature would wilt if it rained too hard and too long."

"Perhaps," Wayne said; "but she has money—that is, she has all the appearances of it."

"Yes, to you, of course, but men are not always the best judges of appearances so far as women are concerned—especially at a Southern summer resort. I don't know anything about Eleanor except that she seems to be a very fine sort of a person, and I'm sure she wouldn't wilt however hard it might rain; but if you knew as much of some of these girls as I do you would be sorry. Now, mind you, I know very little of. . . ."

"Sorry," Wayne interrupted. "Sorry they are not rich, or because there are not men enough to go around?"

"No, I'm sorry because some of them take men too seriously, and that includes their mothers, too. A girl should play a bout with a man because he interests or amuses her—not because he is a human being in trousers. A few of these girls here and their mothers and their mothers before them got their relative values mixed a long time ago—at least from my point of view."

"According to the general scheme of things," Wayne suggested, "men have always been a necessary evil."

Janet drew her lips into a straight line and clasped her hands back of her head.

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"I'm afraid you don't quite understand," she said. "You see nothing but a smiling face and a pretty muslin dress. You don't know what privation some of the families from these little Southern towns suffer to give the daughter a month at 'The Springs.' Mind you, I am speaking of some, not all of them. The father works all winter, and the mother sews on her daughter's dresses, and they both ward off the young man around the corner. And then when summer rolls around father keeps on working and mother brings the girl to the Springs looking for the Fairy Prince. Your modern little Diana, in a pretty shirt-waist and a dimity skirt, goes out to hunt the Prince while mother sits on the hotel porch or on one of the fringe of chairs around the ballroom and cheers on the chase. It's not a pretty sight, and it puts the little Diana and the Fairy Prince in a position which neither of them usually cares much about or deserves."

"And afterward?" Wayne asked.

Janet unlaced her fingers from behind her head, stood up and smoothed the creases out of her duck skirt. "Afterward," she repeated, "they make the best wives and mothers in the world—that is, up to the time when they bring their own daughters to the Springs looking for the new generation of fairy princes. They play the marriage game mighty well down here—that is, the serious end of it—I only object to the way they first catch the hare."

There was a long silence, while Wayne lit a cigar and blew clouds of gray smoke up to the rafters of the porch, and Janet leaned against one of the round white pillars and looked out idly on the starlit sky and at the jagged line of trees that fringed the little stream at the foot of the lawn.

"Ah," she said at last, "here comes the fairy prince."

Wayne chuckled to himself. "Is Blackwood a real fairy prince?" he asked.

Janet looked down at him and nodded her pretty head. "Yes," she said, "he's a pretty fair fairy prince—wonderful under a hot sun or a full moon, and that is as much as we can ask of most men. After all, you are very much like the little figures in the weather-box. Some come out in good weather and some in bad, but never both at the same time."

"And Miss Blythe," Wayne asked—"is she in the Diana class?"

Janet Hone smiled. "I don't know, and I don't suppose I would tell you if I did. I was talking of types—not individuals. At least, this one hides her arrows—perhaps she has been shooting at Blackwood in the dark."

For the first time, Wayne did not enjoy the drive back to the Springs—in fact, for the greater part of the time he was as unconscious of the high hills that lined the narrow gap through which the road led as he was of Janet Hone who sat beside him. His thoughts were all of the girl and of the man directly in front of him. Suppose that, after all, she was such a girl as Janet had described, and that she believed, as he himself had led the others to believe, that Blackwood was rich and was everything that he probably was not. Supposing that Blackwood, believing that Eleanor had money, had already asked her to marry him, and supposing that her mother, sharing the belief in Blackwood, had induced her to accept him. Suppose that of her own accord she had promised to marry him—suppose she loved him. And it was all his own fault—it was he who had deceived Eleanor Blythe about Blackwood, as he had every one else, and now it seemed possible that this young girl was to bear the brunt of his foolish practical joke.

For the next few days the four friends played about together as they had done for the past two weeks, with perhaps the difference that they saw a little more of each other and less of the other visitors at the Springs. Exactly how matters stood between Eleanor Blythe and Blackwood, Wayne could only speculate, for Janet absolutely refused to speak further on the subject, and it was impossible to tell anything from the Southerner himself, because his manner was just as devoted to one girl as to the other—in fact, as it was to every woman with whom he came in contact.

They had continued to take long walks together and drive together, and on the third day they dined together again at the Ridge Road Farm. On their return they had separated at the hotel steps, and Blackwood had taken Miss Blythe to her cottage. Wayne and Janet walked up the long porch to the hotel door, where for some time they stood discussing the plans for the

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

He also gave a tea on the Casino lawn to a large party of old ladies.—Page 450.

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next day. As Wayne left her and started for his own cottage, he found Addicks leaning against the balustrade of the porch.

"Don't be in a hurry," the old man called to him. "You're so busy of late you have forgotten your former friends altogether. Stop a bit; it's too nice a night to go to bed. Besides, I wanted to tell you a story."

"What kind of a story?" Wayne asked.

"Well, it's only a sort of reminiscence. I was watching your friend Blackwood from my dark corner just now and I was thinking how very, very like he was to his father and how curiously often history repeated itself—especially down here, where I don't think people change as much as they do in the North. And somehow this thought got mixed up with our talk of the other day as to just what young Blackwood's finish would be after his meteoric career at the Springs."

Wayne nodded. "I've wondered about that, too," he said—"wondered about it a good deal of late."

"I was watching you all," Addicks continued, "as you drove up the road and said good-night—watching young people is about all that an old man can do for active amusement. I noticed Blackwood took that pretty Miss Blythe to her cottage and afterward he came back here. Just below where I was standing he met Wilson, the livery-stable man, and I heard him order a trap for half-past six to-morrow morning. He said he must have a good horse because he wanted to drive to Pine Valley. I didn't want to listen, but from where I stood it was impossible not to hear what he said."

"I wouldn't worry over it if I were you," Wayne said, smiling. "What was your story about?"

"I wasn't really worrying, and I was just coming to the story." The old man pointed with his cane across the dark lawn. "Do you see that light in the last room of Claiborne Circle?"

Wayne nodded.

"That was my room in the old days. I had had a bad time of it one night and I got up about six o'clock in the morning and went out on the porch to get some fresh air in my lungs. The sun wasn't over the mountains yet and it was quite gray and misty, but down the road there I saw Jack Blackwood, this boy's father, sitting in a buggy. He was flecking flies off the horse, just as unconcerned as you and I are now, but I knew that something was up sure, for that was no hour for Jack to go buggy-riding. And then the door of the Rambler Cottage opened a bit and out came Mary Bent. She was the prettiest thing you ever saw—just like some dainty white flower—and when she saw Jack she smiled and threw him a kiss and fluttered down the steps and along the path, more as if she were flying than running to him. I never was a man of action, so I went back to my room and waited till I heard the wheels of the buggy pass. I guess there wasn't much I could have done anyhow. She was crazy about him the first time she saw him, but we didn't quite believe it—because we didn't want to, I suppose."

The old man puckered his lips and drew his white shaggy eyebrows together until they almost met, and for some moments both men remained silent, looking across the deserted stretches of lawn and beyond to the distant hills.

"It was about ten o'clock that morning when they drove up to the hotel, and the sun was shining, I remember, and everybody on the porch lined up at the railing because it was a curious time for any one to be coming in. I think Mary had been crying, at least it looked as if she had, and Jack was a little glum himself, for he hadn't done much to be proud of. He tossed the reins to one of the boys, and then they got out and came up the steps arm-in-arm and walked up to Mrs. Bent and told her how they had crossed the state border to Pine Valley and been married."

"And then?" Wayne asked.

"Oh, I don't know," the old man sighed. "Jack took her back to Sackett, and I can't imagine much good ever came of it—except perhaps, this boy. A run-down family estate at Sackett, as it was in those days, and especially with Jack Blackwood, is hardly the life most of us would choose, and yet she was a woman in ten thousand. But Jack had a wonderful way with the women."

The old man threw away his cigar, yawned and started down the porch.

"Good-night," he called over his shoulder. "I hope I didn't bore you. Good-night."

For a few moments Wayne remained leaning against the balustrade. Then he

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went into the hotel office, which, with the exception of an old colored servant who was cleaning the place, was quite deserted. Going to the desk, he scribbled a note and gave it to the servant to take to Eleanor Blythe. A few minutes later he left the hotel, walked slowly down the driveway, and then turned down the path that led past the rear of the Blythes' cottage. He found Eleanor waiting for him in the shadow of the screen of vines that trailed over the little porch.

"I'm so glad you could let me see you," he said.

The girl's white lips broke into a cheerless little smile and for a moment she laid her cold hand in the strong, firm one held out to her.

"I'm afraid it's very late," she whispered. "I don't want to disturb mother, and then you know how people talk."

"That's all right," Wayne said. "I'll talk very low. But I must speak to you tonight."

"Wouldn't to-morrow do?"

"It certainly would not."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, sat down on the top step, and with her elbows on her knees, rested her chin between her palms. Wayne sat at her feet, his back against the porch railing, and for some moments looked up frankly at the pale pretty face.

"Do you know much about Blackwood?" he began.

Miss Blythe turned her eyes slowly from the moonlit path at her feet to those of the man and shook her head.

"No," she said, "not very much. Just as you know him, I imagine. As every one——"

"That's just it," Wayne interrupted. "That's just why I am here—I don't think you know him as I do."

The girl drew her pretty curved lips into a straight line and with wrinkled brow looked at him questioningly.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," she said. "Why should you care what I know about Blackwood?"

"Because I'm entirely responsible for the very false position he just now happens to occupy. I'm not given to telling women all I know about men, but in this particular case I've got to talk, and I think that you had better listen."

Again the girl shrugged her shoulders and turned her eyes back to the path.

"Several weeks ago," Wayne went on, "when Blackwood first came to the Springs, he had just enough money to stay here for a fortnight at the rate they give dancing men."

"Have you anything against dancing men getting special rates?" the girl asked. "It's a very old custom down here—lots of men I know do it."

"I certainly have no objection to a man getting the best rates he can," Wayne continued unmoved, "but I have an objection to a man pretending to be something he is not. I loaned Blackwood every stitch he has worn at the Springs, and I loaned him the money with which he has made his winnings at the Meeting-Room. It was I who started the report as to his solid wealth, and so far as I know he has done nothing to correct that report. It was begun as a sort of practical joke and I don't propose to have it end in a tragedy—that is, if I can help it. You may find Blackwood the most charming of men. That is none of my affair—but I think it is my affair to tell you that all the money he has spent here he has made at cards since he came, and the fortune you have heard about does not exist. So far as Blackwood's life at the Springs is concerned, it is nothing more or less than a plain and apparently very successful case of bluff. I think that's all I wanted to say."

Wayne started to rise, but the girl put out her hand.

"Don't go yet," she said; "that is, if you can wait a few minutes longer. Mother is probably awake by this time, and I've no doubt my reputation is already gone for talking with you here at all at this hour."

Wayne settled back in his former position and Miss Blythe leaned against the wall of the cottage, and having clasped her hands behind the mass of curls stared up for some moments at the roof of the little porch. It was she who at last broke the silence.

"As a matter of fact," she began, "I do not know so very much more of your life than I do of Blackwood's, and yet I should imagine that you have never really seriously wanted for anything in this world that you couldn't have. I should judge this from what I have heard from your friends who know you in the North and from the way we have known you here. I don't know when I have ever met a man who was more

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"I forgot to bring a ring. Could you——?"—Page 458.

thoughtful and considerate of women than you are, and now it seems your charity has extended to poor dear Blackwood. But I wonder how it would have been with you if you were really poor and had spent your life on a little God-forsaken farm in the mountains. I wonder if you, too, would not have been glad to parade in good clothes and play at being rich for just a few weeks. There is nothing of a bluff about you. It seems to me that you are very sincere and genuine, and now that we are telling only truths I don't mind saying that I like you very much—more than you probably have any idea of. But, after all, you have never had any temptations to be a bluff. I wonder how it would have been with you if you had been brought up—as Blackwood probably was, and I surely was,—in a small Southern town starved in body and soul?"

Wayne looked curiously into the girl's face, but she did not see him, for she was still looking up into the rafters of the porch.

"I think I'll tell you about my own case," she went on, speaking very slowly, "because I think it will make you a little more charitable, although you will probably hate me for it, and I don't like to think of your

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doing that. But in a few days now every one will know the story, and I think, at least that is the way I feel to-night, that I would rather tell you myself." She looked down at him and let her hands fall idly in her lap. "You don't mind staying a little while longer?"

By way of answer, he reached out and took one of her hands in his, and she let it lay there when she began speaking again.

"About three years ago my father died, and at that time he was supposed to be quite a rich man—that is, rich for a small town. Certainly we all had everything we could want, and even if the life was very narrow, I was only a girl, and mother and I had already begun to make plans about going abroad, and travelling about in this country, too. I don't know a great deal about business, but I imagine father was one of those men who are so honest themselves that they believe every one else to be honest as well. It seems he had lost a lot of money not long before he died, and so mother and I were left with really almost nothing, although no one but Mr. Lewis, who was father's lawyer, and we knew it. For more than two years we lived on very quietly, and then one day last winter we had a long talk with Mr. Lewis, and we found that we had just five thousand dollars in the whole world—nothing else—just five thousand dollars between us and absolute poverty. Of course we might have made this last some time, but I guess mother and I had the gambling spirit in us, too, so after we had talked it over a great many times, we decided to form a sort of stock company. The stock was the five thousand dollars, and mother was what, I think, you would call the promoter, and I was the asset. That was a foolish idea, wasn't it?"

Wayne looked evenly into the girl's eyes and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Was it a foolish idea?"

"It was a bad business idea," she went on, "because our working capital is gone and the asset proved to be altogether worthless. I guess the market was overcrowded. We opened the campaign in Baltimore, but the game was too big for us there, and the few people we knew didn't seem to care about our little enterprise, and so we moved on to Richmond. They certainly were sweet to us in Richmond, but all the eligible men apparently had a sort of permanent understanding with the girl around the corner. We did the Annapolis graduation and the University of Virginia Commencement, but at both places the men were all boys, and at Annapolis they all wanted to be naval heroes; and at Charlottesville the whole graduating class had decided not to marry until they were Henry Clays. It was very discouraging, so we took a short trip to Virginia Beach, and then—then we came here. It didn't really promise so very well, but the funds were getting a little low, and mother used to come here a long time ago, and she sort of wanted to get back again. It's wonderful how people return to this place. I suppose if I——"

The girl suddenly stopped, looked at Wayne, and then turned her misty eyes out to the long stretches of moonlit lawn. Her little fingers tightened about his big hand, and thus for some moments they sat in silence.

"And now," she said with a little catch in her voice, "you see the money is all gone and the company has failed and—and, well, it's all over. Do you blame me—do you blame me very much? Just suppose you had a mother—I mean a mother that had been like your mother who had had everything all her life. I tell you there are lots of bluffs in this world. Is it any worse than the rich girl in the North who spends her father's money for a position or a title? They buy—I sell—what's the difference?"

The girl drew away her hand and pressed it hard against her cold forehead. Wayne slowly got up and stood looking down at her.

"I know a great ending to that story," he said, and giving his hand to the girl, helped her to her feet. "That is, it would be a great ending from my way of looking at things. At six o'clock to-morrow morning—not half-past six, mind you—I will be waiting in a runabout at the front door of your cottage. We can be at Pine Valley by eight, and the clergyman there will marry us, and we will be back here before ten."

The girl put out her hand and laid it on his shoulder, but he took it in his and kissed the tips of her fingers. "Please don't say anything now," he whispered—"please don't, because you're very tired. I'll look for your answer to-morrow morning. Don't forget, I'll be waiting for you at six."

It was just eight o'clock the following morning when Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wayne

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stood on the clergyman's porch at Pine Valley and bid their new-found friends good-by. The reverend gentleman smiled because he considered that he had done a good deed and had been more than generously paid for it; his good wife smiled because she believed that it was about as good to be married as to be born in Carolina; the two lady neighbors smiled because it had not often been their fate to act as witnesses to a marriage, and, at least for the moment, their importance would no doubt be considerably enhanced in the immediate neighborhood; Evelyn and Arthur Wayne smiled because of course the happiest moment in any man and woman's life is when they first discover that they are really in love with each other. They shook hands several times all around, and then Wayne helped Mrs. Wayne into the runabout, and still smiling they started for home along the sunlit road. The air was filled with a wonderful golden haze, the fields that lay on either side sparkled with a million crystal dew-drops, and through the trees of the hills before them little fleecy clouds drifted slowly up to the turquoise sky.

"Are you happy, dear?" he whispered.

The girl threw up her chin and the word that she would have spoken died in her throat. With the back of her hand she brushed away the mist from her eyes and the other she laid in his free hand, and thus they drove on their way.

It was but a short time after this, at a sharp turning in the road, that Wayne pulled aside to let another trap pass. The eyes of the occupants of the two runabouts met at the same moment.

"Hello, Blackwood!" Wayne called as the horses were pulled to a standstill.

"Hello, yourself," Blackwood said, while Janet Hone and Evelyn beamed pleasantly at each other, and then at the two men.

"We're going to get married at Pine Valley," Blackwood said. "Wish you would come along as witnesses."

Wayne looked at Evelyn and shook his head. "I think not," he apologized. "Mrs Wayne and I are pretty late as it is. Besides, you will find some most capable witnesses there already—that is, if you hurry up. Good-by—see you at the Springs."

They had gone but a short distance when Wayne heard the patter of footsteps behind them and pulled up his horse.

"Hello, Blackwood," he said, "what's the trouble?"

For a moment the Southerner leaned on the wheel of the runabout trying to recover his breath.

"It's like this, Arthur," he panted, "I forgot to bring a ring. Could you——?"

"Sure I could," Wayne said, and pulling off a seal ring dropped it in Blackwood's hand. "But, old man," he added, "please return it, because it's an heirloom, and it has been in the family a long, long time."

"That's funny," Blackwood said; "didn't any of your family ever meet a Blackwood?" And then he ran down the road still chuckling aloud.

"A funny boy," Eleanor said, as they once more started on their way.

Wayne glanced up curiously at the pretty face and then at the big straw hat that shaded it.

"He is a funny boy," he repeated. "I think I'll ask you a question, Evelyn."

"Why, yes, of course, dear," she said. "Is it a serious question?"

"Not at all serious. It really doesn't make any difference now—not a bit. But did Blackwood ever ask you to drive with him in the early morning—to Pine Valley, for instance?"

"Why, no," she laughed. "Such a funny question for you to ask! What could possibly make you think that he had ever asked me?"

Wayne smiled, and with the whip gently flecked a fly from the horse's neck.

"I really don't know," he said. "Except, I imagine that all true lovers are naturally jealous and suspicious—don't you?"

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FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES DOWN THE SASKATCHEWAN

THE STORY OF A CANOE VOYAGE

By Agnes C. Laut

I

IT is a curious sensation, that—canoeing down a vast river whose waters sweep an area equal to half-a-dozen European kingdoms and at every bend reveal shifting vistas of new peoples and new regions.

Every paddle dip, every twist and turn of your supple craft to the rustle and splash and gulp of the live waters under the keel brings out some new caprice of the river's mood to which you must pay court or penalty. The waters begin to roil and your canoe to lag. You must catch the veer of the current, or you will presently be out to your knees shoving off sand-bars. Over there, the bank is cut sheer as masonry; and you bump off the shallows back to the swift-flowing deeps with a gurgle of laughing waters that is zest of pure joy in the scheme of things. You begin to understand why Indians regard all rivers as living personalities and make the River Goddess offerings of tobacco with the words: "Here, Granny, take this! Now give us fair wind and good luck!"

"When you leave Edmonton, you are going to jump off somewhere," Sexsmith had answered when I asked our head guide why we could not rent our camp outfit instead of buying it. "When you leave Edmonton, you aren't just going to the woods on a picnic. You are going somewhere. You buy your outfit because you are going to be away so long you will wear it out. Edmonton is the jumping-off place for a lot of long trips. There is down the MacKenzie north. There is up the Peace west. And there's down the Saskatchewan east—that means from 1,500 to 1,800 miles, according to the place you stop down on Lake Winnipeg."

It was down the Saskatchewan we had decided to go, partly because all the romance of the most romantic era in the West clings to its banks, partly because its snaky winding trail half the width of a continent marks the last trek to the last frontier of the last West. It was up and down this broad stream—*Kis sis katchewan Sepee*, the Indians called it, "swift, angrily flowing"—with its countless unmapped lakes and countless unmapped islands, that the war canoes of the Cree long ago flitted like birds of prey to plunder the Blackfeet. It was up the Saskatchewan the French explorers came wandering mazed in search of the Western Sea. Along these high, steep banks, where you almost break your neck trying to get dunnage up to a level camping place, the voyageurs of the old fur companies toiled, "tí-í-ing, tí-í-ing" in monotonous sing-song day and night, tracking the clumsy York boats up stream all the way from tidewater to within sight of the Rocky Mountains. Then, up these waters with rapids so numerous you lose count of them, galloped at race-horse speed little Sir George Simpson, doughty governor of the company, with the swiftest paddlers the West has ever known.

Our guide was right as to camp kit. On a long trip it is cheaper to buy than rent. You can make the Saskatchewan trip in three weeks. That is—you can if you race like Sir George Simpson, travelling day and night; but if you want to camp near the new settlers each night and see how they are making good away from the immigration agent; if you want to wander over the sites of the old historic places and ramble to the Indian reserves where you can meet natives still uncontaminated by the whites—better make your time limit six weeks. You could profitably spend twelve on the trip.

Our outfit consisted of a big Klondike freight canoe, twenty-two feet long and wide enough in the beam to take a small steamer-

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trunk crosswise, a tin grub-box proof against marauding huskies, cooking utensils, food enough for five or six weeks, with a margin of rice and flour over actual needs, in case of delay from high winds when crossing wide lakes, a small tin tent stove, and three tents. The bell-tent was for the guides, the miner's tent with portable poles was for ourselves, and a third lean-to for a washing and eating place if we should become weather bound. As it happened, we did not need the extra third tent, using it all along as table cloth and covering for the dunnage; but if you are tied up for a week with bad weather, you risk great discomfort going without it. The canoe we chose in preference to a York boat or scow, because it could be handled by one man and ourselves with an extra paddler for the roughest rapids only; whereas a York boat would require a large crew, and a scow at least three men; but for a party of men on a hunting trip, or for a family on a summer outing, on any of the big rivers of the North, I can imagine no more ideal way of travel than drifting with the current on a big steady scow. The scow will save you pitching camp every night, a difficult matter in a wet country or in a forested country with high banks; for you can erect your tent on the scow when you set out, and can either moor along shore for the night or drift all night with a man on guard. By cutting two big trees and lashing them branch-end down, slanting back to the sides of the scow, you will keep her in mid-current without a stroke of your hand, and can travel fast or slow, hunt or play, as you please, without work except at the rapids. It was in this way the old fur traders used to send their families to the outside world.

Curiously enough, my camp companion is a niece of the little governor who used to race up and down this river. At four o'clock on the clear sunny afternoon of August 5th we shoved out from the bank near Edmonton on the roily flood of the Saskatchewan, swift here as a mountain stream and still silty with the grind of the mountain glaciers. Our canoe could easily have carried twenty people; and Miss Simpson and I had intended to take two men paddlers along with an Indian woman; but the old-timers advised us to take only one thoroughly competent head man, to do without the woman, who would add useless weight to the canoe, and to pick up a second paddler only where we needed special steering through dangerous rapids. The time has long passed when any one man knows Saskatchewan River from end to end. To-day you can hire only men who know the river in sections; so it came that we did the first 800 miles of the river with only one man and the help of the other two big paddles wielded by ourselves.

The banks are high, high as the Hudson ramparts, and, like the Hudson, heavily wooded. Trees and hills are intensest green, and the birds are singing, for the season is late. That bugaboo of winter frost, which immigration pamphlets prove does not exist, is really a blessing in disguise to the country, for, in spite of summer heat, the depth of frost supplies perpetual moisture and keeps foliage green. Everywhere, through the high banks for a hundred miles below Edmonton, bulge great seams of coal, which owners have barely begun to operate. Settlers here will never lack for wood and coal as on the prairie lands. Where valleys cut through the high banks you look up long vistas of wheat, yellow and heavy-headed for the harvest—fall wheat on the north bank of the Saskatchewan—which but yesterday was regarded as a no-man's-land of frost realm. Back among the woods of the south bank you hear the hoot of three railway systems pouring settlers at the rate of a quarter of a million a year across this last of the world's frontiers. Oh, yes, I know about that wheat growing area up on Peace River and the Athabasca! With the long sunlight, the wheat will grow in spite of short seasons nipped at both ends by the frosts; but you must not forget that when you go seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan you are in a region where limestone alternates with muskeg, and arable land exists only in pockets; and there's an end to your fine dream of the wheat lands extending far north as the MacKenzie! The science of twenty-four hours' sunlight producing wheat in any latitude—is all right. But the arable land is not there except in patches, and we may as well face the fact, with all its consequences, that the world is within ten years of the end of all free wheat land.

The river seems wider now that our pad-

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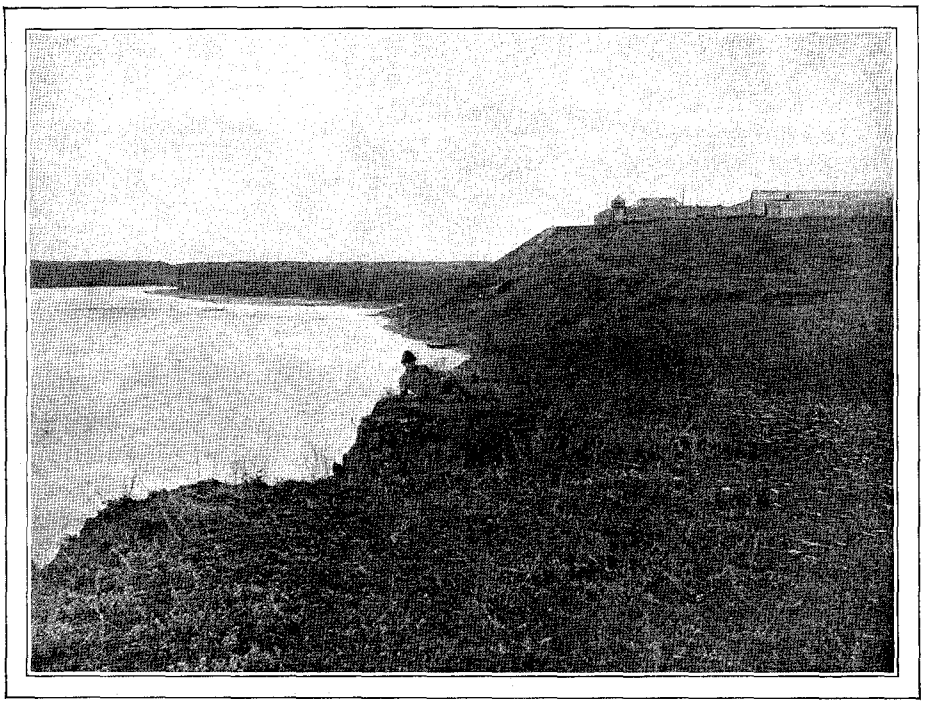

The Old Fort at Edmonton as it was twenty years ago.
To-day, this is a frontier city with street cars.

dles are lapping mid-current, wide as the Hudson at New York or the St. Lawrence at Quebec; but the shadows are beginning to etch amber-colored trees from the high banks, and the slant sun has painted a trail of fire along the riffling track of our canoe. We paddle on, getting more in tune with one another's strokes, till the pale shadow of a moon shines up from the river. Then we come ashore above the Mounted Police Post of Fort Saskatchewan. The advantage of carrying along perfectly fitted tent-poles is at once evident. In less than ten minutes tents are up. It isn't cold enough yet to luxuriate in the big blaze of dead logs, which the Indians call "no-good, white-man fire"; but another ten minutes sees supper cooked above a little bunch of whittlings, whittlings from live wood, of course.

Morning-call at six, breakfast at seven, on the water at eight—that was the daily routine, with variations earlier when mosquitoes prevented sleep, or later when the weather forbade setting out; but that programme does not tell you anything about the mice running over the tent roof between you and the stars, or the Northern Lights setting weird shadows dancing, or the lonely bark-bark-bark-yappying* howl of the coyotes, or the first pink cart-wheel shafts through the morning mists as the sun came up over the water horizon. By the time you have encountered a dozen families of ducks sidling and sailing to the current through the hiding of mist with babies scrabbling over the water half-wobble, half-scuttle, not sense enough among any of them to be afraid—by the time you have encountered that and felt the great soft white sun-shafted peace of the quiet morning, you begin to wonder what it is all about down there in New York, anyway, where men hound one another with wolfish zest for a thing that is not and never will be happiness.

Shortly after breaking camp next morning we passed Fort Saskatchewan, a Mounted Police Post of about a dozen houses, besides the small, plain, white-washed barracks. Here, for thirty-seven years, a force often not exceeding twelve

* An Indian word meaning the sound of the chatter of a small dog.

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men, on the munificent pay of fifty cents a day, has kept order in a frontier country the size of half Russia. The story of *how* they did it would fill a book. The story of *why* they did it is simple enough. That was what they were there for.

We had been plying down the current the second day, watching Galician and Russian women washing linen at the river brink and noting how islands dotted the widening expanse like a second St. Lawrence or Georgian Bay, when a sound of rushing waters came from the fore and our canoe began to pick up her pace like a horse taking the bit. The river was swirling along in corrugated runnels too swift to spread out from centre to shore, and we were bouncing through our first rapids almost before we knew it. With high water and a good steersman (and we had both) the sensation is one of sheer delight, with far less risk than you run taking a motor down Broadway. Well-intentioned advisers had strictly warned us "to portage *all* rapids." I wonder did they know some of those rapids were twenty-two miles long. How many there were on the whole trip I don't know. We lost count after the twentieth. As the big canoe rose and fell to the buoyant swell with the ease of a sail-boat climbing waves, it seemed perfectly absurd that log booms had jammed the size of a house and scows gone to wreck on these rapids. I asked two Indian steersmen whom we picked up for the worst water what the trick of running rapids was; and they both answered the same thing—to catch the drive of a current that will carry you away from the angriest spots; having done that, not to work too hard, but to let her go quartering to the wildest rush. To catch the drive at just the right moment of just the right swirl to miss the angriest rocks is not always easy.

All ready to set out from Edmonton.

We travelled 260 miles without hearing any English spoken except the one word "No," which a little German called out when we asked him if he were a Doukhobor. At the Elbow of the Saskatchewan we passed a settlement of 1,000 Doukhobors; and back from the Elbow are 9,000 more, all making good financially, in spite of newspaper yarns about 150 religious fanatics whose antics have brought disrepute on the whole community. In a railway gang of fifty men in the Rockies I counted seven different nationalities, embracing varieties from Hindoo to Pole. You can't inject such a tremendous alien influence into any national life without startling results. As we retired for the night a rainbow spanned the wide river in a half-arc over the log huts of the foreign settlers, emblems of hope for them, whatever bodes to Canada.

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Rafting down the Saskatchewan.

A favorite mode of travelling is to build a huge raft and, lashing trees to its side, float down on the current, living on it day and night.

Beyond the Galician Settlement for a hundred miles you are traversing a wilderness primitive as the day when white man's boat first penetrated these lonely wilds. Hawks shriek from topmost bough of black poplars ashore. Whole colonies of black eagles nod and bobble and scream from the long sand-bars. Wolf tracks dot the soft shore mud; and sometimes, what looks like a group of dogs, comes down to the bank watching you till you land, when they lope off, and you see they are coyotes. Again and again, as we drew in for nooning or supper to the lee side of some willow-grown island, black-tail deer leaped out of the brush almost over our heads and at one bound were in the midst of a tangled thicket that opened magic way for their flight. Early one morning, a little fawn came trotting down to the shore of a long island and ran abreast of us, unconscious of danger for half an hour; and one night when we drew in to a lonely bank for camp, we found the mud heavily tracked by large footprints like cattle; but there were no cattle within a hundred miles; and from the dew claw, it was apparent the tracks were of moose. From the Galician Settlement to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of almost a thousand miles, with the exception of the section round the Elbow, a good hunter could keep himself in food summer and winter with small labor. As to mosquitoes, I was so long a resident of the West that I must have become immune; but when they are so numerous and so big they darken the outside of your tent, there is no denying their existence, though I do not know what it is to be bitten by them. A few Chinese joss sticks set smoking and stuck up in the sand inside our tent kept the unwelcome pest out.

From the Galician Settlement down to the weed-grown site of old Fort Pitt the north bank of the Saskatchewan is flanked by Indian reserves. More ideal hunting ground could not have been chosen. The hills are partly wooded, and in the valleys nestle lakes literally black with wild fowl—

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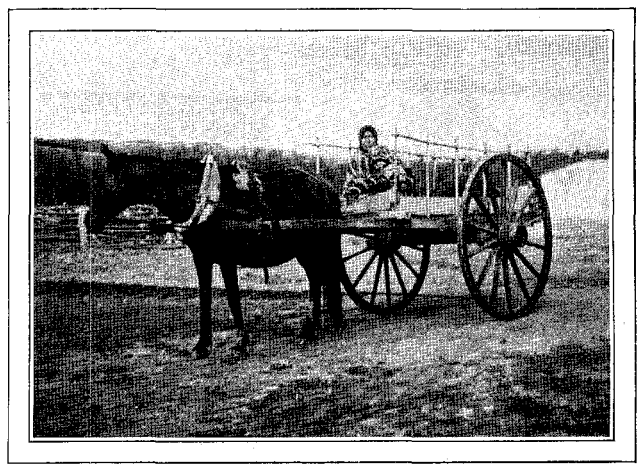
Doukhobor women at work in the fields near Prince Albert.
We travelled 260 miles without hearing a word of English spoken.

bittern that flump up heavy-winged and furry with a boo-m-m, wavies and gray geese holding political caucus with raucous screeching on the part of the honking ganders, black duck and mallard and teal and crow-duck and spoonbill and varieties of duck I have never seen in any scientific list, though the Indians will tell you all about them with the individual note of each, inland gulls white as snow and fearless of hunter, little match-legged phalaropes fishing gnats from the wet sand with the bobbling motion of a bad attack of hiccough. Literally, and in terms of dollars and cents, the Indians on these reserves are better off than the average wage-earner among white men. There is hay for their horses and cattle. Game is plentiful. A good hunter can easily bring in $700 worth of fur in a winter, that is, he can if he works; but, like the Socialist, your Indian does not believe in laying up store for the morrow, which explains why he is so often in debt to the fur company and so often falls back starving on the mission when illness comes or the hunt fails.

It gives your Down-East complacency a wholesome shock to find mission houses for Indians out here at the Back of Beyond, with dormitories trim as a boys' school in Philadelphia. In the Catholic Mission was Sister Saint Isabelle, a trained nurse, who had just come from Boston to take charge of the dispensary. Over at the Protestant Mission the wife of the clergyman had taken a full medical course to be able to manage a hospital for the Indians. And do you know what princely remuneration the missionaries receive for this lonely all-the-year-round work? They begin at $300 a year and work up to $600. Of course, such salaries from church or government, as the case may be—these were both church schools—would not begin to pay more than a tenth of the cost of running a mission school with sixty or eighty pupils; so



A squaw travelling with her papoose.

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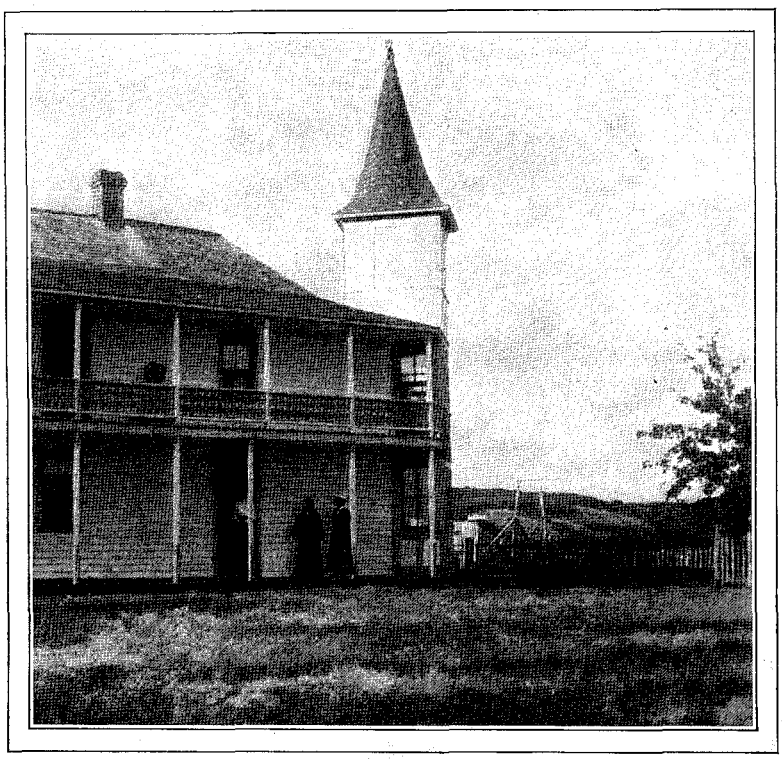

Onion Lake school.

One of many mission schools at the Back of Beyond where heroic men and women are laboring for the Indians.

many missionaries operate a ranch, turning all profit into the school work. I found that being done last year on the Missouri, and I found it this year on the Saskatchewan; so, in spite of our noisy newspaper brass-band charities, there is still the quiet heroism of the beautiful commonplace.

"God never lets me lack anything," said the Reverend John Matheson—'Jack' Matheson he was known to frontiersmen for many a year—as we spurred over the Reserve behind one of his fastest ponies that night. "I pay each of my teachers $50 a month. If the money does not come in one way, it does in another. I go to the ranch and count it no hardship to sell a couple of steers. Go it—little one! Go it!" (This to his little race-horse.) "Thirty dollars a year is more than ample for my clothes." (I smiled, but he did not see it.) "Of course, there are lots of times when things must be done and there is no money to do them. Then my sincere advice to all the brethren is—peel off your coat and do it yourself; and you will find that God will not let you lack for anything."

A big plate of pemmican—"pemmy" the youngsters called it—at the supper table of the English Church Mission that night brought up stories of the famous old buffalo hunts in this region. Mr. Matheson is a descendant of the Selkirk Settlers, and I knew that in the early sixties he had been one of the most daring rivermen and buffalo runners of the plains.

Mr. Matheson suggested instead of going on down the river to Fort Pitt that we drive across country and connect with the canoe at the old post. This fort was built contemporaneous with the statesman after whom it was named, and for a hundred years witnessed scenes of daring hunt and high wassail. Furs to the value of millions of dollars were brought here from the North and rafted down the Saskatchewan. It was a common trick for the eternally warring Blackfeet and Cree to lie hiding in the woods round Pitt and, when the enemy went to the fort, to stampede all horses, or

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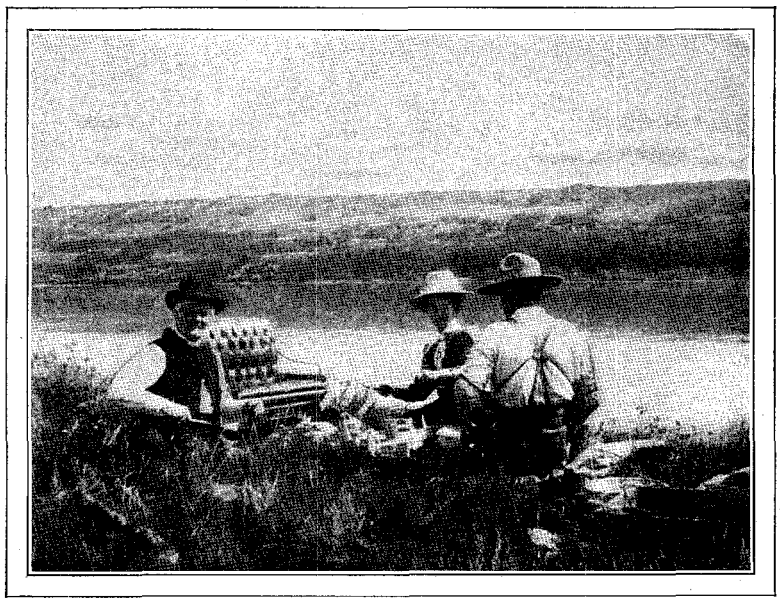
set canoes adrift, or scuttle the tepees of food. The fort itself lay back from the river surrounded by very high, stoutly-timbered stockades, proof against fire and peppering of bullets for a century. What was known from the MacKenzie to the Boundary as "the Great House" was also built of heavy timbers with capacious wine cellars and yet more capacious fur lofts. Here paused Governor Simpson on his mad pace across the continent to race his historic monuments. Having drawn the attention of a Western Canadian Club to the vandalism that destroyed Fort Pitt, I was amused next day to read in the paper "that an American land-seeker had pulled down the old fort to make a raft for his outfit." Not an American was the delinquent, but a military member of the Ottawa House of Commons, whose stock in trade on the platform is swelling loyalty.

Between the Indian Reserve and Fort



Lunching on the site of Fort Pitt with the Rev. Jack Matheson, a famous frontier missionary, one of the few great buffalo hunters still living.

thoroughbred "Fireway" against all-comers along the mile track, which you can still trace across the river front. Hither came hunters with ponies and dogs gay in ribbons and a-jingle with bells for the week's racing. This, too, was stopping place for the mail-carrier in his 1,000-mile run to the Rockies. Fort Pitt also witnessed the most stirring scenes of the '85 Rebellion, when the bad management by flunkeydom brought about a clash of arms that was at once tragic and criminal. Of the old fort there exists to-day not a vestige but the cellar holes and the crumbling wooden cross that marks the grave of a Mounted Policeman killed in the Rebellion. Despite aggressive loyalty, it is a way Canadians have of taking care of their old Pitt you pass from the Province of Alberta to Saskatchewan, and begin curving round that three-hundred-mile bend in the river known as "the Elbow." Very slack water it is, wide as a lake and shallow, with such numbers of sand-bars and islands you lose yourself trying to keep the current. Shallow water sounds easy for canoeing. Take my word for it, and choose the deep!

For a hundred miles from Fort Pitt was not a single settler. It is a lonely, high-rolling, sheep-ranch country, with no population that we could see but the coyotes and eagles. The tempest days of heat and wind were usually followed by calm nights, with the river gold in the evening glow, and the clouds sweeping down the lonely

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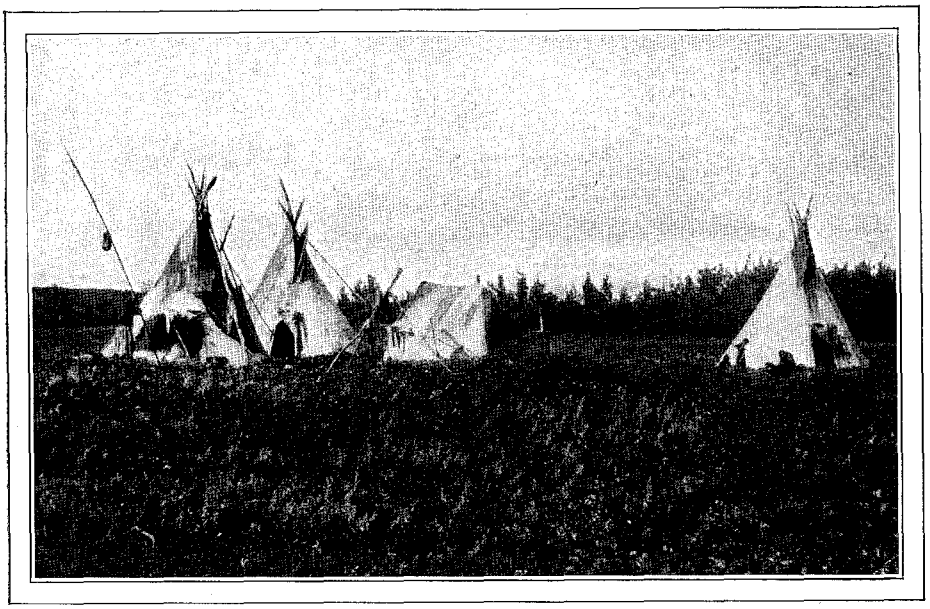

Summer camp of Cree at Onion Lake, 20 miles in from Fort Pitt.

valleys like gorgeously clad spirits in a realm of mist.

On the afternoon of August 15th the river was once more winding through homesteads, and a sudden bend brought us to the little town that was the capital of the Northwest in the territorial days—Battleford, named after the ford in Battle River where Crees and Blackfeet fought. From being a little frontier village that was the jumping-off place to the Back of Beyond, Edmonton has suddenly become a cosmopolitan city with ambitions anticipating progress by fifty years. Battleford has had just the opposite record. The tide of progress has rolled past her door. First, the '85 Rebellion caused the destruction of the old town on Battle River. Then the railroad was built farther south, and the capital was moved away. At last, when a road did come to Battleford, a quarrel between land-owners and company sent the railroad across to the north side of the river. Finally, immigrants are coming to the old capital, and it is the most frontierish looking town north of the Boundary. At the street corners you may see as curious a medley of humanity as any place in the world. Doukhobor women with bright handkerchiefs round their heads, big Galician men with cowhide boots half-way to the waist, ruddy-faced Germans, soft-spoken Norwegians, French rivermen of the old *régime* now turned lumber jacks, Cree Indians from the near reserves, American settlers from Iowa and Nebraska—jostle along the board walks or hold animated conclave over some newcomer's prairie schooner drawn up on a vacant lot for supper. The old government buildings across Battle River have been turned into an Indian school. There, the Old is face to face with the New, and you can learn more Indian lore in five minutes than you could pick up second-hand in a lifetime; why, for instance, the warrior always used to carry two kinds of arrows, one for game with notches in the neck of the bark so when the shaft was pulled out the arrow head would come too, one for the foe without notches so when the shaft was pulled out the arrow would remain and kill.

Where the Elbow takes the great bend north to Prince Albert, the river runs through the settlements of the Doukhobors, who came from Russia some ten years ago to escape persecution in their own land. More prosperous settlers do not exist in the West. Fields of grain surround the houses. Already big frame and brick structures are taking the place of the thatch roofs that did duty for first years. Where

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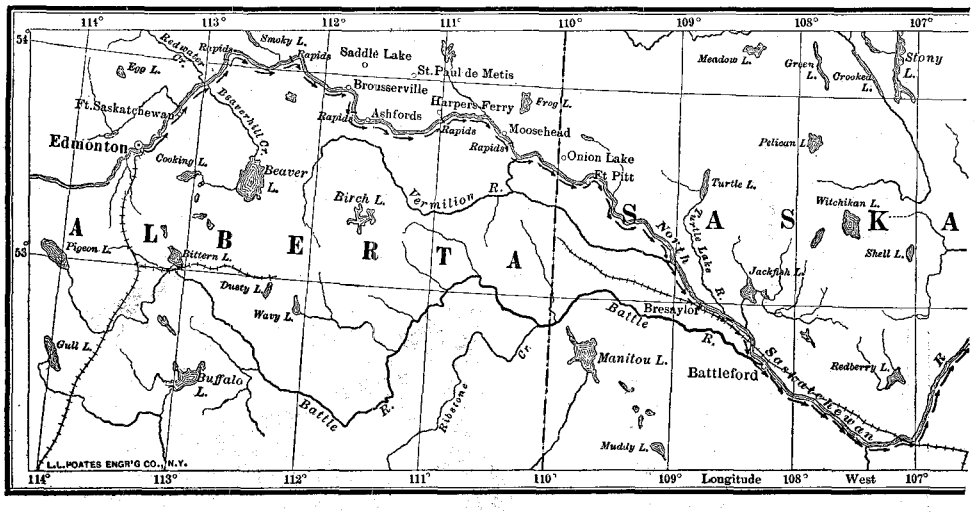
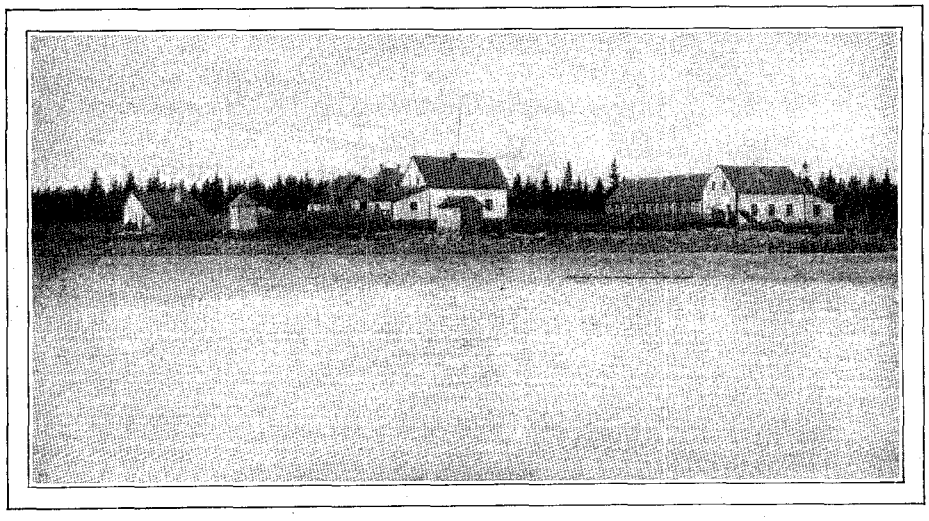


The Saskatchewan River

the houses are close to the river, gardens slope to the water; and nightly you can see the Russians coming down to examine their fish weirs, or punting in and out among the sand-bars for a chance shot at the wild fowl. Herds of cattle dot the hills. Happier faces we did not see among all the settlers of the West. A gold dredge plies industriously on this part of the river for Prince Albert people; and indeed, if you try some of the river silt on any of the gravel bars in your frying pan, you get minute specks of gold.

Prince Albert is a trim little city on the south bank with one main street facing the river and a great wealth of trade in furs and lumber. Recently discoveries of gold quartz and copper ores and iron in the Lac La Ronge district 220 miles north toward Churchill River—have set the little city dreaming of another kind of wealth. With my own eyes I saw chunks of almost pure copper brought to the Revillon Fur Company by Indians; but development has not gone far enough for definite statement; and



Cumberland House Fur Post.

Looking across toward the site of the old French post established before 1759.

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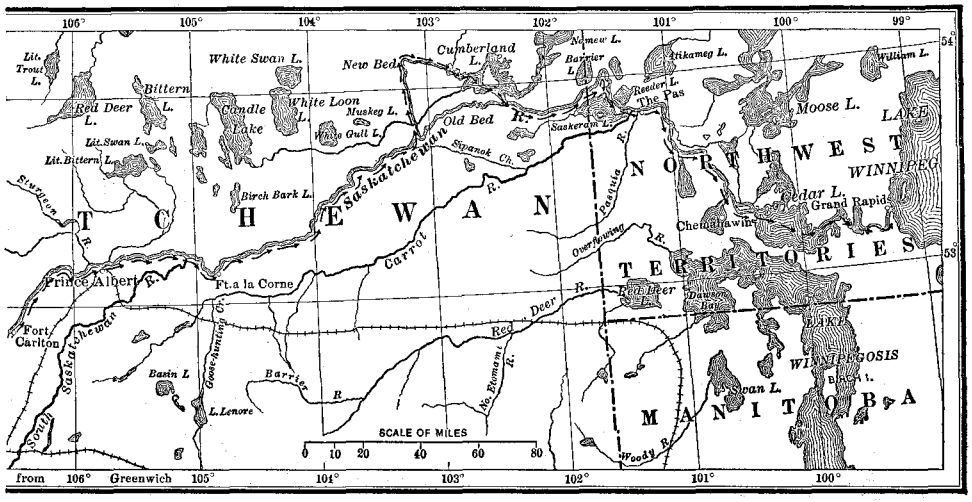
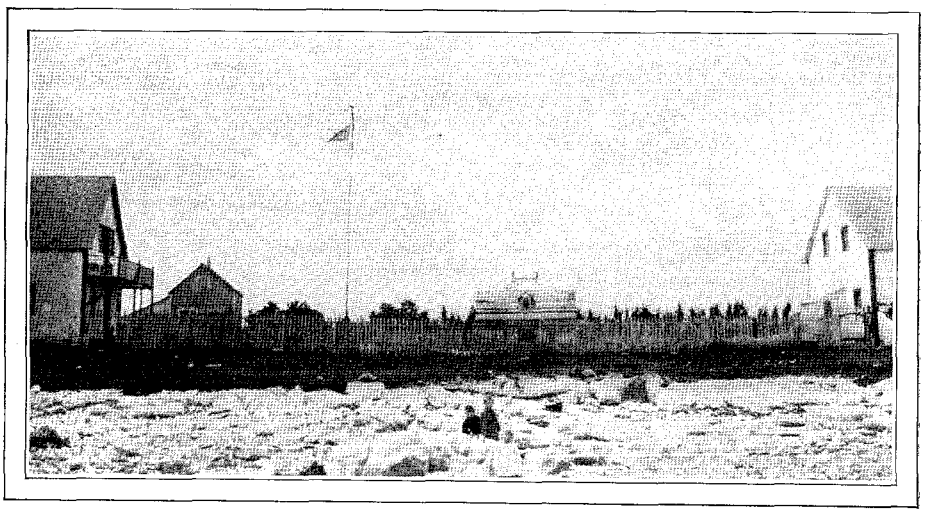


——showing our route.*

I confess the wealth that interested me most there was the wealth of legend about the Old West. Here, as at Edmonton and Battleford, dwell many of those delightful and vanishing types of old-timers who have seen the West transformed from a boundless hunting field to a checker-board of barb wire fences. They have lived the kind of things that other people read about—these old frontiersmen—and some of their experiences make the finest spun inventions of fiction seem very flaccid indeed.

Beyond Prince Albert the Saskatchewan takes a great swing north-east through the true wilderness primeval. As bad rapids had been reported below Prince Albert, and a very difficult water course, owing to the river jumping its bed and spreading over

* At Sepanok Channel, the Saskatchewan breaks from its old river bed and spreads out in a channel 70 miles wide for a distance of 400 miles. This has stopped the navigation of the river by the old fur company steamers and the last of the old river craft was brought down from Prince Albert last summer. The new channel lengthens the river by two or three hundred miles according to the channel followed, and necessitates a new survey of the river.



Cumberland House Fort on Cumberland Lake.
The oldest fur post of the river.

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a muskeg seventy miles wide by from three to four hundred long, according to the channel you may follow, we had engaged an additional guide acquainted with this section of the Saskatchewan. He was one of the MacKenzie clan famous as river-men and born to the cradle song of the "tí-í-tí-í," which sounds without ceasing when the tumpline-men are tracking up stream. The rough water below the town is the first of twenty-two rapids round as many sharp bends in the river, some mere riffling of the current more noisy than dangerous, others good bouncing water long as sixteen miles.

The night of August 29th we camped where the Saskatchewan breaks from its river bed and, flowing up the old channel of Sturgeon River, breaks again eastward through Muskeg River to Cumberland Lake—lengthening its course by 150 miles. We were now in the country of pure muskeg—quaking silt soft as sponge overgrown with muskrat reed and goose grass. There were not even *low* banks. There were *no* banks at all. Your canoe was on the level with the land, and the reeds lined the aisled water-channels sixteen feet high. You could stand on prow or stern of your canoe, and far as eye could see were nought but reeds and waterways, waterways and reeds. This muskeg covers a region of about 70 by 200 miles, in wet seasons 300 miles.

Mighty glad were we on the morning of Saturday, August 29, to see the tuft of a lone lob-stick rise above the mist marking the site of Cumberland Lake fur post. With a rasp of the keel on the pebbles and a howling welcome from the husky dogs in all the keys of a grand orchestra gone on a drunk, we landed in a storm of rain that almost blew us off our feet. The fort is built on an island that runs out like the fingers of a hand. We had landed on the point farthest from the Hudson's Bay House. A tramp through the woods did not lessen our sopping wetness, though it was impossible to add to it—like the sponge, we had reached our full absorptive limit. Dripping from hats to boots, we entered the little Hudson's Bay store and presented our water-soaked letters of introduction for the manager.

Guests at a house three hundred miles from anywhere, without warning of mail or wire, are no light consideration for a housekeeper where help cannot be hired; and a child had been born that very morn-

On Cedar Lake, the great game resort of the East Saskatchewan.
The only rocky formation in a distance of 1500 miles.

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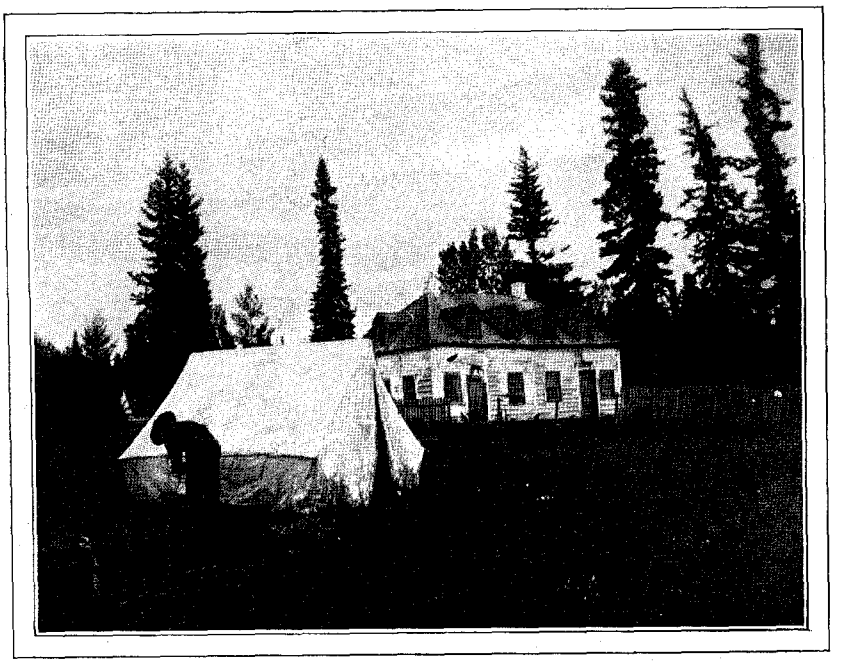

The Great House at Grand Rapids.

Here the nabobs of the trade used to foregather in feast and revel. The house is now dismantled.

ing in the home of the manager. I begged the bookkeeper to tell Mr. Rosser not to bother about us, but just to assign to our use one of the empty houses where we could spread our camp kit to dry. Do you think that easy way out of the dilemma appealed to the Hudson's Bay Company's fancy? The mother heard that two women had arrived and would not rest till we came across to the house. That gives an idea of what Hudson's Bay Company hospitality means. You can liken it to nothing but that of old baronial lords, who welcomed to their hearth all comers who were not enemies. To-day the only enemy to the fur trader is the man after pelts. Two hours later, dry and glowing warm, we sat down to such a dinner of wild game as money could not buy in the hotels of New York or London; and that dinner was prepared by little girls not fourteen years of age.

Only two white families live at Cumberland House, so that the fort more closely resembles the old-time fur post and shows fewer innovations than any other on the Saskatchewan. Two old-time customs, however, are being utterly eradicated—debt and drink.

The third morning at Cumberland House we awakened to a rose-pink sunrise and blue waters calm as glass. It was not a scene one can quickly forget. The whole reserve seemed to be afloat on the lake like freed prisoners. There were the blue company canoes with white band round under the gunnels. There were the red birch canoes of the Indians banded in tar, paddled by tousle-headed urchins and happy-faced women in colored shawls, and bronzed hunters out for a crack at the ducks on the near swamps. We glided away from the fort, waving to the children on the shore far as we could see them, and followed down Tearing River over riffling rapids for the main Saskatchewan. As it was going to be difficult to send MacKenzie back up the river so late in the season, we left him at Cumberland House and went on with only one man. Having swung north for 350 miles, the river now turns south-east for 200, winding amid banks of heavily-forested swamp round great bends where the current coils in glassy pools known as big eddies.

The Pas or Pasquia Mission lies seventy miles south of Cumberland House, on a

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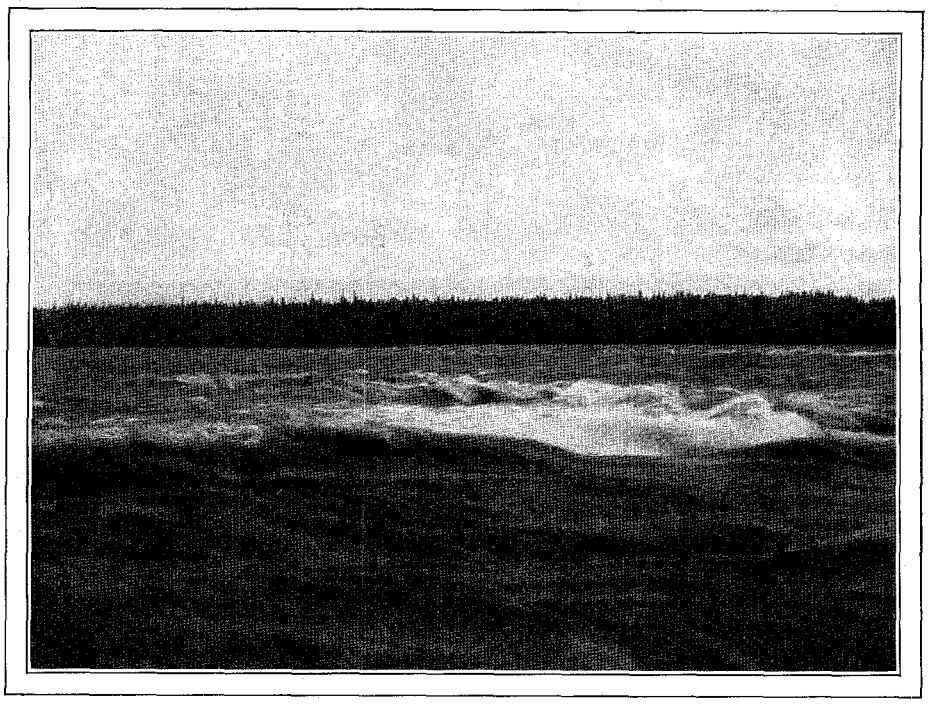

The Red Rock Rapids of Grand Rapids.

Here the waters of half a continent contract to a third of a mile and rush down a decline steep as a stair.

limestone knob of rock that sticks up through the interminable muskeg for all the world like the fist of a drowning man. It is the centre of a big Indian Reserve, and by virtue of its position along the route of the new railroad that the Dominion Government is building to Hudson's Bay it is the newest city in Canada. The white population consists of less than a dozen families, but already city lots have been plotted and auctioned by the government for the benefit of the Reserve from which the city site has been appropriated.

Toward night, the second day out from the Pas, it became apparent that the chart had led us astray. We should have been at Cedar Lake, and we were not. The banks had fallen even lower than at Cumberland House. A spot of dry land the size of one's boot-sole we did not see mile after mile, though reeds grew on both sides in feathery ridges lining interminable swamps. There was an angry sunset across the marshes with a heap of black cloud-drift coming down on us before a high wind. We had been paddling a back-breaking pace and betting last boxes of raisins that the next twirl would bring us round to Cedar Lake Post. All afternoon the ducks had been whistling overhead so low you might hit them with your paddle, and the old ganders did not bother to honk a "get-up" when we came on the big flocks bobbling and wading among the reeds. Suddenly all three of us gasped and dropped paddles.

"What in *thunderation* is that?" some one asked.

I have heard old-timers' tall stories and lived many years in the West, but I had never heard what I now saw with my own eyes. It seemed like the dream or delirium tremens of some old hunter. I thought it was a shallows of small drift. Then the sticks began to move.

"There are millions! There are millions!" exclaims Sexsmith. "I've lived twenty years in this country, and I never saw anything like it."

We drifted close to hiding of the reeds and—looked! Then, some one hit the water with a paddle, and the whole surface lifted—a live mass of wild fowl, ganders honking-honking in confused circles, white

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ducks, black ducks, young teals, old mallards—the air was aquiver with a whistling of wings; and the creatures did not know enough to be afraid. It would not have been sport; it would have been slaughter to have hunted there. You could have waded out and caught them in your hands. Apparently, our stray wanderings had brought us to secluded and unfrequented haunts of northern wild fowl.

At noon, Saturday, September the 5th, we rounded a high rocky point of a lake-like expanse as if we had been shooting the chute, and at the same moment once more struck the roily lost current of the Saskatchewan. The banks were pink granite —*cedared!* That was enough. We were on Cedar Lake—the only cedared forests of the whole Saskatchewan. Then, at a turn, there loomed on the crest of a high hill to the fore—Indian huts. Close ashore we saw the red-doored, white-log store of the Hudson's Bay Company.

What with its wonderful game haunts and forested pink granite islands untrodden by man and unrun by fire, Cedar Lake down as far as Grand Rapids—a distance of sixty-four miles—is bound to become a great summer resort in the North. Sunset in a crimson sky set the lake on fire. The wind lulls at last, the first time, I think, since we left Edmonton five weeks ago. The willows are no longer green, but gold. Clumps of brush have turned deep purple in the frost. There is a tang of winter chill in the air; but it is ozone that goes through your blood like champagne. At Cedar Lake was only one white family, that of the company manager, Mr. Hooker, an Eton man, stuck at this Back of Beyond.

"Isn't it lonely and dangerous for your little family so far from a doctor?"

"Oh, yes, it *is* lonely," he admitted, "but not dangerous in case of illness. Why, last winter, when my little boy was ill, I had to take the dog-train only fifty-five miles for a doctor."

The last night out we camped amid the cedars under a Turner sky—all bronze and gold mist with a blood-red sun, burnt umber shot with fire, a wild scud of tangled purple clouds above, red bars like brush strokes across mid-heaven, and the quicksilvered lake deepening to lavender. The sunset boded ill for next day, and we set out in the morning to a piping wind with a Cree sail, rigged of our canvas, and two sapling trees. The lake gradually narrowed to a sharp bend between banks of gold willow, and about mid-day of Monday, September 7, we swirled out to the main river again. Swift eddies warned of the Little Rapids just beyond the Narrows, a mere riffling of the current, but they bounced the canoe about in fine shape, giving prelude of what was to come in Grand Rapids. At this point the company has a storehouse to receive cargoes above the Big Rapids.

Where the waters of half a continent become hemmed in between rock walls not a third of a mile wide with such steep descent over huge boulders and rocky islets that it could not be any steeper without being a cataract—I can promise you that things are doing in the river. We heard the far wh-u-sh; then the wild roar; then the full-throated shout of triumphant waters! You think your blood will not run any faster at that sound after having run more rapids than you can count? Try it! We sat up from our sluggish easy postures. Then the river began to round and rise and boil in oily eddies and the canoe to bounce forward in leaps without any lift on our part—then a race-horse plunge; and we are in the middle of furious tumult! The Indian rises at the stern and leans eagerly forward. Even the cool Sexsmith admits, "This *is* a place where the river really does things—isn't it?" But the Indian is paddling like a concentrated fury. Sexsmith drops to the bottom of the canoe to lower weight and prevent rolling. Then we shoot forward into a vortex of whirling sheaves of water.

"She—strong—she—*ver*'—strong rapid," shouts the Indian as we swirl past one rock and try to catch the current that will whirl us past the next. "Pull—pull—pull—a strong paddle," and we rise to a leap of wild waters, have plunged into the trough, and are climbing again before some one can remark "Say, I don't like ever sidling to rapids."

There is a rock ahead about the size of a small house, where the waters are breaking, aquiver and white with rage. The Indian had risen again. "Stop," he yells, "don't paddle! Let her go!" but he, himself, is steering furiously as we graze past

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out to the bouncing waves! So we run the Big Rapids for about a mile, then ride a third rapid in a long easy swell, and swerve in to the north or left side where a tramway of three miles leads past the last and worst of Grand Rapids. Only a riverman who knows this last rapid as other men know their dining-room will conduct parties down. As we did not care to risk our expensive canoe, I sent the Indian overland to the Hudson's Bay manager asking for the tram-car to convey our kit across to the lake.

A walk of three miles over punky logs along that very foot trail which the fur brigades used to follow of old brought us suddenly to an opening on the high cliff commanding the Big Chute. It is a wild scene—the wildest of any rapids I know in America. The river bed is scored and torn to tatters with rage. Huge rocks split the torrents and throw them back in furious turmoil. These are the rocks where so many countless craft have come to grief when the crews failed of strength or nerve for the big lift past the undertow. Great rockets of spray rise above black pools with deafening roar.

None of us said very much; but we had decided to run those rapids by better light next morning and were walking back to our camp when a wild "*yahoo*" through the woods hastened us. While we were at the Big Chute, half-breed boys had come with the horse and car to convey our traps across, and they shouted that the last steamer on Lake Winnipeg for the season was leaving Grand Rapids in an hour. A moment later we had jumped in the canoe, which was strapped on the tram-car, with half a dozen half-breed urchins holding it steady on each side. The old white horse took us down the steep slope at a bump and a canter close on the heels of a rabbit that persisted in loping through the twilight just in front of us, to the screaming delight of the boys.

I think we were fairly well content to leave the Big Chute for the next trip. As it was, the winds tied us up on the little fishing steamer for a week coming down the lake.

The end of the trip—the first railway built in America, at Grand Rapids, Lake Winnipeg.

For a century the Hudson's Bay Company has maintained here a little tramway to convey canoes and cargoes past the last rapids to the lake. Our escorts are little Indian and halfbreed boys.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XIII

THE LADY OF THE VIOLETS

HAVING decided that Mrs. Kale's did not present the best advantages, I determined to move to more suitable quarters. I chose a boarding-house, partly by accident and partly because it was in a semi-fashionable quarter which I liked, and I paid Mrs. Starling, the landlady, two weeks' board in advance, so as to have that long a lease at any rate, and a point from which to take my bearings. I had just forty dollars left, and fifteen of that was borrowed next day by a fellow-boarder named Pushkin, who occupied the big front room adjoining my little back-hall room, and who had "forgotten to draw any money out of bank," he said, but would "return it the next day at dinner time," a matter he also forgot. I was particularly struck with him not because he had a title and was much kotowed to by our landlady and her boarders—especially the ladies, as because I recalled his name in juxtaposition with Miss Leigh's in the Byzantine account of the ball the night after I arrived.

I was now ensconced in a little pigeonhole of an office in a big building near the court house, where, with a table, two chairs, and a dozen books, I had opened what I called my "law office," without a client or an acquaintance.

I found the old principle on which I had been reared set at naught, and that life in its entirety was a vast struggle based on selfishness.

I was happy enough at first, and it was well I was. It was a long time before I was happy again. Having in mind Miss Leigh, I wrote and secured a few letters of introduction; but they were from people who did not care anything for me to people who did not care anything about them—semi-fashionable folk, mainly known in social circles, and I had no money to throw away on society. One, indeed, a friend of mine had gotten for me from Mr. Poole to a man of high standing both in business and social circles, the president of a trust company, with which, as I learned later, Mr. Poole had some connection. This gentleman's name was Leigh, and I wondered if he was the same person who had been posted by Kalendar at the head of my story of the delayed train. I thought of presenting the letter. It, however, was so guarded that I thought it would not do me the least good, and, besides I did not wish to owe anything to Lilian Poole's father, for I felt sure his influence had always been against me, and I was still too sore to be willing to accept a favor at his hands.

It was well I did not present it, for Mr. Poole had written a private letter restricting the former letter to mere social purposes, and had intimated that I had been a failure in my profession and was inclined to speculate. This character he had obtained, as I subsequently learned, from Peck.

The new life with which I was confronted had a singular effect on me. I was accustomed to a life where every one knew me and I knew, if not every one, at least something good or bad about every one.

Here I might have committed anything short of murder or suicide without comment, and might have committed both without any one outside of the reporters and the police and Dix caring a straw about it.

I felt peculiarly lonely because I was inclined to be social and preferred to associate with the first man I met on the street to being alone. In fact, I have always accounted it one of my chief blessings that I could find pleasure and entertainment for a half-hour in the company of any man in the world except a fool or a man of fashion, as the old writers used to speak

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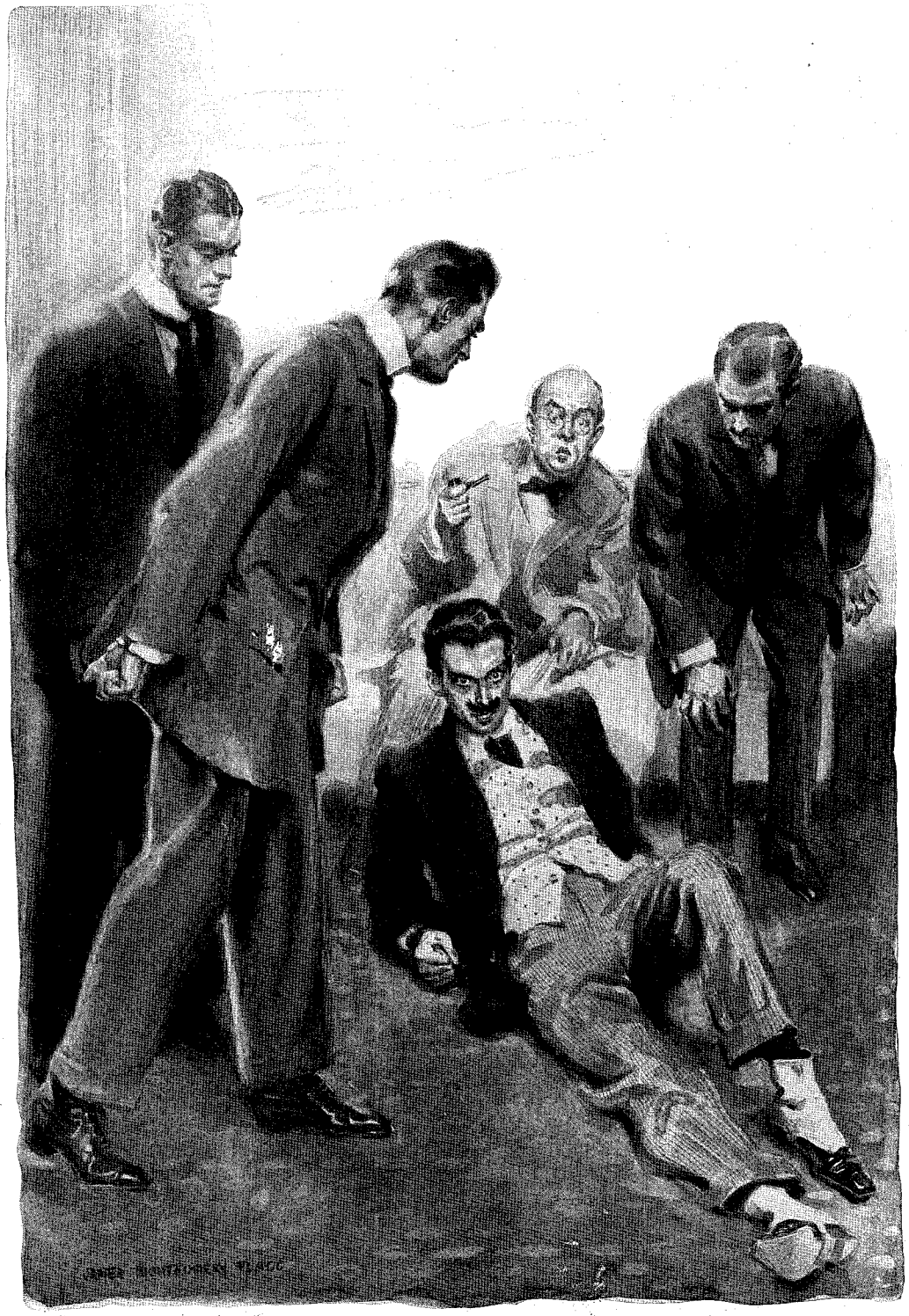

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Get up," I said, "and apologize to these gentlemen and to me."—Page 481.

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of them, or as we call them now, members of the smart set.

The first things that struck me as I stepped out into the thronged streets of the city were the throngs that hurried, hurried, hurried along, like a torrent pouring through a defile, never stopping nor pausing—only flowing on, intent on but one thing—getting along. Their faces, undistinguished and indistinquishable in the crowd, were not eager, but anxious. It was the bourgeoisie at flood, strong, turgid, and in mass, ponderant; but inextinguishably common. As I stood among them, yet not of them, I could but remark how like they were in mass and how not merely all distinction but all individuality perished in the mixing. I recalled a speech that my father had once made. "I prefer countrymen," he said, "to city men. The latter are as like as their coats. The ready-made-clothing house is a great civilizer, but also a great leveler. Like the common school of which you boast, it may uplift the mass, but it destroys all distinction."

This came home to me now.

I had a proof of its truth, and, I may add, of the effect of urban influences not long after I launched on the restless sea of city life. I was passing one day along a street filled with houses, some much finer than others, when my way was blocked by a child's funeral in front of a small but neat house beside one much more pretentious. The white hearse stood at the door and the little white coffin with a few flowers on it was just about to be borne out as I came up. A child's funeral has always appealed to me peculiarly. It seems so sad to have died on the threshold before even opening the door. It appeared to me suddenly to have brought me near to my kind. And I stopped in front of the adjoining house to wait till the sorrowing little cortege had entered the carriage which followed behind the hearse. A number of other persons had done the same thing. At this moment, the door of the larger house next door opened, and a woman, youngish and well-dressed, appeared and stood on her steps waiting for her carriage which stood at some little distance.

As I was standing near her, I turned and asked her in an undertone:

"Can you tell me whose funeral this is?"

"No, I cannot," she said, so sharply that I took a good look at her as she stood trying to button a tight glove.

"Oh! I thought, perhaps, you knew as they are your next-door neighbors."

"Well, I do not. It's no concern of mine," she said shortly. She beckoned to her carriage across the way. The coachman who had been looking at the funeral caught sight of her and with a start wheeled his horses around to draw up. The number of persons, however, who had stopped like myself prevented his coming up to her door, which appeared to annoy the lady.

"Can't you move these people on?" she demanded angrily of a stout officer who stood like the rest of us, looking on.

"It's a funeral," he said briefly.

"Well, I know it is. I don't expect you to interfere with that. It's these idlers and curiosity mongers who block the way that I want moved to clear a way for my carriage. And if you can't do it, I'll ask Mr. McSheen to put a man on this beat who can. As it happens I am going there now."

"Let that carriage come up here, will you?" said the officer without changing his expression. "Drive up, lad," he beckoned to the coachman who came as near as he could.

"To Mrs. McSheen's," said the lady in a voice evidently intended for the officer to hear, "and next time, don't stand across the street staring at what you have no business with, but keep your eyes open so that you won't keep me waiting half an hour beckoning to you." She entered the carriage and drove off, making a new attack on her glove to close it over a pudgy wrist. I glanced at the coachman as she closed the door and I saw an angry gleam flash in his eye. And when I turned to the officer he was following the carriage with a look of hate. I suddenly felt drawn to them both, and the old fight between the People and the Bourgeoisie suddenly took shape before me, and I found where my sympathies lay. At this moment the officer turned and I caught his eye and held it. It was hard and angry at first, but as he gave me a keen second glance he saw something in my face and his eye softened.

"Who is Mr. McSheen?" I asked.

"The next mayor," he said briefly.

"Oh!" I took out my card under an impulse and scribbled my office address on

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it and handed it to him. "If you have any trouble about this let me know."

He took it and turning it slowly gazed at it, at first with a puzzled look. Then as he saw the address his expression changed. He opened his coat and put it carefully in his pocket.

"Thank you, sir," he said finally.

I had begun with high hopes. It was ever my nature to be hopeful, being healthy and strong and in the prime of vigorous youth. I was always rich when at my poorest, only my heavy freighted ship had not come in. I knew that though the larder was lean and storms were beating furiously off the coast, somewhere, beating her way against the contrary winds, the argosy was slowly making headway, and some day I should find her moored beside my pier and see her stores unladen at my feet. The stress and storm of the struggle were not unwelcome to me. I was always a good fighter when aroused; but I was lazy and too indolent to get aroused. Now, however, I was wide awake. The greatness of the city stirred my pulses. Its blackness and its force aroused my sleeping powers, and as I stepped into the surf and felt the rush of the tides as they swept about and by me, I felt as a fair swimmer might who steps for the first time in a fierce current and feels it clutch his limbs and draw him in. I was not afraid, only awakened and alive to the struggle before me, and my senses thrilled as I plunged and rose to catch my breath and face the vast unknown. Later on I found that the chief danger I had not counted on: the benumbing of the senses, the slow process under which spirit, energy, courage and even hope finally die.

One who has never had the experience of starting in a big city alone, without a connection of any kind, cannot conceive what it means: the loneliness—utter as in a desert—the waiting—the terrible waiting—being obliged to sit day after day and just wait for business to come, watching your small funds ooze out drop by drop, seeing men pass your door and enter others' offices and never one turn in yours, till your spirit sinks lower and lower and your heart dies within you. One who has not felt it does not know what it is to be out of work and not able to get it. The rich and fat and sleek—the safe and secure—what know they of want! Want, not of money, but of work: the only capital of the honest and industrious poor! It is the spectre that ever haunts the poor. It makes the world look as though the whole system of society were out of joint—as if all men were in conspiracy against you—as if God had forgotten you. This bitter knowledge I came to learn day after day till I almost grew to hate mankind. The next step is war against society. Not all who wage it hate the men they fight. It is the cause they hate. There I sat day after day, full of hope and eagerness and —now that my conceit was somewhat knocked out of me—with not only abundant ability, but the stern resolve to transact any business which might be entrusted to me, and just rotted to despair. No wonder men go to the devil, and enlist to fight the whole establishment of organized society. I almost went. When I look back at it now it seems like a miracle that I did not go wholly. I found that the old principles on which I had been reared were set at naught. I saw lawyers doing what I had always been taught and had held only shysters would do: advertizing themselves; soliciting practice, stirring up litigation, playing on the vilest passions of humanity, and making money by it; winning, too, advancement, and if not honor, power and honor's counterfeit—place. Pride saved me. It survived long after hope died. Sometimes, I even thought of the pistol I had in my trunk. But I had made up my mind to live and win. There, too, came in Pride. I could not bear to think of Lilian Poole and Peck. How she would congratulate herself and how Peck would gloat! No, I could not give him that satisfaction. Peck did me a good turn there. A strong enmity, well based, is not always without good results; but Peck should not smear my memory with pretended pity. So I starved, but held on. When I got so that I could endure it no longer, I used to go out and walk up and down the streets—sometimes the fashionable streets—and look at the handsome residences and the fine carriages flashing by and the handsomely dressed people passing, and recall that I was as good as they—in my heart, I thought, better. Some of them with kind faces I used to fancy my friends; but that they did not know I was in town. This conceit helped me. And sometimes I used to fancy that I lived in a particular house, and

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owned a particular team: thus living for a brief moment like a child in "making pictures." A house is sometimes personal and well-nigh human to me. It appears to have qualities almost human and to express them on its face: kindness, hostility, arrogance, breadth or narrowness, and brutal selfishness are often graven on its front. I have often felt that I could tell from the outside of a house the characteristics of the people within. Arrogance, ignorance, want of tact, pretentiousness and display, spoke from every massy doorway and gaudy decoration with a loudness which would have shocked a savage. This being so, what characters some of the wealthy people of our cities must have! It must be one of the compensations of the poor that the houses of the rich are often so hideous and unhomelike.

The mansion I selected finally as mine was a light stone mansion, simple in its style, but charming in its proportions; not one of the largest, but certainly one of the prettiest in the whole city. Amid a waste of splendid vulgarity it was almost perfect in its harmonious architectural design and lines, and had a sunny, homelike look. It stood in an ample lot with sun and air all around it, and grass and flowers about it. Our fathers used to say, "seated," which has a more established and restful sound. Its stable was set back some distance behind and a little to one side, so that I could see that it was of the same stone with the mansion and just enough of the same general style to indicate that it belonged to the mansion, and the teams that came out of it were the nattiest and daintiest in the city.

One day as I was walking, trying to divert myself from my loneliness, a brougham rolled out of this stable with a pair of airy, prancing bays, shining like satin, and drew up to the carriage-block a little before me, and a young lady came out of the house as I passed by. My heart gave a leap, for it was the girl I had seen on the train. I took her in, rather than scanned her as she tripped down the stone steps, and she glanced at me for a second as if she thought I might be an acquaintance. She was one of the loveliest looking young women I had ever laid eyes on: her trim, slim figure, exquisitely dressed, in the quietest way; soft, living brown hair, brushed back from a white, broad forehead; beautiful speaking eyes under nearly straight brows; and a mouth neither too big for beauty nor too small for character—just fine; all set off by a big, black hat with rich plumes that made a background for what I thought the loveliest face I had ever seen.

Something pleasant had evidently just happened within; for she came out of the door smiling, and I observed at the same moment her eyes and her dimples. I wondered that people did not always smile: that smile suddenly lit up everything for me. I forgot my loneliness, my want of success, myself. Her hands were full of parcels as she came down the steps, and just as I passed the wind lifted the paper from one—a bunch of flowers, and in trying to recover it she dropped another and it rolled down to my feet. I picked it up and handed it to her. It was a ball, one of those big, squashy, rubber balls with painted rings around it, that are given to small boys because they cannot do anything with them. She thanked me sweetly and was turning to her carriage, when under a sudden impulse, I stepped to the door, just as I should have done at home, and, lifting my hat, said, "I beg your pardon, but mayn't I open your door for you?"

She bowed, looking, perhaps, just the least shade surprised. But, having handed her in, I was afraid of embarrassing her, and was backing away and passing on when she thanked me again very graciously. Again I lifted my hat and again got a look into her deep eyes. As the carriage rolled off, she was leaning back in it, and I felt her eyes upon me from under the shade of that big hat with a pleasant look, but I had assumed an unconscious air, and even stopped and picked up, as though carelessly, a couple of violets she had dropped as she crossed the sidewalk; and after a sniff of their odor, dropped them into my pocket-book, because they reminded me of the past and because I hated to see them lie on the hard pavement to be crushed by passing feet. The book was empty enough otherwise, but somehow I did not mind it so much after the violets were there.

"Who lives in that house?" I asked of an officer.

"Mr. Leigh, the banker and big street-car man—runs all the lines out that way—all the Argand estate don't run," he added.

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He waved his arm to include a circle that might take in half the town or half the world. "The big house in the middle of the block is Mrs. Argand's—the Argand estate, you know? Everybody knows the Argand estate?" I did not; but I did not care, I knew all I wanted to know—I knew who Miss Leigh was. I reflected with some concern that this was the name of the vice-president of the Railway whom I had attacked and of the man to whom Mr. Poole's perfunctory letter was addressed. I went back to my office in better spirits, and, having no brief to work on, even wrote a poem about them—about her leaving a track of violets behind her.

I was drawn to that street a number of times afterward, but I saw her no more.

I don't believe that love often comes at first sight; but that it may come thus, or at least, at second sight, I have my own case to prove. It may be that my empty heart, bruised and lonely in that great city, was waiting with open door for any guest bold enough to walk in and claim possession. It may be that that young lady with her pleasant smile, her high-bred face and kindly air, crossing my path in that stranger-thronged wilderness, was led by Providence; it may be that her grace and charm were those I had pictured long and but now found. However it was, I went home in love with an ideal whose outward semblance was the girl with the children's toys, truly in love with her. And the vision of Lilian Poole never again came to me in any guise that could discomfort me. From this time the vision that haunted me and led me on was of a girl who dimpled as she smiled and dropped her violets. The picture of Lilian Poole, standing by the marble mantel in her plush-upholstered parlor, adjusting her bracelet so as to set off her not too small wrist, while I faced my fate, flitted before my mind, but she was a ghost to me, and my heart warmed as I thought of the lady of the violets and the children's toys.

XIV

THE SHADOW OF SHAM

I SOON changed back to my first boarding-house. After my two weeks were out for which I had prepaid, I went to my landlady, Mrs. Starling, a tall, thin woman with high cheek bones, a cold eye and a close mouth, and told her frankly I could not pay any more in advance, and that, though I would certainly pay her within a short time, it might not be convenient for me to pay her by the week, and I left it with her whether she would keep me on these terms. She did not hesitate a second. Her first duty was to herself and family, she said, by which she meant her daughter, "Miss Starling," as she always spoke of her, but whom the irreverent portion of the boarders whom I associated with always spoke of as "Birdy," a young woman who dressed much in yellow, perhaps because it matched her blondined hair, played vehemently on the piano, and entertained the young men who boarded there. "Besides," she "wanted the room for a dressing-room for a gentleman who wished a whole suite," she added, with what I thought a little undue stress on the word "gentleman," as the "gentleman" in question was the person who had borrowed my money from me and never returned it: Count Pushkin, who occupied the big room next my little one. He had, as I learned, cut quite a dash in town for a while, living at one of the most fashionable hotels, and driving a cart and tandem, and paying assiduous attention to a young heiress in the city, daughter of a manufacturer and street-car magnate; but latterly he had taken a room at Mrs. Starling's, "in order," he gave out, "that he might be quiet for a time," as a duke or duchess or something—I am not sure he did not say a king—who was his relative, had died in Europe. He had taken the greater part of the boarding-house by storm, for he was a tall, showy-looking fellow, and would have been handsome but for a hard and shifty eye. And I found myself in a pitiful minority in my aversion to him, which, however, after a while, gained some recruits among the young men, one of them, my young reporter, Kalender, who had moved there from Mrs. Kale's.

The boarding-house keeper's daughter was desperately in love with Pushkin, and, with her mother's able assistance, was making a dead set for him, which partiality the count was using for what it was worth, hardly attempting meantime to disguise his amusement at them. He sang enough to be passable, though his voice was, like his eye, hard and cold; and he used to sing

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duets with Miss Starling: the method by which, according to a vivacious young Jew, named Isadore Ringarten, who lived in the house, he paid his board. I never knew how he acquired his information, but he was positive.

"I wish," said Isadore, "I could pay my board in vind—vith a little song. Now, I can sing so the Count he would give me all he is vorth to sing so like I sing; but I am not a count—efen on this side."

However this was, Pushkin paid the girl enough attention to turn the poor thing's head, and made her treat harshly my reporter, Kalender, who was deeply in love with her, and spent all his salary on her for flowers, and lavished theatre tickets on her.

The evening before I left I had to call Pushkin down, who had been drinking a little, and I must say, when I called, he came promptly. It was after dinner in "the smoking room," as the apartment was called, and he began to ridicule poor Victoria cruelly, saying she had told him her hair was yellow like that of the girls of his own country, and he had told her, no, that her's was natural, while theirs was always dyed, and she swallowed it.

"She is in loaf mit me. She swallow whatefer I gif her—" he laughed. The others laughed, too. But I did not. I thought of Lilian Poole and Peck. Perhaps, I was thinking of my money, and I know I thought of the account of the ball which took place the day I arrived. I told him what I thought of his ridiculing a girl he flattered so to her face. He turned on me, his eyes snapping, his face flushed, but his manner cool and his voice level.

"Ha-ah! Are you in loaf mit her, too, like poor Kalender, who spent all hees moneys on her, and what she laugh at to make me amused. I gif her to you, den. I too not want her—I haf had her, you can take her."

He made a gesture as if tossing something contemptuously into my arms, and put his cigarette back in his teeth and drew a long breath. There were none but men present, and some of them had stopped laughing and were looking grave.

"No, I am not in love with her," I said quietly, standing up. "I only will not allow you to speak so of any lady in my presence—that is all." I was thinking of a girl who lived in a sunny house, and had once taken a lot of little dirty-faced children to feed them, and once had smiled into my eyes. I was perfectly calm in my manner and my face had whitened, and he mistook it, for he blurted out:

"Oh! I vill nod? I vill nod speaks in your presence. You vill gif me one little lesson? You who know te vorl so vell. I tank you, Millot!"

He bowed low before me, spreading out his arms, and some of the others tittered. It encouraged him and he straightened up and stepped in front of me.

"I vill tell you vat I vill does," he proceeded. "I vill say vat I tam please before you about anybodies." He paused and cast about for something which would prove his boast. "Tere is nod a woman in tis town or in America, py tam! that vill nod gif herself to fon title—to me if I hax her, and say, 'tank you, Count.' Ha, ah?" He bent his body forward and stuck his face almost into mine with a gesture as insulting as he could make it, and as I stepped back a pace to get a firm stand, he stuck out his tongue and wagged his head in derision. The next second he had turned almost a somersault. I had taken boxing lessons since Wolffert thrashed me. I saw the bottom of his boots. He was at precisely the right distance for me and I caught him fairly in the mouth. His head struck the floor and he lay so still that for a few moments I thought I had killed him. But after a little he came to and began to rise.

"Get up," I said, "and apologize to these gentlemen and to me." I caught him and dragged him to his feet and faced him around.

"You haf insulted me. I vill see about tis," he spluttered, turning away. But I caught him with a grip on his shoulder and steadied him. The others were all on my side now; but I did not see them, I saw only him.

"Apologize, or I will fling you out of the window." He apologized.

The affair passed. The Count explained his bruises by some story that he had been run down by a bicycle, to which I learned he afterward added a little fiction about having stopped a runaway and having saved some one. But I had left before this little touch occurred to him. Mrs. Starling

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must have had some idea of the collision, though not of the original cause; for she was very decided in the expression of her wishes to have possession of "the dressing room" that night for the "gentleman," and I yielded possession.

The curious thing about it was that one reason I could not pay Mrs. Starling again in advance was that he still had my money which he had borrowed the day after I had arrived.

From Mrs. Starling's I went back to my old boarding-house, kept by Mrs. Kale, as a much cheaper one, in a much poorer neighborhood, where I was not asked to pay in advance, but paid at the end of the month by pawning my scarf-pins and shirt studs, and gradually everything else I had.

I was brought up to go to church, my people having all been earnest Christians and devoted church people; but in my college years I had gone through the usual conceited phase of callow agnosticism; and partly from this intellectual juvenile disease and partly from self-indulgence, I had allowed the habit to drop into desuetude, and later, during my first years at the bar, I had been gradually dropping it altogether. My conscience, however, was never quite easy about it. My mother used to say that the promise as to training up a child in the way he should go was not to be fulfilled in youth, but in age, and as my years advanced, I began to find that the training of childhood counted for more and more. Lilian Poole, however, had no more religion than a cat. She wished to be comfortable and to follow the general habit of the feline class to which she belonged. She went to the Episcopal Church because it was fashionable, and whenever she had half an excuse, she stayed away from church unless it were on a new-bonnet Sunday, like Easter or some such an occasion, when she made up by the lowness of her genuflexions and the apparent devoutness of her demeanor for all omissions. I must confess that I was very easily influenced by her at that time, and was quite as ready to absent myself from church as she was, though I should have had a much deeper feeling for her if she had not violated what I esteemed a canon of life, that women, at least, should profess religion, and if she had not pretended to have questionings herself as to matters as far beyond her intellect as the Copernican system or Kepler's laws. I remember quoting to her once Dr. Johnson's reply to Boswell, when the latter asked if Poole, the actor, were not an atheist: "Yes, sir, as a dog is an atheist; he has not thought on the matter at all."

"Dr. Samuel Johnson?" she asked. "You mean the one who wrote the Dictionary?" and I saw that she was so pleased with her literary knowledge in knowing his name that she never gave a thought to the matter that we were discussing, so let it drop.

As David said, that in his trouble he called upon the Lord, so now, in my solitude and poverty and downheartedness, I began once more to think on serious things, and when Sunday came I would dress up and go to church, partly in obedience to the feeling I speak of, and partly to be associated with people well dressed and good mannered, or passably so. The church I selected was a large stone edifice, St. ———'s, with a gilded cross on its somewhat stumpy spire, toward which I saw a richly clad congregation wending their way Sunday morning.

The rector, as was stated in gilded letters on a large sign, was the Rev. Dr. Bartholomew Capon. I cannot say that the congregation were especially refined looking or particularly cordial; in fact, they were very far from cordial, and the solemn verger to whom I spoke, after turning a deaf ear to my request for a seat, took occasion, as soon as he had bowed and scraped a richly dressed, stout lady up the aisle, to look me over on the sly, not omitting my shoes, before he allowed me to take a seat in one of the rear pews.

The preacher—"The Rector," as he spoke of himself in the notices, when he occasionally waived the rather frequent first personal pronoun—was a middle-aged gentleman with a florid complexion, a sonorous voice, a comfortable round person, and fair hands of which he was far from ashamed; for he had what, but for my reverence for the cloth, I should call a trick of using his hand with a voluminous, fine cambric handkerchief held loosely in it. His face was self-contained rather than strong, and handsome rather than pleasing. He was so good-looking that it set me on reflecting what relation looks bear to the rectorship of large and fashionable churches;

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for, as I recalled it, nearly all the rectors of such churches were men of looks, and it came to me that when Sir Roger de Coverley requested his old college friend to send him down a chaplain, he desired him to find out a man rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man who knew something of backgammon. His sermon was altogether a secondary consideration, for he could always read one of the Bishop of St. Asaph's or Dr. South's or Dr. Tillotson's. Possibly it is something of the same feeling that subordinates the sermons to the looks of rectors of fashionable churches. However, I did not have long to reflect on that idea, for my thoughts were given a new and permanently different, not to say pleasanter, direction, by the sudden appearance of a trim figure, clad in a gray suit and large gray hat, which, as it moved up the aisle, quite eclipsed for me "the priest and all the people." I was struck, first, by the easy grace with which the young girl moved. But, before she had turned into her pew and I caught sight of her face under the large hat which had hidden it, I knew it was my young lady, Miss Leigh, whom I had helped up on the train and afterward into her carriage. It is not too much to say that the Rev. Dr. Capon secured that moment a new permanent member of his congregation. Before the service was over, however, I had been solemnized by her simple and unaffected devoutness, and when, in one of the chants, I caught a clear liquid note perfectly sweet and birdlike, I felt as though I had made a new and charming discovery.

The rector gave a number of notices from which I felt the church must be one of the great forces of the city for work among the poor, yet, when I glanced around, I could not see a poor person in the pews except myself and two old ladies in rusty black, who had been seated near the door. I was struck by the interest shown in the notices by my young lady of the large hat, from whose shapely little head with its well coiled brown hair my eyes did not long stray.

"I have," he said, "in addition to the notable work already mentioned, carried on, through my assistant in charge, the work of St. Andrew's chapel with gratifying success. This work has reached, and I am glad to be able to say, is reaching more than ever before, the great ignorant class that swarms in our midst, and exhibits a tendency to unrest that is most disturbing. This is the class which causes most of the uneasiness felt in the minds of the thoughtful."

I observed that he did not mention the name of "the assistant in charge," and my sympathy rather went out to the nameless priest, doing his work without the reward of even being mentioned.

As to the sermon, I can only say that it was twenty minutes long, and appeared aimed exclusively at the sins of Esau (whom I had always esteemed a rather decent sort of fellow), and David, than at those of the doctor's congregation, whom he appeared to have a higher opinion of than of the Patriarchs. I recall the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." He made it very plain that to be pious and prudent was the best way to secure wealth. He held up a worldly motive and guaranteed a worldly reward. Such a sermon as that would have eased the most uneasy conscience in Christendom.

When the congregation came out I dawdled in the aisle until my young lady passed, when I feasted my eyes on her face and finely curved cheek, straight nose, and soft eyes veiled under their long lashes. My two old ladies in black were waiting in the end of a pew and, as I observed by their smiles when she approached, waiting like myself to see her. I had already recognized them as the old ladies of the bundles, whom I had once helped on the street. How I envied them the smile and cordial greeting they received in return! I made the observation then, which I have often had confirmed since, that tenderness to the aged, like that to the very young, is the mark of a gentle nature.

I heard them say, "We know who has done the work out at the Chapel," and she replied, "Oh! no, you must not think that. My poor work has been nothing. Your friend has done it all, and I think that the doctor ought to have said so," to which they assented warmly, and I did the same, though I did not know their friend's name.

As I had nowhere to go in particular, I walked slowly up the street, and then walked back again. And as I neared the

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church, I met the rector who had just left his robing-room. He was a fine-looking man on the street as well as in the chancel, and I was prompted to speak to him, and say that I had just heard him preach. He was, however, too impatient at my accosting him and so manifestly suspicious that I quickly regretted my impulse. His, "Well, what is it?" was so prompt on his lips and his suspicion of me was so clear in his cold, bluish eyes, that I drew myself up and replied: "Oh! nothing. I was just going to say that I had just heard you preach—that's all."

"Oh! Ah! Well, I'm much obliged. I'm very glad if I've helped you." He pulled out his watch.

"Helped me! You haven't." I said drily and turned away.

A quarter of an hour later, as I strolled along the street lonely and forlorn, I saw him hurrying up the steps of the large house which had been pointed out to me as Mr. Argand's, the great philanthropist.

XV

A STEP DOWN

I BELIEVE Mrs. Kale would have let me stay on free almost indefinitely; for she was a kind-hearted soul, much imposed on by her boarders. But I had been playing the gentleman there, and I could not bring myself to come down in her esteem. I really did not know whether I should be able to continue to pay her; so when my time was up, I moved again, to my landlady's great surprise, and she thought me stuck up and ungrateful, and was a little hurt over it, when, in fact, I only did not want to cheat her, and was moving out to the poorest part of the city, to a little house on which I had observed, one afternoon during one of my strolls, the notice of a room for rent at a dollar a week. I think a rose-bush carefully trained over the door decided me to take it. It gave me a bit of home-feeling. The violet, of course, is in color and delicacy the half ethereal emblem of the tenderest sentiment of the heart. "The violets all withered when my father died," sighed poor Ophelia. And next to them a rose-bush, growing in the sun and dew, has ever stood for me for the purest sentiment that the heart can hold.

I heard shortly afterward of the engagement of Miss Lilian Poole to the man she used to laugh at; but after a single wave of mortification that Peck should have won where I had lost, I did not mind it. I went out to look at the sunny house with the trees and the rose-bushes about it and wonder how I could meet Miss Leigh.

As I saw more of the city, its vastness, its might and its inhumanity grew on me. It was a world in itself, a world constructed on lines as different from that I had known as if it had been Mars; a city as different from the smaller cities I had known as if it had been Babylon or Nineveh. The contrasts were as great as they could have been in the capitals Sardanapalus built—structures so vast that they must have dwarfed the towers of Sardis—so rich and splendid that the Hanging Gardens of Babylon must have been outshone—reared their stupendous bulk into the smoky air and cast into perpetual shade all that lay near them. Hard beside their towering mass lay a region filled with the wretched tenements of the poor, and a little further off the houses of the well-to-do. And there was not a greater contrast between the vastness of the one and the pitiful squalor of the other than between the life of the owners of the former and that of the denizens of the closely packed tenements which dwindled in their shadow. Richness and squalor were divided often only by a brick wall. The roar of the tide that swept through the teeming streets drowned the cry of wretchedness, and only the wretched knew how loud it was. I had never seen such wealth, and I had never dreamed of such poverty.

The vulgar make the parade; the refined pass so quietly as scarcely to be observed. The vulgarity of the display of riches began to oppress me. I discovered later the great store of refinement, goodness and sweetness that was hidden in the homes alike of an element of the wealthy, the merely well-to-do and the poor. But for a time it was all eclipsed by the glare of the vulgar and irresponsible rich. Arrogance, discontent, hardness, vulgarity, were stamped in many faces, and spoke in every movement of many of those I saw, even of the most richly dressed.

I think it was more the vulgarity and insolence of those I saw decked in the regalia of wealth than anything else—than even

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my own poverty—that changed my views and turned me for a time from my easy indifference as to social conditions toward a recognition that those conditions are ridiculously antiquated, a bent I have never quite got over, though I was later drawn back to a more conservative point of view than, under the hatred of sham and the spur of want, I was driven to occupy for some time. They have no traditions and no ideals. They know no standard but wealth, and possess no ability to display it but through parade. They feel it necessary to prove their novel position by continual assertion. They think that wealth has exempted them from decency. They mistake civility for servility and rudeness for gentility. Their best effort is only a counterfeit, a poor imitation of what they imagine to be the manners of the upper class abroad whose manners they ape.

"Misery loves company," and when I wanted comfort I left the section of splendor and display, of riotous extravagance and glittering wealth, and went to those poorer than myself; a practice I can commend from experience.

When I got so desperate that I could not stand it any longer, and was afraid I might fall down dead or do myself violence, I used to turn my steps in another direction and walk through the poorer part of the city—not the worst part—where there was nothing but dirt and squalor and filth: that sickened me, and I had never had much sympathy with the class that lived there. They always appeared contented enough with their surroundings and rather to enjoy themselves in their own way. And not the successful workman's quarter. There was an assurance and assumption there that offended me. The assumption bred of sudden success, no matter in what class, is everywhere equally vulgar after its kind. It was the part of the city where the people were respectable, but where they could just hold on with all their struggling and striving, that I used to go into; the part where there were patches, not rags; and sometimes an effort to keep down the dirt, and where a bit of a plant in a little pot or a little cheap ornament in a window told of the spark of sentiment that could yet live amid the poverty and hardness about it. They always place them in the windows, partly, no doubt, to get the light, and partly, perhaps, to show passers-by that there is something within better than might be looked for next door. These people on their holidays always make toward the open country; they try to get away from their robuster, more successful brothers, and get back near to Nature—the old mother that cares nothing for success; and repays only according to the love her children bear her. Here I often walked as I grew more wretched.

In this section I used to see people with whom I felt in touch: a man with the badgered look in his eye that made me know that he was at bay; or a woman with that resigned air which hopeless struggling stamps in the face and binds on the shoulders. These drew me nearer to my kind, and made me feel that there were others in a harder case than I, and gave me a desire to help them. I came to know some of them by sight and the houses in which they lived, and sometimes I spoke to them and exchanged a word or two, and the effort to take a cheerful view with them helped me, and sent me back to my little lonely cubby-hole cheered and in some sort comforted and resolute to hold out a little longer. But it was hungry work.

Day after day I saw my last few dollars leak off, and, though I replenished my thin purse at times by pawning everything pawnable I had, yet this, too, gradually oozed away. Fortunately, I had plenty of clothes which I had bought in my flush days, so I could still make a respectable appearance.

As money got low all sorts of schemes used to present themselves to me to replenish my pocket. One was to go out as a laborer on the streets, clean bricks, or do anything. I was not lazy. I would have walked around the world for a case. I do not think I was ashamed of it, for I knew it was respectable, but I was afraid some one I knew might pass by; I was afraid that Pushkin or Mrs. Starling might see me, and yes, that that young girl from the colonial house might recognize me. I had often thought of her violets since I had dropped them into my pocketbook. And now, when this idea came to me, I took them out and looked at them. They still retained a faint fragrance. What would be the result if she should pass by and see me cleaning bricks—me a laboror, and Pushkin—the thoughts came to-

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gether—should see me? I would win on my own line if it took me all my life.

The idea of Pushkin suggested another plan. Why not gamble? Gambling was gentlemanly—at least, gentlemen gambled. But did they play for a living? I had gambled a little myself in the past; played poker, and, like most men, prided myself on my game, though I generally lost in the long run; and when I was making good resolutions after my failure, I had made up my mind never to play again anywhere. And I had always held to the opinion that, as soon as a man played for his living, he crossed the line and ceased to be a gentleman. Now, however, it began to appear to me as if this were the only plan by which I could make anything, and as if I should have a good excuse for breaking my resolution. I resisted the temptation for some time; but one night, when I had pawned nearly everything and had only three dollars left, I went out, and after a long but half-hearted battle gave up, as such are always lost, and turned into a street near my office where I knew there was a gambling place over the saloon kept by Mick Raffity. I went boldly up the stairs. Even as I mounted them I felt a sort of exhilaration. I stopped at the door and my old resolution not to play again stirred and struggled a little. I caught it, however, with a sort of grip almost physical, and gave it a shake till it was quiet. I knew I should win. The blaze of light within cheered me, and, without hesitating an instant, I walked across the room to where a crowd stood watching the play of some one seated at a table. It was a large and richly decorated room, with a few rather daring pictures on the walls and much gilding about the ceiling. The hot air, heavy with tobacco smoke and fumes of one kind and another, met me in a blast as I entered, and involuntarily I thought of a sweat shop I had once seen in my earlier days. But the sensation passed and left me warm and exhilarated. As I passed along a man looked at me and half nodded. I knew he was the proprietor. I made my way in and caught the dealer's expressionless eye, and taking out a note as carelessly as if my pockets were stuffed with them, I glanced over the board to select my bet. At one end of the table sat the large, heavy-browed, middle-aged man I had run into one night on the stairway leading from the alley to the building where I had my office. He was somewhat tipsy and evidently in bad luck; for he was heated and was betting wildly. Near by sat a big, sour-looking fellow, flashily dressed, whom I recognized as having been one of my fellow-travellers on the side-tracked train, the one who had talked to the trainmen of their wrongs. He still wore his paste diamonds, his silk hat and patent leather shoes. But I took little notice of these. Casually, as I dropped my note, my eye fell on the player at the middle of the table. He was surrounded by stacks of chips. As I looked he raked in a new pile; at least, a hundred dollars, and he never changed a particle. He was calmer than the dealer before him. He was in evening dress and success had given him quite an air. I caught up my note without knowing it and fell back behind a group of young men who had just come up. Curious things happen sometimes. I found my note doubled up in my hand when I had got out of doors, a quarter of an hour later. All I remember is my revulsion at seeing that gambler sitting there raking in money so calmly, with my money for his stake in his pocket, and I turned out for him: an adventurer who said all American women were at his bidding. It recalled to me the girl I had seen on the train and had handed, later, into her carriage, and the good resoultions I had formed. And it strung me up like wine. I felt that I was a coward to have come there and as bad as Pushkin.

Just as I turned to leave the place a party of young fellows entered the room. They had just come from a dinner at Mr. Leigh's, as I understood from their talk, and were "going on" to a dance unless the luck should run to suit them. They were in high spirits. "Mr. Leigh's champagne" having done its work, and they were evidently habitués of the place, and good patrons, I judged from the obsequious respect paid them by the attendants. The leader of them was a large, rather good-looking young fellow, but with marks of dissipation on a face without a line of refinement in it. The others all seemed to be his followers. They greeted familiarly and by name the eager attendants who rushed forward to take their coats, and the leader asked them casually who was in to-night.

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"The Count's here, I think, sir," said one whom they called Billy.

"The Count! Coll McSheen's staked him again," said the young leader. "And he swore to me he'd never let him have another cent, with oaths enough to damn him deeper than he will be damned anyhow. Come on, I'll skin him clean."

I lingered for a moment to see him "skin" Pushkin.

They sauntered up to the table and, after a greeting to the Count, began to toss bills on the board as though they grew on trees. The least of them would have kept me going for months. I had never seen money handled so before and it staggered me.

"Who is that young man?" I asked of a man near me, nodding toward the leader. "He must be pretty rich."

"Rich! You bet. He's Jim Canter. Got all his daddy's money and going to get all the Argand and Leigh piles some day. He'll need it, too," added my informant.

"I should think so." I recalled his name in connection with Miss Leigh's name in the account of the ball, and I was feeling a little bitter.

"Why, he'd just as lief try to corner water as to bet a hundred dollar bill on a card. This is just play to him. He'd give all he'd win to-night to any one of his women."

"His women?"

"Yes. He's one of the real upper class."

My soul revolted at the thought of this man standing as the type of our upper class, and I was turning away when Pushkin shoved back his chair. As I turned he looked up and I saw him start, though I did not catch his glance. The dealer saw him, too, and as he looked at me I caught his eye. He motioned to me, but I took no notice. As I walked out the man near the door spoke to me.

"There's supper in the next room."

"Thank you. I don't want it."

"Come in again. Better luck to-morrow."

"For you, I hope," I said, and I saw his mystification.

I had of late been having an uncomfortable thought which was beginning to worry me. The idea of doing away with myself had suggested itself to me from time to time. I do not mean that I ever thought I should really do it; for when I reflected seriously, I knew I should not. In the first place, I was afraid; and in the next place, I never gave up the belief that I should some day achieve success. But the idea would come up to me and now began to pester me. I had a pistol which I could never bring myself to pawn, though nearly everything else was pledged. I put the pistol away; but this did not help matters; it looked like cowardice. So that evening I had taken the pistol out and put it into my pocket when I went into the street. If I could only catch some burglar breaking into a bank, or some ruffian beating a woman, or some scoundrel committing any crime, it would attract attention, and I might get work. I often used to think thus, but nothing ever happened, and I knew nothing would happen that evening when I walked out of the gambling house. So presently the pistol began to be in my way, and my mind went to working again on the ease with which I could go to my office and lock myself in. Still I kept on, and presently I found myself near the river, a black stream that I had often thought of as the Styx. It was as black and silent now, as it slipped on in the darkness, as the River of Death.

I was sauntering along, chewing the cud of fancy, wholly bitter—and sinking lower and lower every step in the slough of despond, working over what would come if I should suddenly chuck up the whole business and get out of life—pondering how I should destroy all marks by which there could be any possibility of identification, when the current of my thoughts, if that moody train of dismal reflection could be dignified with such a name, was turned aside by a very small incident. As I wandered on in the darkness, a figure of a woman standing in the shadow at a corner of an alley arrested my attention. Even in the gloom the attitude of dejection was such as to strike me, and I saw or felt, I know not which, that her eyes were on me, and that in some dim, distant way they contained an appeal. I saw that she was young, and in the dusk the oval outline of a face that might have both refinement and beauty challenged my attention. Was she a beggar or only an unhappy outcast, waiting in the darkness for the sad reward which evil chance might fling to her wretchedness? I put my hand in my pocket, thinking that

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she might beg of me, and I would give her a small portion of my slender store, but she said nothing and I passed on. After a little, however, still thinking of her dejected air and with a sudden sympathy for her wretchedness, I turned back. She was still standing where I left her. I passed slowly by her, but she said nothing, though I felt again that her eyes were on me. Then my curiosity, or possibly, I may say, my interest, being aroused, I turned again and walked by her.

"Why so sad to-night?" I said, with words which might have been flippant, but in a tone which she instantly recognized for sympathy. She turned half away and said nothing and I stood silent watching her, for her face must once have been almost beautiful, though it was now sadly marred, and an ugly scar across her eye and cheek, as if it might have come from the slash of a razor, made that side drawn and distorted.

"Do you want money?"

She slowly shook her head without looking at me.

"What is it, then? Maybe I can help you?"

She turned slowly and looked at me with such indescribable hopelessness in her face that my heart went out to her.

"No, I'm past help now."

"Oh, no, you're not." My spirits rose with the words, and I felt suddenly as if I had risen out of the slough which had been drawing me down until it had almost overwhelmed me, and as though I had gotten my feet on a firm place where I could reach out a hand to help this despairing and sinking sister.

"Yes, past help now."

"Come and walk with me." And as she did not stir, I took her hand and drew it through my arm and gently led her forward along the street. I had a strange feeling as I walked along. I somehow felt as though I had escaped from something which had been dragging me down. It was a strange walk and a strange and tragic story that she told me; of having left her home in the country, inspired by the desire to do something and be something more than she was, a simple farmer's daughter, in another State with some little education such as the country schools could give; of having secured a position in a big shop where, for a small sum, she worked all day and learned to see and love fine clothes and beautiful things; of having fallen in with one or two gay companions in this and other shops who wore the fine clothes and had the beautiful things she admired; of having been put forward because she was pretty and polite; and then of having met a young man, well dressed and with fine manners; of having fallen in love with him and of having accepted his attentions and his gifts; and then, of having been led astray by him; and then of such an act of base betrayal as, had I not had it substantiated afterward in every horrid detail, I should never have believed. I had known something of the wickedness of men and the evil of an uncontrolled life in the city, where the vilest passions of the heart are given play, but I had never dreamed of anything so revolting as the story this girl told me that night. She had been deliberately and with malice aforethought lured not only to her destruction but to a life of slavery so vile as to be unbelievable. The man who had secured her heart used his power over her to seize and sell her into a slavery for which there is no name which could be used on the printed page. Here, stricken by the horror of her situation, she had attempted to escape from her captors, but had been bodily beaten into submission. Then she had made a wild dash for liberty and had been seized and slashed with a knife until she fell under her wounds and her life was in imminent danger.

From this time she gave up and became the slave of the woman of the house: "Smooth Ally," she said they called her; but she would not give me her name or her address. She would have her killed, she feared, if she did so. Here she gradually had yielded to her fate and had lived in company with her other slaves, some willing, some as unwilling as herself, until finally her place was needed for one more useful to her owner, when she had been handed on from one owner to another, always sinking in the scale lower and lower, until at last she had been turned into the street with her choice limited only to the river or the gutter. Long before she had finished her story I had made up my mind that life still held for me something which I might do, however poor and useless I knew myself to be. The only person I could think of who

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might help her was Miss Leigh. How could I reach her? Could I write her of this poor creature? She could not go back to her home, she said, for she knew that they had heard of her life, and they were "good and Christian people." She used to write to and hear from them, but it had been two years and more since she had written or heard now. Still she gave me what she said was her father's address in another State, and I told her I would find out how they felt about her and would let her know. I gave her a part of what I had. It was very little, and I have often wished since then that I had had the courage to give her all.

I was walking on with her, trying to think of some place where she might find a shelter and be taken care of until her friends could be informed where she was, when, in one of the streets in front of a barroom, we heard mingled laughter and singing and found a group of young men, ruffians and loafers, standing on the sidewalk, laughing at the singers who stood in the street. As we drew near, I saw that the latter were a small group of the Salvation Army, and it appeared to me a providence. Here were some who might help her. At the moment that we approached they ended the dirge-like hymn they had been singing, and kneeling down in the street one of them offered a prayer, after which a woman handed around something like a tambourine, asking for a collection. The jeers that she encountered might have daunted a much bolder spirit than mine, and as each man either put in or pretended to put something in, one a cent, another a button or a cigarette-stump, she responded, "Thank you and God bless you." I was ashamed to make an appeal to them there for the poor girl, so I walked with her a little further on and waited until the blue-clad detachment came along and their tormentors retired to warm themselves, without and within, in the saloon in front of which they had been standing. I accosted the woman who had taken up the collection and asked her if she could take care of a poor girl who needed help badly, and I was struck by the kindness with which she turned and, after a moment's glance, held out her hand to the girl.

"Come with us," she said, "and we will take you where you will find friends."

Even then the young woman appeared too frightened to accept her invitation. She clung to me and seemed to rely upon me, asking me to go with her, but partly from shame and partly from what may possibly have been a better motive, I told her my way led elsewhere, and, after persuasion, she went with the Salvationists.

(To be continued.)

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THE SLEEPERS

By James B. Kenyon

Do they whisper in the dark,
  And to one another call
Through the perfumed hush, nor mark
  Time's remote processional?

Wrapt in silence, do they hear
  Green things growing overhead—
Silver tinklings, thin and clear,
  Where the brook slants o'er its bed?

Do they never seek to rise
  From the clods about them pressed,
Love's old hunger in their eyes,
  Love's old ardors in their breast?

When each new spring brings again
  Gush of song and flush of bloom,
And the warm breath of the rain
  Blown through aisles of verdurous gloom—

When the twilights ebb and flow,
  And through evening dews and musk
Violet shadows come and go
  Round young lovers in the dusk—

Feel they not the kindling blood
  In their dead veins stir and leap,
And old longings, like a flood,
  Through their troubled quiet sweep?

Or, when winter days are drear,
  And o'er many a sparkling roof
Curls the smoke of household cheer,
  Of love's vestal flame the proof—

When through purple shades of night,
  Past the wind-swept, snowy wood,
Winks the watched-for windowed light,
  Star of love's solicitude—

Then do rumors and desires,
  Borne through death's unsunned eclipse,
In them wake the ancient fires?
  Dreams of lips upon their lips?

Groping touch of babes that roves
  O'er the bosom's throbbing swell?
Children's laughter in the groves?
  Twinkling footsteps in the dell?

All the fond, far plaintive things
  Vanished with the vanished years—
Bring these no dear comfortings?
  In the dust no healing tears?

And when summer days are long,
  And the bees drone in the flowers,
And the pewits lift their song,
  Iterant through sunlit hours;

From the mossy woodpaths where
  Youth pursued, 'mid trailing boughs,
Rosy shapes with streaming hair
  Sidewise blown from ivory brows;

See they not in signals mute
  Lifted hands that gleam and wave,
While the riotous currents shoot
  Through the frost-bands of the grave?

Barefoot milkmaids as they pass
  Singing to the vocal morn;
Shining fruit in orchard grass;
  Sickles flashing 'mid the corn;

Yule-logs blazing on the hearth;
  Smiles and kindly speech of men;
All the homely ways of earth—
  Yearn they not for these again?

Or, pavilioned round with sleep,
  Missing naught that they forego,
Do they lie content to keep
  Secrets that we do not know?

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ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN

"TO announce too much of what one means to do is the best way not to do it at all," says Talleyrand. We all know how dangerous it is to promise pleasure to others from what has pleased us. Our dearest friend may seem but a dull dog to the stranger to whom we introduce him. The book, the play, the picture, the tour in a new country, the hotel in which we have been comfortable, all these we may praise to another, and he only finds them commonplace or positively disagreeable.

There are, however, two things that I dare announce to the traveller as superlatively beautiful. If he be disappointed the fault is his, and not my praise of them. The pictures of Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid, and an English country landscape in May, surpass any possible preliminary praise of them. You may announce what you will, but the reality still surpasses the promise.

Twenty miles out of London, and the sun is shining, and the train glides along with green fields, hedges of hawthorn, trees blossoming on every side. England looks to be the huge well-cared-for farm of a Crœsus. The absence of much sunlight, so distressing to the American in London, is an advantage now. True, the country is an old country, and had been ploughed and planted and harrowed for close on to a thousand years before America was even discovered. This gives the country-side a mellowness and well-groomed look, and the vaporous sunlight softens all the outlines, hides the harsh features, and gives the landscape the dreamy, far-away, misty loveliness of a mirage. Just now the fields that are not brown, having been turned up for sowing, are of a delicate green, and hundreds of sheep and lambs scurry about as the train flies by. If I were an Englishman, it seems to me that I should grow positively thirsty for this scene if I were long away from it. There seem to be no angles; field melts into field, and hedge into hedge, with here and there a ribbon of road which seems to join rather than to separate them. The houses, big and little, are all of brick or stone and have the advantage of lending their interstices to ivy and climbing roses, and the older they are the softer the color and outline. Houses of wood look to be dishevelled and shabby as they grow old, while brick and stone are the more dignified the older they grow.

I believe it is true that the midlands of England are as fertile and easily cultivated as any similar number of acres in the world, and to the eye of the traveller they seem so.

But where are all the people? Did we leave them all in London, and Oxford, and Worcester, and Birmingham? All through the afternoon and into the early evening we travel, and I could have counted more houses, certainly more sheep, than men and women from the carriage window. It may be a holiday, it may be the day's work is finished, it may be that the laborers, slow-moving, and sombrely clad in grays and browns, are not so distinctly seen in this soft light. In any case, it seems as though one might step out and take possession of as much of this lovely country as one cared to, and this adds still another quality to the charm. There is solitude without loneliness. It is so well cared for, so gentle and cultivated in appearance, that one feels the centuries of human toil, the intimate companionship of men, but without their interruption.

England is London says one, England is Parliament says another, England is the Empire says still another; but if I be not much mistaken, this stretch of green fields, these hills and valleys, these hedges and fruit trees, this soft landscape, is the England men love. In India and Canada and Australia, in their ships at sea, in their

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knots of soldiery all over the world, Englishmen must close their eyes at times, and when they do they see these fields green and brown, these hedges dusted with the soft snow of blossoms, these houses hung with roses and ivy, and when the eyes open they are moist with these memories. The pioneer, the sailor, the soldier, the colonist, may fight, and struggle, and suffer, and proclaim his pride in his new home, in his new possessions, but these are the love of a wife, of children, of friends; that other is the love, with its touch of adoration, that is not less, nor more, but still different, that mysterious mingling of care for, and awe of, the one who brought you into the world.

This is the England, I take it, that makes one feel his duty to be his religion, and the England that every American comes to as to a shrine. When this is sunk in the sea, or trampled over by a host of invading Germans, or mauled into bankruptcy by pandering politicians and sour socialists, one of the most delightful spots in the whole world will have been lost; and no artist will ever be able to paint such a picture again, for nowhere else is there just this texture of canvas, just this quality of pigment, just these fifteen centuries of atmosphere.

One cannot describe every country town in England, so I have chosen the one I love best. If it is more beautiful than other country towns, if I am partial, even prejudiced, in regard to it, so much the better. Criticism seldom errs too much on the kindly side.

This particular town had a castle, built by no less a person than a daughter of the great King Alfred, who led his Saxon neighbors in driving off the Danes. This town had a charter granted to it by the King three hundred years before Columbus sailed into the west. It is an old town even for England; its hoary antiquity drifts out beyond the harbor of American imagination into an unknown sea. To an American it is almost too old to be true. One might as well say in an Oklahoma village that Adam lived here! At such a distance of time years are too indistinct to be worth numbering. The town hall stood in the main street (and still stands there) when the *Mayflower* set sail, and one of the local inns was an old established hostelry before we made our first noise in the world, taking pot-shots at the redcoats near Lexington. The members of one family represented the town in Parliament for several centuries, and the old corn-mill dates back almost to the days of Charlemagne.

In a wholesome old age the features, the speech, the manners, the opinions soften; thus a gentle old lady has a charm that no youthful maiden, be she ever so beautiful, can rival. As for men, I wonder that any woman is willing to marry a man under forty. So it is with a town. Not Time itself can ever console us for the lack of this long vista back through the centuries. Neither dollars nor energy can manufacture mellowness.

There is no lack of manuals, documents and erudite treatises on the economic, political, religious and social life of England. The student need only look through the catalogue of any large library to find data for the support of his theories, or theories with which to confirm his data. But when all is known that has been written on the laws and traditions and customs that influence the life of a nation, there still remains the peculiar atmosphere, the social climate, that thermometers and barometers can only register; they can no more describe them than a box of colors can paint a picture. This must be acknowledged in describing an English country town.

Given the differences between a republic and a monarchy; between a new country and an old country; a country where there are still millions of acres of unoccupied land, and a country where the land is in the hands of a comparatively few landlords; a country that has had free education ever since it was settled, and a country where education was for centuries considered undesirable, or at any rate, unnecessary, for the masses; a nation where distinctions of class are recognized in the constitution itself, and a country where no such distinctions, political or social, are generally accepted; and even then there are still differences which cannot be tagged with names, but which are plants centuries old, and having qualities not to be analyzed, qualities like those of old pictures or old wines, born of age.

The moment the stranger puts questions to his neighbor in this English town—a town, I may say in passing, of about six thousand inhabitants—the first differences

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discover themselves. The Englishman of Northbridge in England does not know as much, nor does he take as much interest in the affairs of his town, as does the American of Bear's Cove, Massachusetts. The whole machinery of local government, until very lately, was based upon traditions, the origins of which are only known to the antiquary or the student. In England laws are almost always the outgrowth of custom and tradition; in America the laws were made brand-new for a particular purpose, easily recognizable by the least profound observer. In England the laws of the land are helped out by the fact that the same customs and habits which made the laws also made the man who obeys them, and he wears them like a well-worn suit of clothes. In America the man made the laws, and feels rather superior to them, as one might feel toward clothes not altogether comfortable in their fit. This is part of the secret of the law-abidingness of the Englishman and the American tendency to law-defyingness. It is not strange then that the American knows more about the affairs of his town than does the Englishman. One would naturally be better informed about one's own children than about one's ancestors.

In England, too, the people have not had the franchise long, and consequently the masses are not yet accustomed to feel, or to take upon themselves, much political responsibility. The middle and lower classes are only just beginning to question the political and social *status quo*. For centuries it has not occurred to them that things could be other than they are. "It has always been so" has been until lately the stupefying reason for letting things alone. America, on the contrary, was born of revolt against the political, social and religious *status quo*, and England was left for two hundred years more of "it has always been so," when her rebellious ones sailed away to Virginia and Massachusetts.

In America, politics ranks as one of the domestic virtues; in England politics has been, and is largely even now, the obligatory occupation of the few who can afford it, though this state of things is rapidly changing in both town and country since the widening of the franchise and the passing of the Corporation Act. In America it may almost be set down as an incontrovertible proposition that no man of Lord Rosebery's wealth and social position, for example, could be elected President of the United States. In England until the last few years no man could have hoped to succeed in politics without a private income; in America nothing is such an awkward handicap as great wealth, while if part of this wealth were spent in the innocent recreation of keeping a racing-stable, political preferment would be absolutely prohibited. The English people as a whole still look to wealth and position to govern them, while in America the people are still jealous, not to say unreasonably suspicious, of wealth and power.

These are the larger, the enveloping reasons why the American in his country town takes more interest in its political affairs than does the Englishman in his. The Englishman's town was made for him, and the centuries have swathed it in customs that are almost sacred. The American's town he made himself, and he looks upon it not as a graven image, but as a model of clay that may be often and easily altered without sacrilege and probably with advantage.

The country town in England serves as well to exploit all these national differences as though it were England under a microscope. The classes are as distinctly marked as though they wore uniforms. At the base of the social pyramid are the agricultural laborers earning from $2.50 to $3.25 a week; fifty per cent. of the laborers in England earn twenty-five shillings a week or less. A fact worth remembering when we revise our tariff! Then the farm servants and house servants of the small gentry, earning, the men from $90 to $250 a year, the women from $60 to $125 a year; then the shopkeepers and their assistants and employees; then the richer merchants, and mill or factory owners, and ranking with them the local professional men, lawyers, doctors, Dissenting ministers, land agents, and the like; next come the gentlemen farmers and landed proprietors, and the clergy of the Church of England; and finally the county gentlemen and the neighboring nobility, with the lord lieutenant of the county, often a great noble, as the official and political apex.

The manufacturer, mill-owner and the like receives of course both social and official recognition according to his success

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and his wealth. As we have noted elsewhere, the successful brewer or manufacturer often crowns his career by being made a peer, when he leaves his own class and enters another. The same is true of the great lawyer, the successful politician, and so on. I may be mistaken, but I believe the physician is the only representative of success in the professions who thus far has failed to reach the dignity of the peerage.

In the New England town I have in mind—and very proud I am to keep it in my memory—of about the same size and relative importance as the English town I am describing, the governor of the State, who happens to live there, and the cashier of the local bank, and the shopkeeper, if he chance to be an interesting companion on account of his antiquarian knowledge, and the editor of the small local newspaper, if he be of intelligent proportions, would meet at one another's houses, if their common tastes made it agreeable. But it would be considered the height of social glory in this English town should a shopkeeper, no matter how big the shop, or a bank cashier, no matter what his erudition, or even a physician or small solicitor, or small factory proprietor, find himself on equal terms at the table of one of the county nobility, much more at the table of the lord lieutenant of the county, except on some occasion of a formal function. Though the lord lieutenant of the county is usually a man of rank, he may be in no sense superior in social weight to other nobles in the county; for the time being he outranks them by right of his office.

If you cannot be a duke with a large rent-roll in England, by all means be an agreeable American, for to one and the other all doors are open. You dine with all classes, and all are willing to dine with you. No one is jealous of you, no one envious; no one suspects you of pride or vainglory, because, being a sovereign yourself, you are equally at home with sovereigns or with the people abroad. No one else can have the inestimable privilege of warm friendships with all classes, and consequently an intimate knowledge of the ways of life, of men and women of every social grade.

Just as the wages are smaller, so the salaries and incomes are smaller among these people than with us. The largest house in the town, built of brick, with garden, greenhouse and small stable, and containing rooms ample for the accommodation of a family of six, keeping a governess and seven servants, keeping two horses and doing a fair amount of entertaining, such an establishment as this can be kept going, without painstaking economy, on an income of $6,000 or $7,000 a year. In no place in America would the upkeep of a similar establishment for such a sum be humanly possible. In the first place, the governess and seven servants would require in wages $2,500 a year, while a similar staff in England would cost somewhere in the vicinity of $900 a year. This particular house was in the town itself, and was far more comfortable than the majority of the houses in the town. People with an average income of from one thousand to three thousand dollars a year live in far more convenient houses in America than in England. The matter of water, heat, lighting, suitable kitchens and laundries, is insisted upon with us, and is lacking to an appalling extent in English country or even town houses, and also in the more pretentious country houses themselves. The houses of the poorer classes, laborers, clerks, servants and the like, are mere boxes, with none of the conveniences to which Americans even of the poorer classes are accustomed. Hundreds of thousands of Americans live in houses admirably equipped as to bathrooms, lighting and heating conveniences and the like, where hundreds are thus housed in England. Indeed, America is in a class quite by herself, so far as mechanical contrivances for personal comfort are concerned, as compared with England, or any other country in the world. The average level of comfort is far higher than anywhere else, whatever may be said as to the satisfaction of the rarer and more luxurious and more refined demands of the more cultivated. At any rate, America is easily chief among dwelling-places where mediocrity has nearest approached to its millennium. Rent, clothes, service, wines, beer, spirits, tobacco, all are cheaper in the English than in the American town, and prices of meats, vegetables, bread, butter, poultry, eggs, much the same. In this particular town in Shropshire, however, the beef and mutton, though costing about the

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same amount, or a little less, per pound, are very much better than in a similar town in Massachusetts—are of as fine a quality, indeed, as the very best beef and mutton served in the best hotels and restaurants in New York. As you walk through the covered outer entrance to the door of the local inn, you may taste the preliminary joys of the carnivorous gastronome, for there are hanging the joints of beef and mutton, the beef getting that black-purple look which promises tenderness, and at dinner the visual promise is kept to the full. There is no such mutton in the world as a Welsh sheep fattened on the luscious grass of these hills and valleys.

"The mountain sheep were sweeter
But the valley sheep were fatter
So we thought it would be meeter
To carry off the latter."

But in the sheep from Wales fattened here one has both the sweet and the fat. Alas! the preparation of food in this town, as in all others I know, and in London itself, except where foreign cooks and foreign methods are used, is by no means equal in quality to the materials provided. The only thing that can be said in praise of English cookery is, that one is never tempted to eat too much! It satisfies legitimate hunger amply, but is never a temptation to gormandizing. With all these fertile fields, it is a ceaseless source of wonder to the traveller that England should have nothing but potatoes and cabbage and sea-kale and vegetable marrow, day after day and year in and year out, and import millions of pounds' worth of eggs—some of them from as far away as Russia—butter, cheese, poultry, salads and small vegetables. On the other hand, the home-cured ham and bacon, at my friend's house in a neighboring county, his beef and his mutton, and his famous band of sturdy children, make one pause to remember that by their fruits ye shall know them. To those who have enough of bread, and beer, and beef, and bacon, and plain vegetables, and to boot plenty of outdoor exercise and a somewhat varied social life, this diet is evidently well suited. These English, Scotch and Irish men and women of the well-fed and well-cared-for classes are the sturdiest of the human race. No doubt my own experience is that of others, that you can bear more physical fatigue on this diet, and in this climate, than in America. The hard work of shooting over dogs in Scotland, of four and sometimes five days a week hunting in Ireland, can be kept up for weeks on end, with only a pleasurable sense of fatigue; while in our electrical climate, I am personally, at least, able to do only, say, two-thirds as much. Our athletic performances bear me out in this assertion. At the hundred yards, the two hundred and twenty, and quarter-mile, at the high jump and other contests where rapidity and tremendous momentary exertion are required, we beat the English; while at the mile, three miles, and other tests of endurance rather than speed, they beat us.

Probably the most noticeable difference between two such towns, the one in America, the other in England, is the entire absence of foreigners in the latter. In the house I know best at home, out of a staff of some ten or more people, only one is an American, and he is the gardener, and in all the fundamentals he is a gentleman if there ever was one. The others are from Ireland, England, Sweden and France; France, of course, supplying the lady governess. But here in the English town they are all English. In America the rough work of the laborer is all done by the foreigners, the servants are all foreigners, the common schools are filled with foreigners, the paupers are practically all foreigners. I have lived in America in the South, and West, and East for many years, and I puzzle my brains and prod my memory but I cannot recall that I have ever come in contact with an American pauper, though I know of course that there must be such. This must account for the fact that pauperism seems to be taken so much more for granted in England than in America. On Saturday, April 11, 1908, there were nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons receiving indoor and outdoor relief in London alone, and they were practically all English. One feels differently perhaps about being a pauper if other paupers are of one's own breed; so, too, one feels differently about helping them. They are a recognized class in England, but no American, despite the distress, vagabondage and poverty in our great cities, has taught himself to accept pauperism as a necessary condition of masses of his own race, and as a necessary tax upon the State. There are

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hundreds of towns all over America where a confirmed and recognized pauper would be as great a curiosity as the man skeleton or the fat woman of a travelling circus. I question if this be true of any single town in England.

On the other hand, this fact of the homogeneity of the race makes for mutual understanding and solidarity. In spite of the social gradations we have noted, the common grounds of intercourse are nowhere so many as here: witness the cricket, the hunting field; the dog and horse and agricultural and flower shows; the friendly and even confidential relations between the landowner and his farmers, bailiffs, woodsmen, trainers, jockeys, huntsmen, and so on. There are no false distinctions, only real distinctions, so the English claim, and no one but a fool or an ape cares to break them down. On ground where men can meet without self-consciousness, they do meet; but why should men who meet because they play cricket, or ride to hounds, or breed dogs, or love flowers, wish to meet in the drawing-room, or at the dinner-table, where they have not the same experience, the same opportunities, or common tastes?

Nowhere do men of sympathetic interests meet more often and more easily, without thought of social distinctions, than here, and no doubt this is due to the fact that differences of social rank are fixed, and universally recognized and accepted. The general understanding of this rather paradoxical social situation, and the smoothness with which social life moves, is due again to this fact that they are all English. This is a key to the understanding of one another, which, while it defies analysis, must be recognized as important. Peoples who speak a different language never fully understand one another, and even when they speak the same language, as in the case of the Americans and the English, they constantly fail to see eye to eye to one another. We give the same words a different shade of meaning, just as we give them a different intonation. These people all of one race, from highest to lowest, master and man, have an advantage of mutual understanding, and a kind of taciturn sympathy with one another, that are priceless in solving many of their problems.

The very machinery of government in the town itself runs more easily for this fact. Going from small to great, the Parish is the smallest unit in England, having a Parish Council, or, if very small, a Parish Meeting. Groups of Parishes form the Union, the Union being the unit for the administration of the Poor-Law. Unions again, where a Borough is concerned, are divided into "Borough" and "District," *i e.* Town and Country. Their respective Councils deal with roads, sanitary matters, etc., etc. Groups of Unions form the County, which deals with main roads, education, lunatics, and so on. In some cases a Union is partly in one County and partly in another, then it is divided for County purposes.

The English town of Northbridge is governed as to water, lighting, roads, sanitary matters, and the like, by a Mayor, and Town Council, over which he presides. The Town Councillors are elected by the voters of the Borough, who consist of all property-owners, practically all occupiers of any taxable property, and lodgers who pay a certain specified sum for their lodgings. Even the sons in a family, twenty-one years of age or over, and living at home, must become lodgers in their own homes, they must have rooms of their own in the house, which they may lock up against their parents, and they must, as has been said, pay a certain sum therefor, viz., ten pounds unfurnished, to entitle them to vote. Women, too, may vote for the Councillors, but not for Parliamentary candidates. Married women may not vote, and other women, spinsters and widows, must be property-owners, or lodgers paying a certain sum, and coming under the same rules as to their right to vote as men. This privilege is exercised in certain places, and in certain political crises appealing particularly to women very largely, in other places and at other times scarcely at all. It is not a matter that can be settled by giving figures, since the numbers differ widely. In New Zealand, where the women may vote, but where they have not been obliged to fight for the privilege, they care very little for it, and seldom exercise their right. To what extent the novelty of the franchise may influence the women voters in England it is as yet too early to decide. For the moment it is evident that the majority make comparatively little use of their right to the ballot. At this present

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writing there are 1,141 women on Boards of Guardians, 2 on Urban District Councils, 146 on Rural District Councils and 615 on Education Committees. The Councillors elect so many Aldermen, and from their own number the Aldermen and Councillors elect the Mayor. In the case of Northbridge, the town is divided into wards for the purposes of elections, but this is not so in all towns. When a Town Councillor is elected an Alderman, it creates a vacancy in his ward, and there follows another election. These elections take place every three years. The Aldermen are elected for six years, and half of them retire every three years. This system, however, only dates from 1882, the year of the passing of the Corporation Act by Parliament.

The Schools are controlled: (1) by Parliament, (2) by the County Council, (3) by local managers. Parliament is represented by the Board of Education, whose inspectors visit and report on all schools, and the government grant of money is paid only to such schools as satisfy the government requirements as to efficiency.

The County Council, through its Education Committee, pays the teachers, fixes their salaries and provides all equipment, such as books, blackboards, furniture, coal and so on. The government grant is paid at the rate of so much per child to the County Council, who make up the deficiency by levying a tax over the whole county. The tax in this particular county in 1907 was, for elementary education five pence halfpenny in the pound, and for secondary education one-half penny in the pound, or, for both taxes, twelve and a half cents on every five dollars.

The local managers are six for each school, divided as follows: four Foundation Managers, appointed under the trust deeds of the several schools; one appointed by the Town Council, and one by the County Council.

In Northbridge there are four schools, though one, the Blue Coat School, a foundation school, is very small and rather an exceptional case. The three schools which practically serve the town are: the school in the Parish of the High Town, the school in the Parish of the Low Town (these are merely geographical distinctions), which are both Church of England schools, and the school of the Roman Catholic Parish. In very many towns there are Council schools directly under popular control, but in Northbridge, which is a stanch Tory town, in a stanch Tory county, there are none.

Practically all of the appointments to the local subordinate offices are made by the Town Council, and are not elective, the auditor being one of the few office-holders who is elective. In the matter of licenses for public houses, a much vexed question just now, the licenses are granted annually by the local justices to old license-holders, but in the case of applications for new licenses, or of a refusal to renew an old one, the local justices refer the matter to the County Justices, or the Court of Quarter Sessions, who deal with such questions through the County Licensing Committee. The local justices also grant licenses for buildings where stage-plays may be acted, and the like.

Justice, in a borough or town like Northbridge, is administered by Borough Justices, who are mostly local tradesmen and professional men; they deal with small offences at Petty Sessions. More serious offences are dealt with at the Borough Quarter Sessions, presided over by a Recorder, who is a barrister and a paid official, with a jury. Still more serious offences are sent up to the County Town, in this instance the Town of Shrewsbury, and tried before a Judge of Assize.

In the County District, the Magistrates as a rule are local gentry. They sit in the town itself for Petty Sessions, and in the County Town for Quarter Sessions, when, in place of a Recorder, they select one of their own number as chairman, who is also unpaid. He is, however, usually a barrister, and I know of one instance where a gentleman studied law merely to fit himself to occupy this position in his own neighborhood creditably. Here again the most serious offenders, as with Borough offenders, are tried at Assizes. The offender himself in some cases may demand to be tried by the higher court. These unpaid magistrates are suggested by the Lord Lieutenant, and appointed by the Lord Chancellor. The Lord Chancellor is an officer of the government which may at the moment be in power, the Lord Lieutenant of the County is not necessarily so. When these gentlemen happen to belong to different

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political parties, it is hinted that the Lord Chancellor sometimes appoints magistrates without consulting the Lord Lieutenant. This is not often done, and the arrangement on the whole works without friction. To be a County Magistrate is the ambition of many men, and the gift of this distinction is rarely if ever mischievously bestowed. It is not supposed to be a question of party politics, but of personal worth, and there is no complaint that the party in power misuses this privilege. These amateur magistrates make mistakes, and Mr. Labouchère and *Truth* devote many paragraphs to their shortcomings, but the system works so well that there are seldom complaints from the class who are judged by them, and over whom they exercise control. It is generally held by those who come before them that more leniency may be expected from these unpaid magistrates than would be shown by paid magistrates.

The clergy of the Church of England are State officials, for marriage and funeral purposes, and, together with the church wardens, control church property. They are also *ex-officio* chairmen of their respective vestries, but vestry meetings nowadays are of historical rather than practical interest. They are often, also, under certain trust deeds, trustees of the schools and Parish charities and not infrequently *ex-officio* chairmen of the Trustees, or School Managers.

The clergy of the time of Swift, Sterne and Addison were not precisely of the gentleman class. They were placed below the salt, and often mated with the upper servants. There seems to be a falling off again now in the quality of the inferior clergy. I know of a neighbor's nursemaid who is engaged to a curate. They no longer occupy the position of influence of half a century ago. This may not be wholly local, for no one can doubt the decreased influence of the clergy of New England in the last fifty years. Up to and during the time of the struggle between North and South in America, the Unitarian of New England, and the Presbyterian and Dutch Reform ministers elsewhere, were not only the moral but the civil leaders of the people. One can count such clergymen now on the fingers of one's hands. Such men as President Eliot of Harvard, ex-President Cleveland, Mr. Joseph Choate, have carried far more weight in their own local affairs and in the country at large, than any clergyman I can mention, unless it be perhaps Bishop Potter, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale when in the full vigor of his powers. It is by no means intended to be inferred from this statement that the bulk of the clergy are not hard-working or without influence. In the country districts they are valuable public servants, and, according to their willingness, lend a hand here, there and everywhere. But, with many exceptions of course, they receive nowadays more of social rank from their position as clergymen than they bring to that position. One often hears the lament that it is not easy to get a curate who is a gentleman—using that word, of course, in its limited technical sense understood in England. The temptation to men of a certain social grade and of moderate abilities to go into the church is of course great, when thereby they can, without much exertion, become members of a profession which gives them a standing that neither their birth nor their intellectual powers would have won for them in any other way. This is true also in America, where there are hundreds of ministers of all denominations who owe their position to their profession and who would at once sink out of sight were they not buoyed up by their profession. Though it is both in England and America the noblest calling of the noble, it is also largely used as a refuge by the incompetent and the contemptible. No man has a right there who is not man enough to hold his own anywhere. There are still examples in England of parsons who are only clergymen in name; men who wear the uniform but who not only hunt, but are masters of packs of foxhounds themselves; men who shoot, and farm, and are what Sydney Smith described as half county squire and half parson, under the name of "Squarsons." One of these died only the other day who had been Master of Hounds for forty years. Such men may say perfunctorily *Benedictus benedicat* before meals, but beyond that their clerical duties are purely formal. This stamp of cleric is dying out, though it may be doubted whether the clerical snob, without public school or university behind him, is an improvement or even an equiva-

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lent. There are men in this English town whose fathers well remember a certain rector who went home from the tap-room of The Swan every Saturday night with his legs in a wabbly state of drunkenness, whatever may have been the condition of his head. That type of man has, of course, disappeared never to return.

The fact that the clergyman is in an independent position as regards his parishioners, since he is not looking to them either for his salary or for retention in his place, gives him a freedom that is valuable. However much of a heretic a man may be, he may admit that the Church of England and the Roman Catholics have much to be said in praise of their adherence to the logically sound arrangement that the preacher and teacher should not be obliged to look directly to those whom he teaches, for his means of subsistence. There are numbers of men whom we all know, both in England and in America, who are entirely unhampered by this awkward relation. On the other hand, what is more contemptible than the position of many ministers who know, and whose flocks know, that they are hanging on to their positions for their daily bread, and who are as fearful of the frown or disapproval of the local knot of richer men in their congregations who bear the bulk of the parish expenses as though they were lean hounds in a kennel?

But whatever their faults, the English clergy do a large amount of detail work that no one else is called upon to do in these country towns and villages. Indeed, the three marked differences between life in an English and an American country town are: the absence of foreigners, the amount of work done by unpaid officials, and the remarkable dulness, awkwardness and inarticulateness of the lower classes. The mental difference between the university-educated gentleman, who is, let us say, a County Magistrate, and the ordinary laborer, is greater, far greater, than between any two Americans in similar positions in an American town.

There has been little or no chance for education. In 1870 the age for compulsory school attendance was fixed at ten; it was raised in 1893 to eleven, and in 1899 to twelve. As late as 1901, out of every ten thousand children attending school, the number who remained after the age of twelve was only 4,900, and in 1906 it was only 5,900. As a test of what boys acquired and remembered after leaving school, the head of a large labor bureau submitted all boys between sixteen and eighteen to a simple examination. They were asked to do some perfectly simple sums, and to copy in their own handwriting a few lines of print. The result showed that one-fourth could write moderately, one-fourth fairly and one-half "wrote in quite a disgraceful manner." As to arithmetic, 10 per cent. answered the two questions, 15 per cent. one of them and 75 per cent. neither of them. Such people must necessarily leave their governing and their guidance in all affairs of importance to others.

One would go far and search long to find a town in Massachusetts without its free public library, and a good one at that. Similar opportunities for reading are almost unknown in the English towns of the type I am describing, and there is little demand for them. Newspapers and magazines are in every house in the American town, but only in a comparatively few families in the English town is there any continued reading of even such ephemeral literature as that.

There has been no opportunity to take any part in political affairs either local or national. The local tap-room is the laborer's only forum, and the fields he cultivates, or the beasts he tends, limit his experience; and as a result the lowest class of laborers in English country neighborhoods, English though they be, are in a condition of intellectual apathy that positively startles the American when he comes in contact with them. In the town in question, with a population slightly over six thousand, there are some nine hundred voters, but there is a surprisingly large number of men of the proper age to vote who are disfranchised by the provisions already mentioned as to financial qualfications. It may surprise American readers to learn that there is a very large male population in England who are still, despite recent reforms, wholly deprived of any participation in government by lack of the necessary financial qualification. In that sense England is very far from being a free country.

As we have noted elsewhere, the total population of England and Wales at the last census (1901) was 32,527,843. Of

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these 15,728,613 were males, and of these again 6,697,075 were males of twenty-one years of age or over. At the elections in 1907 the number of registered electors was: Counties, 3,428,721; Boroughs, 2,553,144; Universities, 19,068, or a total of 6,000,933. There were, therefore, 696,142 males twenty-one years of age and over who were not registered voters. We must, however, add largely to this because the census is of 1901, while the electors are of 1907. No doubt some are not registered through neglect, though very few escape from the fine net drawn through every election district by the professional election agents. It is probably, therefore, not far wrong to say that out of a male population twenty-one years of age and over numbering 7,000,000, 700,000 were not registered as voters, most of them probably because they were not qualified to vote. In the county town of Shrewsbury, for example, with a population of 28,395 at the last census, the number of Parliamentary voters was 4,819, divided as follows: ratepayers, 4,423; lodgers, 164; service, 128; freemen, 104; with 1,301 women entitled to vote for municipal officers. In the last Parliamentary election there actually voted out of the 4,819, 4,350. This does not weigh heavily upon those who are thus deprived of the ballot. They are quite without ambition—this does not refer to factory towns—and of extraordinary mental lethargy. Even their speech is of the guttural, indistinct kind that one usually associates with people partially dumb. Their vocabulary is of the smallest, and their mental pace tortoisian. This appeals to the stranger, the American stranger at least, because he knows no such type among those of his own race at home. Where he meets with stupidity and political disability, it is among the lower class of foreigners, but here are families who have lived side by side perhaps for centuries, the one in the squire's house, the other in the laborer's cottage, yet the difference between them mentally and politically is as was the difference between the Southern planter and the hands in his cotton-fields. There is little fear of exaggerating the opiumonic dulness and apathy among this class, although I appreciate that the Englishman who is accustomed to it may wonder that the stranger finds it so noticeable. It is one of those national traits that the fresh eye and ear must be trusted to describe more accurately than may the eye and ear of the native long accustomed to it. The English rustic of this type is uneducated, inarticulate, inaudible, and grotesquely awkward both mentally and physically. But he has his small political value, for he is always and unalterably for no change! He grumbles, but his grumbling means little, and effects nothing, and plays no more part in the affairs of the world than does an accidental tap on the big drum in the music of an orchestra.

There is a fierce controversy at the date of this writing (1908) over a new Licensing Bill. One sees on every side placards announcing that "Your beer will cost more!" At the same time the bill is called "confiscatory," and that it will ruin the holders of brewery shares is announced. In addition to this it is claimed that it does not promote temperance. I am no political oracle, but he must be dull indeed who can swallow these three statements together, viz., that beer will cost more, that just as much beer will be drunk, and that the breweries will be ruined! The rustic is evidently counted upon not to analyze.

"All still and silent—far and near!
Only the ass with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear."

There is absolutely nothing like him in America, and he must be seen, and heard, and watched in his native lair to be understood or appreciated. He is useful in doing the heavy work of farm and field, but politically and intellectually he is more like one of his string of stout draught-horses than like a modern man of our race. What is steadiness in the upper classes droops into sheer stupidity in the lower classes. It is their apathy that accounts to some extent for the entire lack of feverish excitement over temporary troubles which characterizes us Americans. One would suppose that there were no storms, murders, poisoned food, in this country, while in America we revel in these and other tragedies. Who in America, for example, knows of the Derby pork-pie epidemic in 1902, when two hundred and twenty-one persons were attacked and four died? Who remembers the Manchester arsenical beer episode of 1900, in which over six thousand persons were slowly poisoned?

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In the last annual report of the Local Government Board, which relates to the year 1906–7, it is stated that the number of samples analyzed under the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts in 1906 was 90,504, of which 8,466, or 9.3 per cent., were certified to be adulterated. Who in America knows that? But who in all the world was not made to hear about Chicago's canned beef! Our rustic Englishman even heard those mischievously exaggerated reports from Chicago, and probably thanked God he was not as other men are, as he said grace over his poisoned pie and his arsenical beer. We Americans are accustomed to the exaggerated retailing of our faults and misdeeds even from public men in high places. Our common-school sophisticated people rather enjoy the excitement. They are not educated up to the point of appreciating its immaturity and lack of perspective, but they are wide awake enough to be interested and even stirred by it. In England the mass of people would not be stirred in the least; while the governing class, trained and disciplined, would ignore such exuberance as bad form. It is quite our own fault, and not a matter for surprise, therefore, if, when we are thus advertised, the country people with whom I am now dealing look upon us in America as being an excitable, rather untrustworthy people, holding nothing sacred, and with little personal pride or elevated patriotism.

If there is a difference in the alertness of the people, there is also, it must be admitted, a difference in their leaders, who would, and who do, consider it disgraceful to advertise themselves at the expense of the blunders, or even the sins, of their countrymen.

Though one may look askance at the political and educational condition of this class of the English populace, one can have little but admiration for the thousands of Englishmen who work away year in and year out at the details of local government in England.

The country Towns, Boroughs, and Districts, and Parishes, and all the machinery of their government, are entirely managed by the voluntary labors of those with the wealth, leisure and ability to do so. They sit as Magistrates, they govern the towns as Councillors and Aldermen, they look after the roads, sanitation, water supply, lighting, schools, poorhouses, and are expected by the powers that be in Parliament to put into and keep in working order educational and licensing enactments; and recently, the whole reorganization of the territorial forces, or new Army Bill, and the putting into effect of the Small Holdings Act, are to be largely entrusted to them for their successful operation. That they undertake all these duties, that they do them so well, and with so little—almost no—friction, and with so little dissatisfaction to those whom they thus govern, is, I am inclined to think, the most impressive feature of English life.

They are called "the Great Unpaid," and the name is truthful rather than humorous. They act as local commissioners, known as General or District Commissioners of Taxes, and collect the income tax, while quite independent of party and holding their appointments directly from Parliament. All Justices of the Peace are *ex-officio* commissioners. The land tax is also collected by unpaid commissioners. Of the County Councils having under their control lunatic asylums, bridges, main roads, which are responsible for the county rate, I have written. Chairmen of Quarter Sessions also try all cases not necessarily going before Judges of Assize, and hear appeals from Justices of the Peace at Sessions.

More than a hundred hospitals in London and the country are administered by governors and committees, as are the British Museum, the National and Portrait Galleries and many others.

Royal commissions and departmental committees do an immense amount of work. Lord Beaconsfield said: "The government of this country is considerably carried on by the aid of Royal Commissions. So great is the increase of public business that it would be probably impossible for a Minister to carry on affairs without this assistance." The London County Council demands and, fortunately for the nation, commands the most varied talents for the successful administration of the affairs of London. All of these men are unpaid in money and scarcely even receive very wide recognition, let alone applause. The School Board alone in London spend nearly $18,000,000 a year, and have under their management some 750,000 children

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and 10,000 masters and mistresses. The managers of these schools give their services, and in addition look after the schools of cookery, laundry work, manual training, gymnastics, swimming-schools, home nursing, asylums for the mentally defective, blind-schools, truant-schools, pupil-teachers' schools and so on. No country in the world receives so much and such valuable service from its leisure classes—or rather its upper classes, since many of these men are already professionally engaged, or busy with large private affairs. The large land-holdings, the concentration of wealth, the position and privilege accorded to birth and breeding, are thus in some sort compensated for. The most superficial student realizes that these people would not countenance an idle, or a purely pleasure-loving, aristocracy. Herein lies the secret of the permanence of the English classes in these days of rule by the masses. On the whole, they pay, and pay with strenuous and honest service, for what they receive.

The paper* on "Who are the English?" outlined the historical forces, or genealogy, of this system of unpaid self-government. If the ownership of the land in a few hands, and the aggregation of wealth in a few hands, are evils, this wonderful system of efficient unpaid local government goes some way to palliate them. The saving of expense to the taxpayer must be enormous, and it may well be set down as unquestionably true that the work is far better done than it could be by a paid staff of political servants. Administration, whether at home or abroad, is apparently the birthright of the well-trained Englishman. When one sees at close quarters how admirably he keeps his own house in order, one is the less surprised at his hitherto unparalleled success as a colonizer and administrator in other countries.

The application of law without common-sense results in friction and chicanery unending; while common-sense without law becomes mere paternalism tempered by tyranny. The happy medium is the application of the law by common-sense, and nowhere may this be seen to better advantage than here. Imagine the British Empire administered for a year by Frenchmen! If it were not for the horror of what would follow to innocent people, nothing could be more grotesquely ludicrous. The results to the humorist would be even more illuminating than should the English undertake to do the dressmaking and millinery work of the French. I venture to say that nothing in the whole realm of æstheticism could be more awful than that.

Even so complicated a measure as the new Small Holdings Act, which, roughly described, is a bill to enable persons without land in England and Wales to become possessed of a certain number of acres by proper payments, the land of course to be leased or purchased outright from the larger landowners, has been turned over to the County Councillors to work out. When one realizes the jealousies, and the jobbery, that such a taking and giving of property might entail, one must needs envy in a measure a nation where there is a competent body of unpaid workers willing to undertake so distasteful and so technically difficult a task. This very day there appears in the *Morning Post* the following advertisement:

EMPIRE MOVEMENT

Ladies and Gentlemen of independent means are invited to *offer* their *services gratis* for the promotion of the "Empire Movement" at home and throughout the Empire. No expenses paid. Formation of local permanent Committees, distribution of literature, etc.—Address: Earl of Meath, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

The italics are the letter-writer's.

To what extent this appeal in a morning paper will be answered I have of course no means of knowing, but it is a pertinent and timely proof of what has been said in regard to the faith of the Britisher in the existence and willingness of the unpaid and unprofessional worker to take additional burdens upon his shoulders. At any rate, it will probably result in correspondence for the noble lord that very few men would care to undertake gratuitously. They do not confine their interest and their activities to official matters of administration. In such semi-public matters as hospitals, agricultural and flower shows, cricket and rowing and football, and provident clubs, golf, and here and there polo clubs, they not only support and encourage, but they participate. Their interests of this kind are even greater and more varied than in the public work which is done under the law. It is

*Scribner's Magazine for February, 1909.

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this genuine and wholesome good-fellowship between all classes which tempers the strict social demarcations. There are classes to be sure, but the classes all belong, and take pride in making it evident that they do belong, to one all-powerful class, which is England.

The more prominent one is by birth, wealth or position, the more it is looked upon as incumbent upon such a one to take an active part in local and national affairs. The masses have grown to feel that they can depend upon the classes to lead, and to lead courageously and wisely. Though England has become perhaps more democratic in certain ways, it is still very evident that the Englishman likes a gentleman to lead him. I am told that in the army this is made unmistakably evident. It is not mere snobbery, though there may be a touch of it; but it is the centuries-old instinct of the English to have faith in *noblesse oblige* as a real factor in life.

There died only lately a shy, awkward Englishman, of great name and great estates, to whom it was a kind of torture to speak in public, to whom it meant hours of drudgery to master problems of State. He became the most trusted of English statesmen. When people spoke of "The Duke," it meant the Duke of Devonshire. He was never in the least shifty, or ingratiating, or amenable to even the lofty bribes of office or ambition. He held a brief for England, and made no fuss about it. He was typical of the class which, numbering its thousands far less conspicuous than he, do the work of England because they consider it a duty. When England arrives at her Pass at Thermopylæ, this large class will have to be reckoned with, and I venture to prophesy that there will not be even one left to tell the news, if things go against them.

This sense of duty to England, when exercised by the English abroad, takes on an air of aggressiveness and superciliousness which has often been noted by foreigners. As a matter of fact they are unimaginative administrators, rather than supercilious. They look upon themselves as sentinels of a kind of Anglican Almighty whether at home or abroad, and the stiffness of their deportment should be forgiven them, rather than held up against them. A man who has India at arm's length and Ireland squealing at his feet, must needs be robust and matter-of-fact, rather than nervous and an idealist, if he is to sleep nights. As an example of devotion to duty I cite the case of an English gentleman of comfortable income who, finding when the South African war broke out that he had no military experience, enlisted and went out as a farrier or blacksmith. He had learned horseshoeing as an amusement as a youth, and was, and is, an amateur in gold and silver and iron work. He shod horses until his value for other duties was recognized, and he came home a major, having been twice wounded. What can Ireland, or Germany, or other enemies do against a nation whose gentlemen are made of such stuff as that!

Of the smaller domestic social life in the town itself, the variations are so many that it would be quite impossible to make an inclusive category without weariness to both writer and reader. There are musical and debating and mutual improvement societies, and these are becoming more and more common, and they flourish or not according to the talent available.

One marked difference between the English and the American town is the part played by the local churches in the American towns. They are often the centre of the amusements of the town. Around them grow the literary and musical and even the dramatic clubs. Church "sociables," and picnics, and suppers, are often part of the regular programme of church work. According as the local pastor is energetic and of varied talents, social and literary, these activities flourish. In England this is not the custom. The people in the town itself lunch and dine together, and on a much smaller scale keep the social ball rolling along much the same lines as their wealthier neighbors of greater social position. I well remember my astonishment, at the first dinner given to some ten or a dozen neighbors who had been civil to us, to find in the hall where hats, coats and wraps had been left, various rolls of music of different sizes and descriptions. I hastily informed the hostess of this discovery. Our duty-loving English guests had come prepared to do their share toward the general entertainment after dinner. This was before the days of bridge playing, and what happens now I know not. But at that

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time each one came prepared to sing or play for the edification of the others. Most amateur music in England, as elsewhere, my experience teaches, is not an aid to digestion; and to the ultra-sensitive it may even be a test of patience; but the English are duty-doing rather than artistic, and an amiable host forgets of course certain painful laryngeal exercises in his appreciation of the unselfish desire of a guest to do his, or her, share toward the general entertainment.

The English dinner-party, in the provincial towns and cities at any rate, is a heavy, prolonged and rather lugubrious affair. One feels sometimes as though it would be neither surprising nor inappropriate should one suddenly hear a voice saying: "Brethren, let us pray!" In England, as elsewhere, little people give bad big dinners, and big people give nice little dinners.

It was considered proper in Northbridge to give rather pretentious dinners of many courses, with servants added to the staff for the evening. I have seen on more than one occasion the groom, in livery of belt, breeches and boots, assisting at the service of the dinner. It must be added, however, that the dinners were given apparently as a social duty, and as a return for similar courtesies received during the year, rather than as an attempt at display. It adds something of both ludicrousness and lugubriousness to a dinner to hear the assistant of the local undertaker, who is serving as a waiter for the evening, whisper to your host who has ordered your glass refilled with champagne: "There ain't no more, sir!" Even if one be still thirsty, the incident is forgotten, however, in the knowledge that your host is doing his best in your honor.

There is little exuberance or elasticity in provincial hospitality, though it is as kindly and generous as anywhere in the world. They labor under the disadvantage of certain racial characteristics, which, while they make administrators of the finest quality, do not produce entertainers. I can imagine that the Duke of Devonshire himself was probably not a scintillating host, and no doubt England thanks God that he was not, and with reason.

In the American town that I have in mind as a contrast, there was no attempt, even, by people of similar means and position to live up to any such social standard as that of dinner-giving on any scale whatever.

Strange as it seems, having in mind the smallness geographically of England and the ease with which one may go from place to place, the English town is more an entity and less dependent upon neighboring large towns and cities than is the case in America. The people in Northbridge keep within their own borders more, and depend more upon themselves for such amusements, recreations and social enjoyments as they have, than would hold true of an American town. Here, as elsewhere, they cultivate the faculty of being sufficient unto themselves, and display that resourcefulness in small matters which distinguishes them in large affairs.

Here again, too, their climate influences their way of living. I doubt if there was one man in a hundred in Northbridge, under seventy-five and not a pauper, who was not an active participant in some form of sport—hunting, shooting, cricket, tennis, golf, rowing—and many in addition interesting themselves in the local militia, volunteers or yeomanry. Some part of every day in the year they can be, and are, out of doors. While in Bear's Cove more time is given to, and more interest taken in, novel or reading clubs, in Northbridge outdoor sport claims more time and keener interest. While from the economic point of view it may be regretted that the land is so unequally distributed, from the point of view of the inhabitants of a country town it is a most agreeable and convenient arrangement. The land is all cultivated, and the fields and woods and country lanes are in and of themselves a vast park, open to all so long as there is no disturbance of the game and the cattle. And what a park it is! This soft, dreamy, drowsy, English country-side, in the summer months at least, is the fairest setting in the world for a holiday, and goes far to account for the English love of outdoor life and for many of the differences between an American and an English country town.

Perhaps the main, the fundamental difference between the two is after all that the English, being less imaginative, and with fewer opportunities, and hence with less incentive to change their social or financial status, seem to the American to be more

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contented, more peaceable and calm—the unsympathetic American might phrase it as duller, less enterprising. These country town people are seemingly striving to live as did their fathers and grandfathers; in America the restlessness is the result of the strife on the part of most people to have a portion of the wealth, the good fortune, the opportunities, of their grandchildren. The Englishman looks back for his standard, and makes tradition and precedent serve as guide; the American looks forward, scans eagerly the far horizon of the future, rebels against old customs, against the ways of the grandfathers, scoffs at caution, and lives as much as he can in the future. The Englishman lives upon his income knowing how hard it is to increase his capital; the American all too often lives upon his capital and looks upon the opportunity to participate in the enormous increase of natural wealth of his country as a more or less assured income. The Englishman prosaically tries to live upon what he has; the American lives upon what he thinks he deserves, upon what he expects. One can readily see how this fashions differently the setting of life. The one results in calm, in contentment, or, at any rate, a forced contentment which imitates the reality; the other results in an attitude of expectancy, of constant striving and restless watchfulness. The American even in a country town is surrounded on all sides by the evidences of what twenty-five years of Future have done; the Englishman is surrounded, on the contrary, on all sides by what hundreds of years of Past have done. The American naturally enough leans forward; the Englishman leans back. We all know which is the more alert position of the two, and which is the more restful. The one is trying to keep what he has, the other is trying to wring what he can from the future. The one plays with what he has; the other gambles for what he wants. The one tries to make himself comfortable in last year's nest; the other is looking for the best place to build himself another nest, better and bigger than the old one.

The country town in England and in America differ accordingly. In the one they are making the best of what they have inherited; in the other they are mainly solicitous about what is to come. The house of the Englishman is being mellowed and smoothed down. More vines and roses grow on it every year. The house of the American is in a constant state of repair, of being added to, of being improved. Both to the eye and to all the other senses the one spells repose, quiet; the other advertises activity and restlessness. Each prefers his own. Fortunately it is no business of mine to decide between them. If I have come anywhere near accuracy in noting the differences, I have satisfied my own purposes.

EASTER

By Sophie Jewett

No fear of death, or life, again shall pass
Along these quivering fields of April grass,
Where, under quiet, ever holier skies,
Sorrow keeps watch with glad, immortal eyes.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

A PARENT hardly exists nowadays so complaisant in his parenthood as not to have asked himself what will be the particular bomb which his children are going to bring back from college and explode under the parental roof. What will be the form of that destruction with which society has been threatened every thirty years or so since it began? People of, let us say, a good age like thirty-four or five, we remember how ill a dozen years ago the doctrines of Nietzsche were received at the Sunday dinner-table—that modern lyceum. "Upon my word," our father exclaimed, "I would not employ a clerk in my office who talked as you do"; and no ghost rose to remind him that his own father had received his discovery of Darwinism with very much the same phrase.

What New Iconoclasm?

But we, of course, are going to be anything rather than intolerant. We realize that time, not fathers, is the test of ideas, and that all of them, good and bad, will become corpses or platitudes without our assistance. And yet, just the other day, a slight creeping of the flesh at the sight of a new idea in the hands of the young warned us far more significantly than our first gray hair that we were about to become "the last generation." Almost we could hear ourselves saying: "If a young man came to me asking for employment and expressed the opinions you have just expressed"—almost we found ourselves taking what a few years ago we should have described as the perfectly conventional attitude.

The only thing, apparently, that we cannot imagine is just what will be the new word—the last thing in philosophy—what conceivable line of thought will be able to stir in us that instant antagonism which we disapproved of so much in our father. What iconoclasm will be left for the young gentleman still in sailor blouses? Philosophical anarchy and marriage terminable at will have become familiar subjects of parlor discussion, and have left the bomb-closet almost bare. It really seems as if the poor child would have hard work to find his explosives.

Perhaps, after all, the most unbearable form of revolt would be a strong conservative reaction. Suppose our sons return to us from college talking about "intellectual license, and a low moral tone." Our gorge rises at the mere notion; and yet we feel that even with this we could do better than our fathers did. If so, we may be pretty sure we have guessed wrong; for the one characteristic that can be safely prophesied concerning the slogan of the new generation is that it will be utterly unbearable to the old. As a matter of fact, I expect to see the attack made along artistic rather than ethical lines. We shall be despised, and perhaps justly, not for our intellectual processes, but for our æsthetic perceptions. And what makes this seem particularly likely is that already, though we do not like being called fools, we will not tolerate being considered philistines.

I SHALL be grateful when some one writes to me from Paris that there is a reaction against the present—what shall I say?—*monumental* style of hats and head-dresses. When Fashion changes there, it seems to change here, too—and far be it from me to ask the why and wherefore! Whatever the philosophy of the Modes, the edict removing excess-luggage from our women's heads, to bestow it elsewhere on their persons, will be worth celebrating with fireworks and a lobster. Nay, the best republicans among us sigh for the times of Louis XIV, who did not like the style in hats and hair called in his day *Fontagnes*, after the founder; and told his subjects, when two Englishwomen visited Versailles, they would do well to imitate the foreigners and their low head-dress—which, forthwith, they did. I scarcely know if the Roi-Soleil was always of such exemplary taste, but once, at least, he scored. A poet has likened to a ship at sea the coiffure he complained of:

Hats and Headgear.

> Une palissade de fer
> Soutient la superbe structure
> Des hauts rayons d'une coiffure;
> Tel, au temps de calme sur mer,
> Un vaisseau porte sa mâture. . . .

In prose, the *coiffure à la Fontagnes* was "a network of cap-wire, at least half a yard in height, divided into several tiers, and covered

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with bands of muslin, ribbon, chenille, pearls, flowers, aigrettes, etc." All of which means nothing to me, except that our inflictions of to-day are based upon the precedent of the *grand siècle*.

The monstrosities of Louis XIV's reign, and of modern times, were so far outdone under the later Louis that I am quite convinced that were the woman of the twentieth century confronted by her of the eighteenth, and she of the eighteenth by her of the twentieth, the two would harshly exchange the harsh remark: "What an object!" It is an old story, that of the Turkish ambassador who, asked what he thought of Frenchwomen's beauty, replied, with odious modesty, "he was no judge of painting." One is reminded of the frank expressions on New York and Newport "society" expressed by Kurz Pacha in Curtis's "Potiphar Papers." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's cutting comment on the Frenchwomen of her century left —or seemed to leave—little enough unsaid: "Their woolly white hair and fiery faces make them look more like skinned sheep than human beings." If it be the fashion to look like a skinned sheep, why, a skinned sheep be it!

> La mode est un tyran, des mortels respecté,
> Digne enfant du dégoût et de la nouveauté,

wrote someone or other; and La Bruyère, with philosophic discretion: "It shows as much weakness to flee from Fashion as to follow her too closely." If it had not seemed to him too obvious, he would have added as the *sine qua non* the consideration of the individual case, and not of the reigning style alone, in deciding the size of my lady's hat and the shape of her figure. In France, however, one is inclined to think that individual requirements always *have* counted for something; certainly seventeen differently shaped hats were fashionable between 1784 and 1786, and this must have given the fashionable dresser *some* option, at least. Seventeen shapes of hats, not styles, in those two years! It is not as bad as that to-day: history has its consolations for us, after all.

To me, who cannot help associating extravagance in dress, or a lack of balance, with a similar extravagance (or absence) of ideas, these matters seem as vital as the civil service or the conservation of our national resources. Turning from France to England, and to the English drama, one finds Ford directing, in his "Lover's Melancholy," the entrance of Grilla, "in a rich dress, a great fardingale, a great ruff, a muff, a fan, and a coxcomb on her head." A coxcomb on her head: 'twas a bagatelle to what was worn there in the France of Marie Antoinette—I say nothing of to-day. Before the *demi-hérisson*—the half-hedgehog—style came in, "in the earlier days of Louis XVI's reign, the nation showed its jubilation in a thousand ingenious ways," writes the Comte de Reiset, minister-plenipotentiary and historiographer of the modes. "Fashion invented also a coiffure that went by the name of the *pouf sentimental*. This was a collection of objects symbolic of all that was dearest to the wearer. Thus the wife of a naval officer bore on her head a frigate breasting the waves with all sails set (this was the *coiffure à la Belle Poule*); the wife of a soldier wore a fort, a sword, and a cross of St. Louis; another loaded down her head with five dolls to represent her five children. Madame the Duchess of Lauzun visited the Marquise du Deffant wearing a magnificent superstructure presenting to the view an entire landscape, in relief: first, a stormy sea, ducks swimming on its border—a sportsman in his shooting-box overhanging one cheek—on the summit a mill with the miller's wife flirting with an abbé—and just behind the ear one might see the miller himself, leading an ass. After the death of Louis XV a great many women had *poufs* made in honor of the event—and of this general description: a sun rising on a wheat-field, where the reaper is Hope. Others added to the device—and with the happiest effect—a horn of plenty." No wonder there was a Revolution! In the theatres, as at the court, one might see alarming sights in millinery and in head-dressing. Things were not done by halves. Passing over the chapter on *Faux cheveux* in Mercier's rather vulgar "Tableau de Paris" (where one reads of the *coussin*—we should call it the rat, I believe—and of other mysteries), it is curious to note that Lenoir, lieutenant of police, brought to the attention of the Italian Theatre (the modern Opéra Comique) the fact that there were "constant complaints as to the size of head-dresses and of hats which, loaded with plumes, ribbons and flowers, intercepted the view of the stage from spectators in the pit." "Ladies will please remove their hats" is, then, no new request in the history of the stage; and in 1778, Devismes, director of the royal opera, ruled against the admission of women wearing extravagantly large coiffures. Well might he do so, as we have it on authority that head-dresses seventy-two inches in height were worn there, and that in driving thither in her coach my lady was

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obliged to kneel—there not being room in the carriage for her to sit there at ease! Let us most fervently pray that we shall see no revival of *these* old modes; at least, we are still a good many inches to the good, and we may rest contented.

Breaks

HOW is it that the elder Disraeli did not include in his useful discussion of the curiosities of literature one of the most curious of literary phenomena? For surely there is nothing more curious in literary history than the extraordinary number of times that writers of fiction have been guilty of gross blunders such as might have been avoided with a little care and forethought. Mr. Andrew Lang is wont to refer to these strange lapses as "howlers"; and howler is a good word, although an American would be more likely to describe these blunders as "breaks." (It may not be a curiosity of literature, but it is surely a curiosity of language, that *break* as a Briticism indicates a success in billiards, whereas *break* as an Americanism means a failure to connect.)

The breaks which novelists are continually making, because they have made a wrong guess, are being continually pointed out by sharp-eyed criticasters, delighted to detect spots on the sun that gives grateful light to the rest of us. What does it really matter that Thackeray, in the "Virginians," tells us about the making of maple-sugar in the fall? Is not the fall the season of harvest-home? And what right has the maple-sugar crop to be garnered out of season and contrary to all the accepted traditions of harvesting? And it is not really a matter of consequence that Mr. Rider Haggard in one of his startling tales of battle, murder and sudden death in the heart of Africa causes the moon to rise at a time and in a place where that fair regent of the heavens had no business to be. Of course, when he reads a novel and finds a howler like this, the undevout astronomer is mad. But what does this profit him? And how does it benefit us? Of a certainty the next novelist who happens along and who needs the moon at a given juncture in his narrative will make that orb rise or set in east or west just as may best suit his story. After all, has not an artist in fiction a right to a personal equation of his own, since every astronomer is allowed to have one?

But the writer can claim no benefit of clergy if he makes a break in dealing with facts which ought to reside within the periphery of his own special knowledge. If a member of the bar writes a novel we have a right to expect that he shall keep strictly within the letter of the law. And when a woman tells us a tale of fashionable life we are justified in insisting that she shall be unerring in her delineation of the trifles which make up the existence of those

> "Who tread with jaded step the weary mill—
> Grind at the wheel, and call it 'pleasure' still."

These trifles may not be important in themselves, and they are not important to us; but they ought to be important to her when she sets out to put before us a woman of fashion in all her glory. And this is what gives a piercing poignancy to a howler recently committed in an otherwise amusing story written by a clever woman about a clever woman, who carried all before her at a critical juncture. The heroine wanted to win an election at a woman's club, and therefore she arrayed herself in all her glory. As a final stroke, certain to assure her victory over her competitor, she put on "her famous string of Roman pearls." By an inexcusable oversight the authoress failed to tell us that these Roman pearls were appropriately provided with a clasp of German silver.

But between the sexes honors are easy, since it was a male novelist recently who was guilty of a grosser blunder in describing the doings of a "club-man." (It is another curiosity of language that a "club-man" should not be the fit companion for a "club-woman.") And his club-man meets one whom he desires to honor and invites him to dinner, and then telephones home to have "the Château-Margaux put on ice." Mr. Andrew Lang could not help calling that a howler of surpassing shrillness.

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THE FIELD OF ART

*THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH**

THE noble book by Sir Walter Armstrong and the interesting one by Lord Ronald Gower, on the life and art of Gainsborough, are full of research and appreciation; but from a critical viewpoint they leave something to be desired. There is always this to be remembered in English art criticism: Britons are inclined to build upon what they wish their hero to be, rather than upon what he was. They prefer a painter like Sir John Millais or Lord Leighton, both examples of the Englishman, and do not easily grasp the worth of a man who is essentially and primarily the painter. They apologize for him too much, and do not seem to understand genius alone. Of the three great English painters of the eighteenth century—Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney, and Thomas Gainsborough—Sir Joshua is the Briton's idea of a great painter; he was the President of the Royal Academy, the companion of gentlemen. There was nothing against his personal character except that he painted on Sunday, which practice he promised Dr. Johnson on his death-bed he would give up—and didn't. He delivered admirable lectures before the students of the Royal Academy, and had them printed. He was the scholar in art, the searcher after Titian's secret—which was only knowing how to paint; a money-maker, who knew how to keep what he had earned; and he was altogether irreproachable. Ask almost any Englishman who their greatest painter was, and he will say, "Sir Joshua, of course." But he was not; that title belongs either to the gay, open-hearted Gainsborough or to the sullen and gloomy Romney. Gainsborough was not the rival of Sir Joshua, as is so often stated; perhaps Romney was. The fact is, Gainsborough was too much the jolly fellow to be jealous or hurt by another's success, and too much the painter to have any time for such feeling. The two men were so opposite in character and ability, that each was what the other was not; Reynolds was essentially the teacher, Gainsborough the example. Of late years, English eyes have been opened to the real worth of Gainsborough and Romney, and Sir Walter Armstrong frankly says that this better view is largely owing to Americans, who also were the first to appreciate the men of Fontainebleau.

Reynolds was the man of the world, the English gentleman, the natural born President of the Royal Academy. He loved the Italians, and dissected Titians, and his mind was ever turning to Michael Angelo. Gainsborough's companions, on the other hand, were musicians, actors, bohemians, all. Gainsborough gave but little attention to the art Sir Joshua loved, and he studied seriously but one figure painter, Van Dyck, to whom he was loyal literally till death. Sir Joshua seldom, if ever, painted on impulse; Gainsborough was all impulse. The two had nothing in common, and seldom, if ever, met, but Gainsborough harbored no ill-feeling; he said once of Sir Joshua, "Damn him, how various he is!"—and the emphatic word was used in admiration. It was the dying Gainsborough who wrote, asking Sir Joshua "to come under my roof—that I may have the honor to speak to you. I can from a sincere heart say that I have always admired and sincerely loved Sir Joshua Reynolds." Therein speaks the whole nature of the man.

His work was joyous as his nature, and full of life first. His landscapes show far less movement and energy than his portraits. He grew up in the same county as Constable, and is often compared with, and, in fact, likened to him. He always thought landscape his special *métier*. He led a friend into his painting room one day, and said to him: "I am a landscape painter, and yet they will come to me for portraits. I can't paint portraits. Look at that damned arm! I have been at it all the morn-

* Examples of the work of Thomas Gainsborough are hung in the great galleries of England, and he is acknowledged to be one of the greatest of the eighteenth century painters. Now, more than a century after his death, a movement is on foot in England to erect a monument to his memory. It is proposed to commemorate the artist and his work by placing a statue in his native town of Sudbury, county of Suffolk. The project is under the patronage of the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll; and the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk and the Mayor of Sudbury are both furthering the plan.

In "The Field of Art" for May, 1908, and again for March of the current year, appeared reproductions of landscapes by Gainsborough that are owned in America.

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Mrs. Robinson as "Perdita."
In the Wallace Gallery, London.

ing, and I can't get it right." And yet his landscapes are seldom satisfying as are Constable's. Their composition was complicated, there was no one dominant idea or intention, and they were too full of incident. They bear too much the influence, and not a deep understanding, of the Dutch masters, and perhaps of his friend Wilson. They leave an impression that he had gone out to paint a landscape thinking of Van Ruysdael or Wynants; and one incident after another came up to distract him from his first idea; he put reflections in the water of a stream for which there was no reason, because he saw them at one side and liked them.

Constable, on the other hand, was the true landscape painter, who goes out to make a picture of only what he sees before him, with no previously conceived idea; his donkeys came in as accessories. His "Jumping Horse" gave the name to the picture simply because it was a queer incident, so unusual that he finished his painting with it; but whatever incident came before that did not distract his attention from his landscapes. Gainsborough's landscapes lack character. He shows it in his rustic people; the farmer's family standing in the cottage doorway are all too pretty and refined; his "Housemaid," the girl standing in a doorway with broom in hand and cotton cap on head, was no housemaid at all, but the beautiful daughter of Lord Cathcart; the subject of his

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Mrs. Sheridan.
Owned by Lord Rothschild.

portrait, the "Hon. Mrs. Graham," in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland. And it is queer (but one sees similar contradictions in art) that the gay, rollicking, careless Gainsborough possessed a stronger appreciation of refined beauty and delicate character than did the formal President of the Academy, or Sir Joshua's real rival, Romney. It is from his Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Robinson as "Perdita," the Duchess of Devonshire, and fifty others, that we know the refined beauty of the women of those days. Or did most of it lie in the eyes of the painter? I do not think so, but that his genius searched for the best in his sitters, and found it. It is recorded that he never posed his sitters, but chose the posture they most naturally assumed. Take the "Mrs. Siddons" in the National Gallery; she looks, from the manner of holding her muff, as though she had just stepped into the studio for a chat. In his "Morning Walk," the picture of a young bride and groom, one can see the natural pride of the young husband, and, in the easy manner in which her hand rests on his arm, the confidence of the pretty young woman. In most of his portraits there lies the action of inaction, a sense of rest: nothing seems forced or bizarre. There is no sense of voluptuousness in his work as in Romney's pictures of Lady Hamilton. Lord Ronald Gower says that the probable reason he left no canvas of the "Divine Emma" was because his wife would not allow him to

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paint the dangerous siren, knowing him to be decidedly susceptible. But I think this conjecture, like many others of Lord Ronald's, is nothing but conjecture, and founded on no facts. The more probable reason is that her style of beauty did not appeal to him. He seldom painted from the nude; his "Musidora" in the National Gallery being the only important nude I know. However gay and reckless was his life, his brush seems to have been entirely consecrated to the pure and beautiful. Lord Ronald acknowledges this when he says that he found his ideal in the lovely Mary Cathart, as Romney did in Emma Hart. He painted her many times. Her life was as pure as Emma's was—varied. I have a great respect for Lady Hamilton, who had everything to contend against that a woman could have; she was a great character, but not the kind Gainsborough would choose as expressing his ideal.

The Parish Clerk
In the National Gallery, London

Sir Walter Armstrong says that Gainsborough was "original but no originator. His artistic personality was a new one and the ideas he expressed were his own, but he required an external impetus to set him going"; and then the biographer tells how he moved from Sudbury to Ipswich on the advice of one friend, and from there to Bath on that of another. This is all very plausible, but I should like to have known Gainsborough's own thoughts on the subject. He was not shoved from Sudbury to London, he sought the metropolis; as his powers grew he needed greater fields for their expansion, and he acted only as every other strong painter does naturally.

But all that has nothing to do with his painting, and conveys a wrong idea. I saw the first great works of Gainsborough after I had known the Impressionist pictures of Paris. The unreasonableness of the latter had oppressed me, though I believed their principles to be entirely good and healthy. But I hated the efforts of a body of painters to force an idea by cut-and-dried scientific rules, which they carried in their pockets, as it were, whenever they sought to interpret nature. I was astonished to find in the portrait of "Mrs. Siddons" exactly what the forced art of the Impressionistic school was trying to show—but in this instance brought about in a perfectly reasonable and artistic manner. Here was a painter who, without descending to ugliness and vulgarity, gained the results which the Impressionists taught were the only true ones. I saw raw color blended into refinement as surely as that of Monet, but with the skill of a sensitive master. Gainsborough's color to-day is as pure as when he first laid it on, and as brilliant; and he won these results through no printed rules, but by God's grace. Sir Joshua's and Romney's reputations have overshadowed Gainsborough's; but when seeking the perfection of feminine portraiture one needs to go back, if not to Gainsborough, then to Titian's "Bella." I know one beautiful Romney, that equals almost any of Gainsborough, but it shows unmistakably Gainsborough's influence.

Gainsborough's art needs no brief from me, and I am writing on no impulse, but after long study of his work. I want to see our American landscape painters understand the moods of Constable; but in portraiture, for the understanding of character, the knowledge of paint, our artists will do well to study Gainsborough.

His last words were spoken to Sir Joshua, who bent to receive them: "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is one of the company."

REGINALD CLEVELAND COXE.

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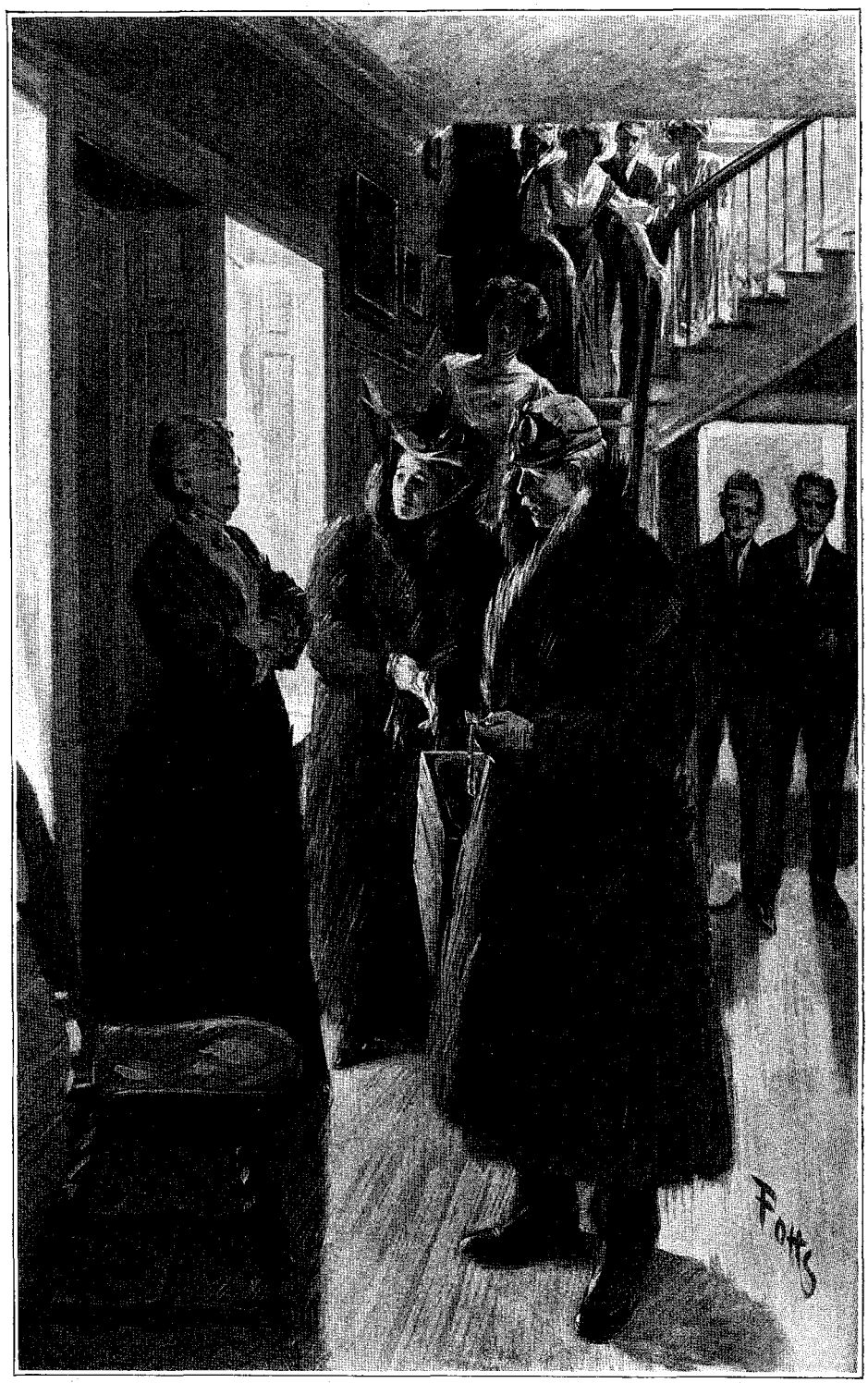

Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

AUNT BELLA'S INTERVENTION.

—"The Carrolls' Family Party," page 584.

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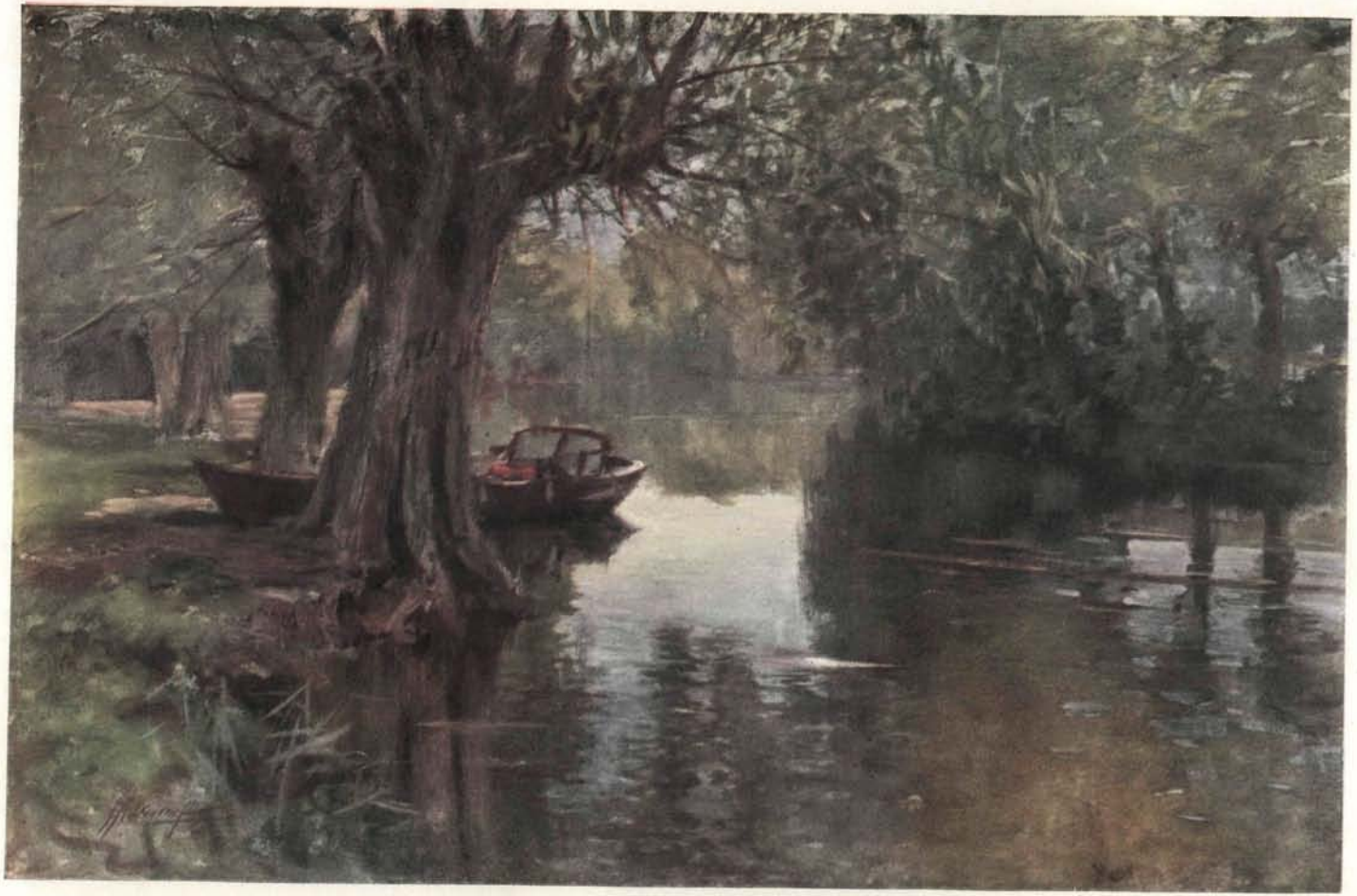

The Thames at Cookham.—Flooding limpid shallows.—Page 386.

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The Inn of William the Conqueror, Dives.—Across the flower-smothered courtyard.—Page 388.

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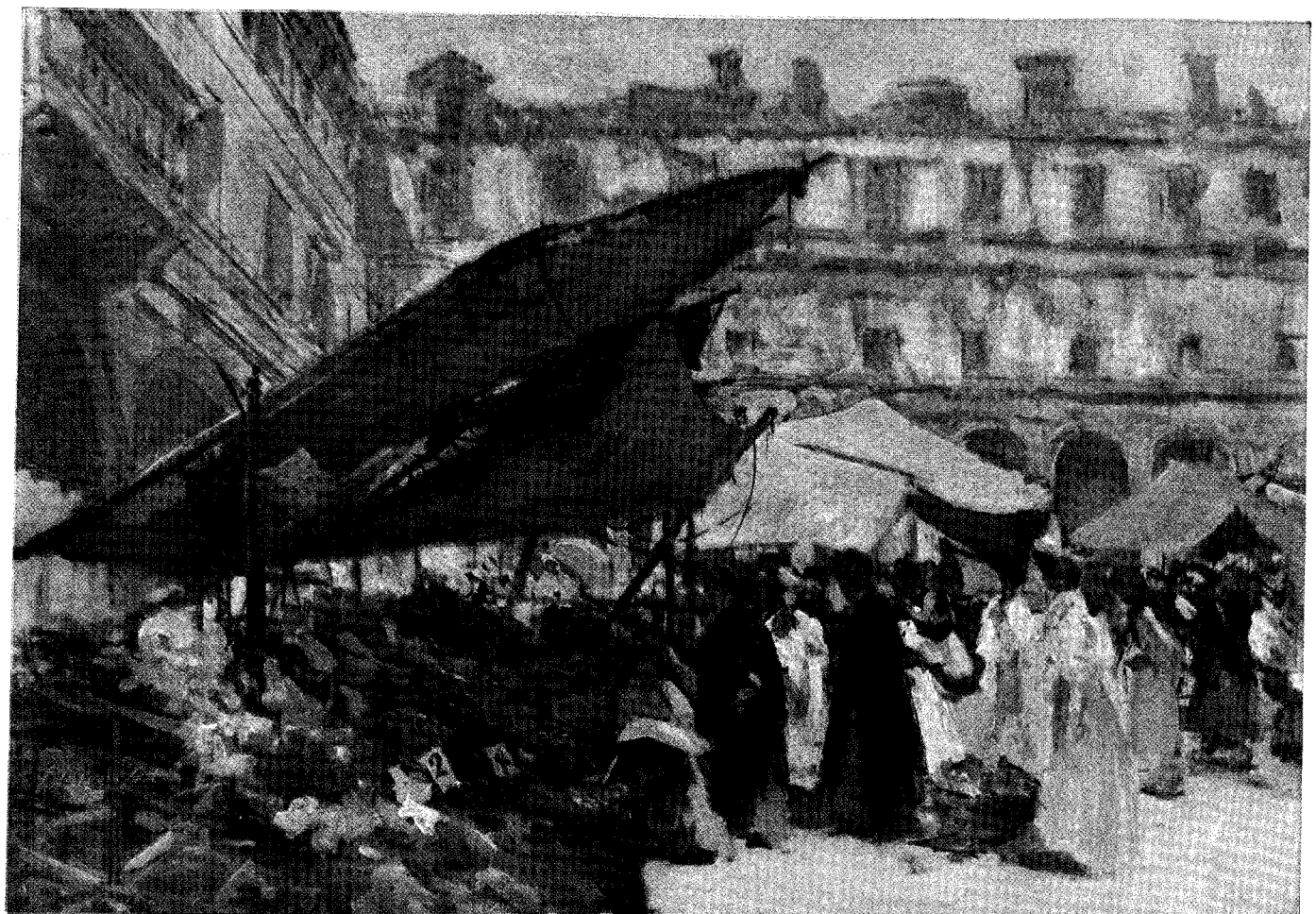

Venice. – In the fruit market.—Page 394.

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